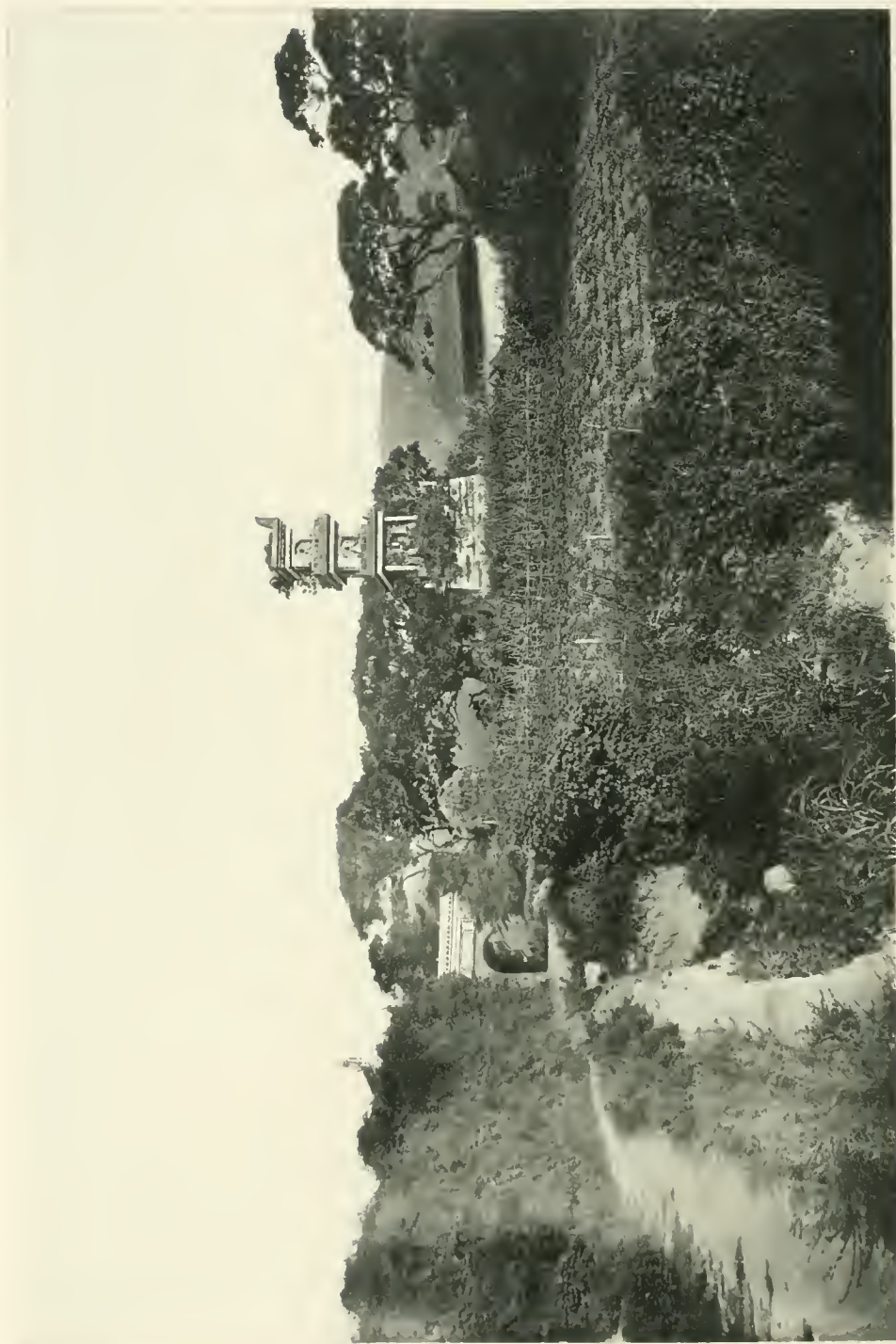


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The Far East AND THE NEW AMERICA

A Picturesque and Historic Account of these Lands and Peoples

By G. WALDO BROWNE

*Author of "Paradise of the Pacific," "Pearl of the Orient," etc.
with the following Special Articles*

China

By the Hon. JOHN D. LONG, Secretary of the Navy

Japan

*By His Excellency KOGORO TAKAHIRA, the Japanese
Ambassador at Washington*

Hawaii

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from Massachusetts*

The Philippines

By General JOSEPH B. WHEELER

Cuba

By General LEONARD WOOD, Governor-General of Cuba

Porto Rico

By the Hon. CHARLES H. ALLEN, Governor of Porto Rico

Prefaced with a General Introduction by EDWARD S. ELLIS, A.M.

Illustrated with nearly 1,200 Photogravures, Colored Plates, Engravings & Maps

VOLUME V.

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A Noble Chinese Lady

C H I N A.⁸⁴

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XX.

UPPER YANGTSE KIANG.

SINCE we last saw it, the Great River has increased in volume more than we had expected, though this is at a season when it flows at its lowest. The fact is attested to by the jagged rocks and the forbidding brown heads thrust above the sweeping tide. One singularity we notice,—its waters are of a yellowish hue, while those of the Min are touched with silver, clear and transparent. As if loth to mix its limpid offering with the other it runs for a long distance almost distinct from it. When the snow-banks on the highlands of Tibet begin to melt in May, and the monsoon pours its annual floods on the great watershed, the mighty stream rises rapidly, until its foaming crests leap nearly a hundred feet higher than we find them to-day. It is a swollen, turbulent river from June to the middle of September, a little over three months, when it falls away nearly as rapidly as it rose.

From this junction of the Min it becomes the most important way of transportation in China, and thousands of coolies and others are engaged in boating on its flood. The Upper Yangtse is a region of sublime grandeur and infinite peril to life and traffic. As has been stated, the

river is navigable for forty miles above this city, or to Ping Shan, and constitutes what may be termed the first section of river traffic. The Upper Yangtse is a long series of rapids and cataracts, which afford some of the grandest scenery to be found in Asia, and scarcely equalled anywhere else in the world for its peril to life and loss to traffic. It is claimed with apparent good reason that, of the seven thousand junks that ply annually on this portion of the river, as many as one thousand of these



BUDDHIST PRIESTS OUTSIDE SMALL TEMPLE, POOTOO.

are wrecked in a single year, while one-sixth of the merchandise, chiefly cotton, is ruined or damaged by water. Still, the price of labour is so low and the risk to life and limb so slightly considered that goods sell little higher in the mountains than they do hundreds of miles lower down the river. At low water the charts show one thousand rocks and rapids threatening river traffic for a distance of five hundred miles below Ping Shan.

The second stage in this great river-way is from the junction of the river

Min at this place, through a series of wild gorges filled with romantic interest, to Hankow, where steam navigation meets the junks. This stage of the route is also filled with great peril to life and loss to the commodities in transit.

The final and easiest stage is by the broad, tidal river of a thousand miles to Shanghai, which is regularly made by large steamers. This portion of the Son of the Sea, often designated by another poetical term as "The River of Fragrant Tea-fields," passes through the richest portion of China, made so by its own deposits of alluvium. The amount of traffic done on this portion of the inland waterway is scarcely to be computed.

All of the exports and imports of the great province of Szechuan are transported by this river. The boats of the upper sections, made of pine on account of its lightness, are small, and have a high bridge. They carry at the stern a long oar, which becomes in the skilful hands of the steersman a powerful rudder capable of turning the boat while going its length. This oar is hung on a pivot, and is constructed on purpose to make the rapids of the river, where prompt action is the sole dependence for safety. A netting of bamboo is carried, large enough to cover the entire craft at night, which gives it the appearance of a huge tent. Under this the crew and passengers can sleep until morning. These resting-places, which might otherwise be quite tenantable, are rendered disagreeable to foreigners by the fumes of tobacco smoke, coming from the vilest of the weed, through the vilest of pipes, from the vilest of mouths. The river-ways are strewn wherever one goes with the wrecks of these boats.

The boatmen are wiry, closely knit men of small stature, but very strong and hardy, presenting a marked contrast to the Chinese of the wealthy class, whose corpulence is often so great as to make them ill-formed and incapable of quick movement. This fatty development is looked upon, however, as good fortune sent from heaven. A full face according to their idea of the fitness of things, signifies prosperity, while a thin countenance denotes a life of toil and servitude. The feet of the boatmen are noticeable for the lowness of the instep, being very flat. Their hands are soft and seem to indicate little strength, but the slender arms are a bundle of sinews.

We notice one peculiar trait among these "sons of the river" that is comical. The Chinese are positively afraid of rain, and while one of them will paddle to his waist all day without murmuring, when the water comes above that line he quits work. In case of rain he dons his *so-yi* (grass coat), which is his waterproof, and his bamboo hat, that protects him from rain and sun alike.

It has been sagely remarked that a Chinaman never looks so dirty as when he is trying to get clean, which he seldom does. The fact is he



STREET IN NANKIN.

does not belong to a cleanly race. To bathe one means simply to rub a wet rag, dirty at that, over the face. Unlike the Japanese, the Chinese seem to have a dislike for water. The same clothing is worn night and day, and as the cold waxes stronger the wearer puts on more covering over that which he has been wearing. As the cold increases, the wadding in the garments and the number of the garments increase accordingly, so it is easy to note the progress of the growing cold by the growing bulk of the person. With the approach of warm weather, again it is noted, as if by a thermometer, while layer after layer of padded dress is laid off, until

the individual comes down to his summer size. At the table the Chinese show equal uncleanness. The apartments in which they live are never cleaned, the accumulations being allowed to increase, and such of the dirt, rubbish, and refuse matter as collects about the room, which does not become trampled into the earth, is brushed under the bed or into a corner to become a breeding place for all kinds of vermin.

Sui Fu is a bustling city of 150,000 inhabitants, and is very pleasantly situated on an elevated position, so as to command a fine view of the surrounding country. As may be imagined, it is the centre of considerable commercial activity. We hear accounts of the Lolos, a tribe of the aborigines living in the mountainous regions to the west. These people have been a thorn in the flesh of the Chinese for over two thousand years, and have been a serious drawback to land trade. Besides being at the head of navigation on the Great River, Sui Fu is the one objective point of trade between Northern Yunnan and Szechuan. Two lines of railroad are already planned to connect Yunnan City with Chengtu-fu, but neither of these will come near Sui Fu, one going as far east as Chung-king, and the other making a more direct course through the land of the Lolos above this city and passing at the foot of Omei Shan. What effect this will have upon the future prosperity of Sui Fu remains to be seen. The chances are that it will not gain by it.

Since coming to Szechuan we have heard considerable regarding the large poppy fields, for this province is noted for raising this questionable plant, and upon reaching the city Lu Chan, situated at the junction of the River To with the Kin-sha, we are forcibly reminded of this product. This place is a little smaller than Sui Fu, and it is estimated that four out of every five of the male population smoke opium. Opium pipes are offered as freely to customers in the shops as cups of tea are given in Japan. Situated in the heart of the great Red Basin, this is a pretty place; but more than at Sui Fu and above do we hear mutterings against the "foreign devils." We are looked upon as intruders, and a crowd follows us wherever we go. Go Mung is candid enough to acknowledge that this feeling is being fomented by one of the powerful secret societies that are such a bane to China.

At the close of the day, while the boatmen seek the solace to be found in their ever-handly pipes, Go Mung tells us a strange story regarding the

origin of the poppy, from which comes the opium that has been such a curse to his race. There is a touch of Indian mysticism about the legendary account, which increases, rather than diminishes, its interest.

"A certain wise and good man once dwelt by a noble river in the Southland. He dwelt alone in his bamboo hut except for the companionship of a mouse. Now a simple mouse must have been far from such a



VIEW ON THE CITY WALLS, NANXIN.

companion as most men would have sought to enliven their loneliness. But this great scholar understood so well the ways of the mouse that he asked for no higher friend. The mouse was very happy, not a cloud darkening its life, until the shadow of a cat, its natural enemy, fell across its path. Thrice three times did this mouse see the cat, and she barely escaped by fleeing to her master.

"Seeing her great distress, he granted her (the mouse) the power of speech, that she might explain it to him. This being done, the mouse told her story, bewailing her fate that she was so small as not to be able

to stand her own with such a fierce animal as the cat. Thereupon the wise man changed her into the form and nature of a cat.

“As a cat the simple creature found even greater enjoyment in the company of her kind master, and for hours at a time she used to lie in his lap, or upon a soft mat at his feet. If she remembered that she had once been a little mouse, however, she did not show it by any act of mercy in refraining from hunting her natural prey. But this life soon found its drawbacks, for it was not long before the cat was bothered by a dog, and finally she again fled to her master. Upon being allowed the power of speech again, she asked to become a dog. This wish was granted.

“But the life of a dog met with its disappointments. Everywhere she went she was cuffed and kicked about, and finally so worried by an ape that for the third time she appealed to her master, who, quickly understanding her desire, caused her to be changed to an ape. But her career as an ape was even more brief. She no longer enjoyed the companionship of her former master, though that troubled her far less in her new state than the frequent attacks of a wild boar, that would trample her under foot and devour her at one mouthful. Coming into his presence one day with a decidedly crumpled appearance, the wise man recognised her as kindly as when she had been his constant companion. At her request she was changed, not into a fierce brute like the boar, but into that wisest and mightiest of the animal kingdom, the elephant. Surely she had chosen most wisely now, for no creature was strong enough to worry her, and her late enemies she could trample under her feet.

“The life of an elephant soon proved far from being the ideal picture she had drawn. It was a lonely life, as every other creature fled at the sound of her heavy tread. If mighty in her ponderous form, the most tiny insect found opportunity to worry her, as even the dog had not worried the cat. She constantly found something to vex her. It was even a burden to move about, and, in despair at having failed so many times, she sought for yet another trial. Her master listened to her kindly, but assured her that she must choose carefully this time, as another transformation would exhaust his power. While she was pondering what shape to enter next, a beautiful maiden, singing a sweet love-song, went

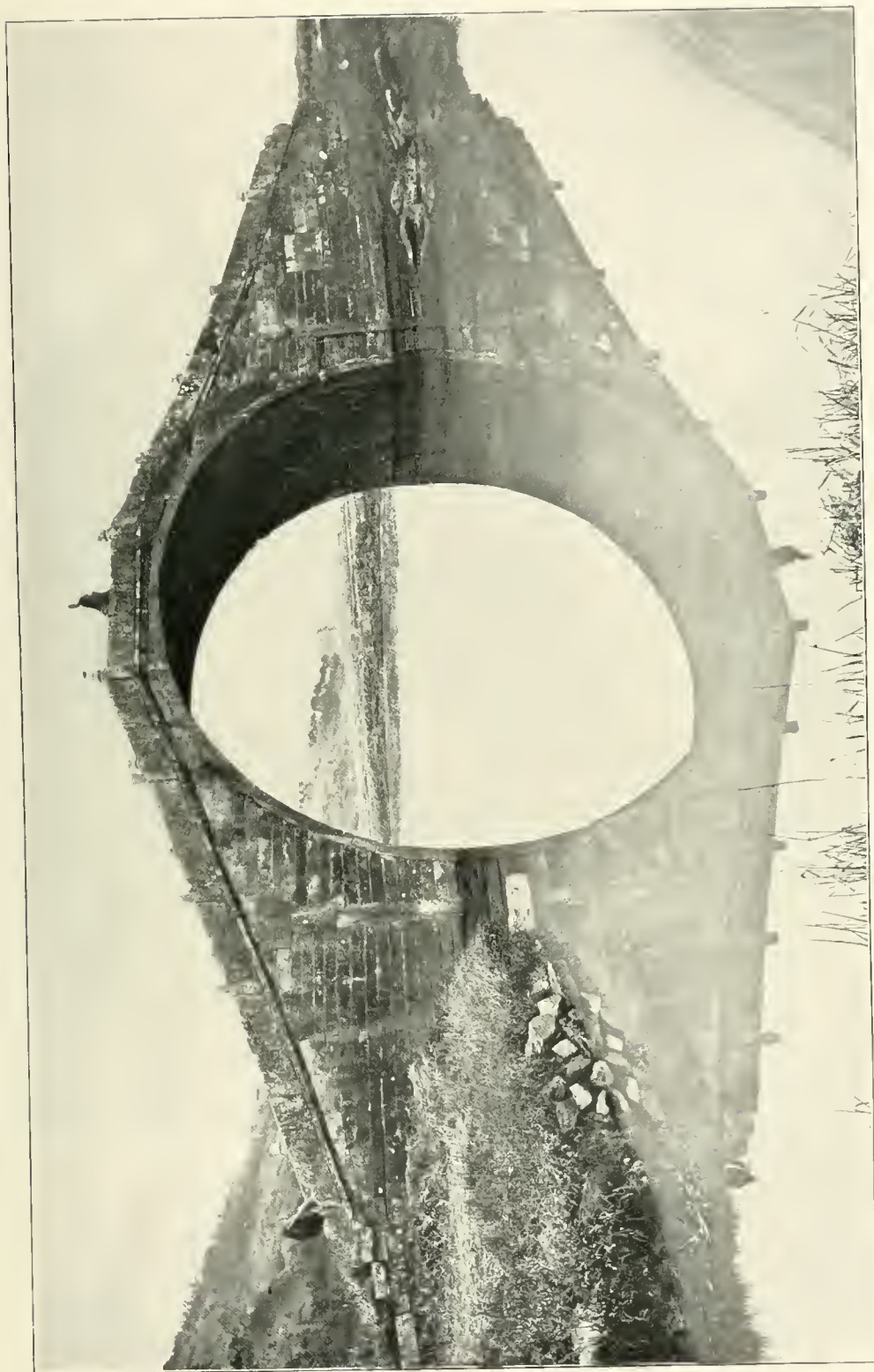
gaily past. In a moment her choice was made, and she wondered she had not chosen the form of a young and beautiful woman before. In her must lie the supreme happiness she had not found. The wise man smiled, but obeyed her request, when lo! a maiden of wondrous beauty and archness stood where before had cringed a mouse, a cat, an ape, a wild boar, or had stood with massive figure an elephant.

“She now administered to her master’s wants, finding a peace and



THE COAL HILL, PEKIN.

happiness unknown in her other lives. But one day a young and handsome prince came her way, and with his coming departed her quiet and peace of mind. The maiden was in love, but with that exalted sensation came an unrest she had hitherto never known. The prince, however, could not be otherwise than pleased with her, and when she told him that she was not this simple old man’s daughter, but a princess who had been abandoned by her ambitious sister that the latter might occupy the place rightfully hers, the young man resolved to win her for his bride. As her master, notwithstanding the slight she had put upon



BRIDGE AT SOUSHOW.

him, abetted her in this deception, she soon became a princess in reality, with a fair prospect that soon she would be a queen.

“Now she had ample time to discover that under the glistening foil there is a dark side. The king died, and her husband succeeded to the throne. But as a king he grew arrogant, and sought the company of other women. She was expected to be continually on dress parade, and so much did the frivolities wear upon her that she tired of the new life. The neglect of the king grew harder and harder to bear, until finally in despair she flung herself into a well and was drowned.

“No sooner had the queen ended her life than the king repented of his past sins, and shed genuine tears over the untimely fate of her whom he had driven to death. In his sorrow he sought the magician, whose foster-child his wife had been. Perhaps the thought of wrong done him by the princess, and the deception she had imposed upon the prince, caused him to say to the king that he knew not for whom he was weeping. The queen, however great and beautiful she had appeared to him, had once been only a mouse. Surely it was not becoming for a king to shed tears over the death of a foolish mouse. But still, if he wished to retain some memento of the dead queen, let him go home and have the well, which no one would use now, filled with earth, so that it would be her sepulchre. From her bones, in good time, would spring a wonderful plant, which would bring new power into the world. People would come from far and near to see it, and whoever should smoke its seeds would receive all the mischievousness of the mouse, the cunning of a cat, the savageness of a dog, filthiness of an ape, the grovelling hatred of a boar, the might of an elephant, and the beauty, the languor, the unsatisfied longings of a queen.

“The king did as he was told, and from the grave of the beautiful but unhappy queen sprang the white poppy, which soon enslaved the imperial ruler, and has enslaved its millions of men, throwing over them the mystical spell of all the attributes, just as it was foretold by the great magician.”

The practice of smoking tobacco is universal in China, but the two classes of people use different styled pipes, which are supposed to be in keeping with their respective stations in life. The better class smoke an elaborate affair called the “water pipe.” It has a bent stem, elegantly

carved, and it is highly ornamented. The bowl is extremely small, and will not allow the smoker to take more than two or three whiffs of the finely scented tobacco before he hands it back to his servant to refill. This the latter does by first removing the tiny bowl, and, after blowing out the ashes replenishing the supply of tobacco, which has been ground to a fine powder. Among the poorer people a cheaper pipe, with a reed stem varying in length from twelve inches to four feet, is used. The bowls of these are small, and are made of a white metal. The tobacco smoked is of inferior quality. These pipes are always kept near the smoker, even when he is not engaged in his almost constant practice of smoking. Those of the greatest length are sometimes used as walking-sticks.

CHAPTER XXI.

PICTURESQUE CHINA.

THE River To, or Fu-sung Kiang, which delivers its tribute to the Yangtse at Lu-chau, winds down through the richest part of the Red Basin, and is navigable for five hundred miles.

The next important tributary to the Great River from the north is the Fu-ling, which brings the combined offerings of three streams of considerable size, and is a river of great commercial importance. The eastern branch of this river, the Ku, runs on the border of one of the richest coal regions in the world. Central Szechuan appears to be laid on a coal bed of inexhaustible store. Some suggestion of coal is to be seen everywhere one goes; in the limestone cliffs of the mountains, in the rank vegetation of the valleys, in the ferns that grow redundant by the wayside, in the lumps seen along the banks of the streams, where the children pick up quantities sufficient to cook by, and in the points and projections of the rocky sides of the hills overhanging the hamlets of the people, who have only to chip off a piece that they may have fuel enough to last them through the day. But it is mined only in the most primitive ways by small collieries at the foot of the mountains. Mrs. Bishop, who travelled through the region above Liang-shan, says: "Scrambling up a black orifice in the limestone I came upon a 'gallery,' four feet high, down which Lilliputian wagons, holding about one hundred weight each, descend from 'workings' along a narrow tramway only twelve inches wide. From some holes boys crept out with small creels, holding not more than twenty-five pounds, roped on their backs, and little room to spare above them." The Chinese do not work the deposits downward, but along the surface, for fear they will scratch the dragon's back, and thus cause that dreaded creature, which is supposed to support the earth, to move and create great havoc generally.

Vivid accounts reach us of the Pass of Fuh-ri-gan, which, if the half told is true, must rival the finest of Japanese scenery. The pathway

winding up the wonderland leads under towering peaks, picturesque slopes, and mountains clothed with forests to their summits, while through deep ravines tumble laughing streams, fringed with ferns of great beauty and lycopodiums "made to tempt the gods." The wood-

lands are of equal glory, with many species of trees showing a great variety of attractive foliage. The most conspicuous of all is the "tree of blossoms," abounding with its gems of pink flowers, but barren of leaves. Foremost among the woods are the oak, walnut, chestnut, six varieties of the coniferæ, bamboos, and the *xylosma*, a native tree of great beauty of foliage. Besides these larger growths there is a superabundance of shrubs and trailers.



MOHAMMEDAN MINARET, CANTON.

eclipsed by the delicate foliage and variegated hues of the different bamboos, most prominent among which is the plumed bamboo. There are three varieties of tufted bamboo: a tree with dark green plumage, another with a light green, and the third more beautiful than either, having plumes on golden stems that reflect the gold of

The glory of the other trees is

sunrise. Mingling their foliage, these three present the handsomest effect imaginable, while all rise to a dignified height among the "population of the forests." Nor are these the sum and substance of bamboan beauty, for there is that mightier cousin to these, the feathery bamboo, rising to a height of nearly seventy-five feet, resplendent with its arrow-like foliage whose stems point directly sky-



CENTRAL HALL OF PRIVATE RESIDENCE.

ward while enveloped in a mass of delicate tracery as light and soft as down.

In the midst of this sublime ascent the stone stairway is reached, where the passage over the summit is made easier by five thousand wide steps, bordered by curbing laid with marvellous workmanship, and all in good repair. Where the intermingling green and golden plumes of the bamboos droop gracefully over the head of the traveller, until they meet one another from each side, he comes to the fourteen hundred broad, flat steps called "the altar stairs leading through darkness up to God."

But the darkness is a golden twilight, and he who easily climbs the way feels that he is entering into Paradise. Passing up this noble pathway, where man and nature seem to have vied with each to outdo themselves, the song of birds is missed.

In this region of eastern Szechuan are many temples and pai fangs. Star-pua is noted as a village of temples, though it lacks the rugged setting of Japan's famous Nikko. Below this town is Liang-shan, which has a fine specimen of a Confucian temple, that presents a marked contrast to the grotesque structures reared to Buddha and Tao. This town



VIEW IN NANKIN.

is situated on the western slope of one of the many hillsides of this part of the province, and the temple stands under the outspreading arms of tall pines, cypresses, and bamboos, as if they were about to pronounce their benediction upon the hallowed spot. It is a noble background for the red sandstone structure, encircled by wide stone terraces. The front overlooks a big rice-field, which, when it is inundated, becomes a shallow lake, each eminence of land forming an island. These in many cases are walled, and hold some big farm sheltered by groves of bamboo or cypress. On some are temples overtopped by ancient trees, and surrounded by the dwellings of the priests.

It is on one of the heights which are at times surrounded by water that the temple mentioned stands under its canopy of green glazed tiles, and surrounded by a high wall of the imperial red of China. It is a plain, square, open structure, encircled with a stone terrace. Within everything is in keeping with the conspicuous plainness of the exterior. Fine palms rising from vases set in the centre lend dignity and beauty to the place. Beyond these is a *pai fang*, and the platform on the



A VIEW NEAR CANTON.

northern side has an altar of stone, while a tablet bears an appropriate inscription. Beyond this is another wall with other inscriptions separated by pilasters.

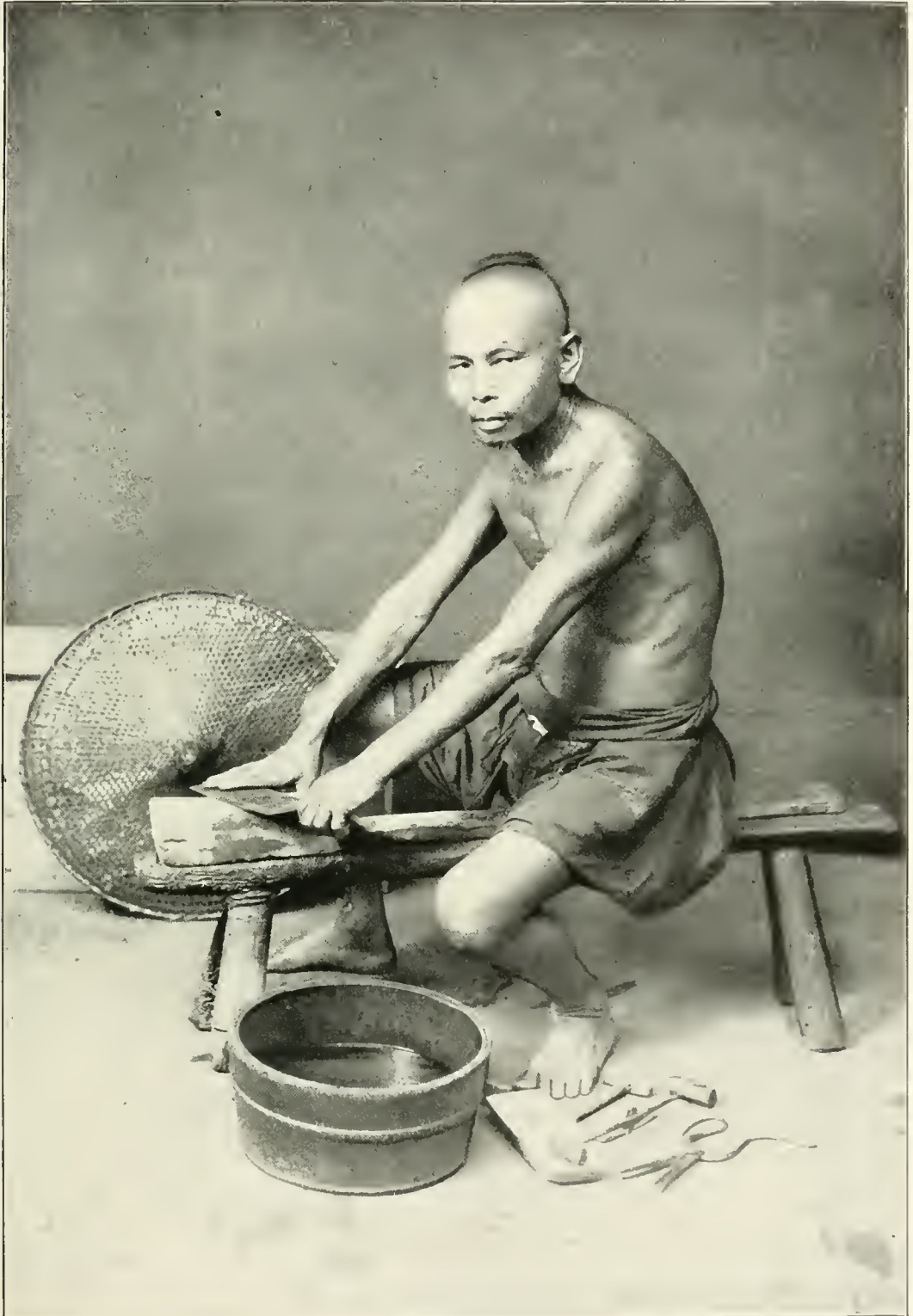
Chung-king-fu is a little over two hundred miles below Sui Fu, and is of greater commercial importance than any of the cities passed. It is believed to contain a population of nearly five hundred thousand people. Its situation, as we come down the river, reminds us of Quebec, with the nobility and solemnity of a greater age hanging over its massive

gray walls, holding within their ancient arms a grand array of towers and temples of Oriental suggestiveness. The city gate is reached by a flight of broad stone steps, leading from the river up. Its background is a wooded steep over fifteen feet high. Upon reaching the summit of the city, something of the glory and Canadian majesty which we had pictured to our mind's eye from a distance vanishes at the sight of the crowded, huddled appearance of the town. This, however, gradually fits into our mind as an appropriate part of a Chinese urban view, and we grow to like the place better. No doubt Chung-king-fu owes a part of its oft-repeated notice to the fact that its founders selected a site where it would be impossible for it to expand. It cannot do this until rock walls have been made to yield, and space in mid-air becomes the foundation of city homes. Chung-king-fu may yet pile up a larger population, but it must be done at the serious inconvenience of the whole. The view outside quite makes up for the want of breathing-room within. There is plenty of space out over the river, which at high water is nearly three-fourths of a mile wide, though it is not one-half of that width now. There is plenty of room on the magnificent hills beyond the muddy stream. As for that, there is always plenty of room just outside of China's crowded metropolises.

The city was opened as a treaty port in 1891, and is the farthest inland place of this kind in China. It is noted for its numerous shops, hong, guild-halls and warehouses. The custom-house stands on a small rock plateau, with a rocky wall rising within a yard of its rear side. Chung-king-fu is the trading point for a population of over sixty million people. It is the only wholesale market for foreign goods in Szechuan, and it is connected by waterways with every town of importance in the province. All exports bound for the seaboard, and all imports coming in, have to pass at its foot.

At the base of the bluff a part of the city's population finds escape from the crowded quarters during the season of low water in a little miniature town built of mats and bamboos. As soon as the summer floods begin to raise the water in the river these dwellings have to be removed, and are borne to the heights on the backs of the men, while the yellow tide sweeps over the place they formerly occupied.

Below Chung-king-fu are two other cities, connected with it by the ties



A CHINESE LABOURER.

of trade organisations, Limin-fu and Kiang-peh, the trio forming a complete example of Chinese life and business where foreign influence has not reached.

The current grows more rapid as we turn our backs upon these cities, and it does not need the announcement of Go Mung that we are entering the long and tortuous gorges which form a characteristic feature of this section of the Yangtse Kiang. The crew have little to do save to keep the boat in the middle of the current, and let it sweep along



NEW DRAWBRIDGE, NANKIN.

at a rapid rate. They never are asleep at their posts, for they know too well the watchfulness needed and the energy required to make the Upper Yangtse. So, while the lusty fellows keep up a constant chanting in a loud tone in order "to make their steering easier," we are carried down past hills that have not lost their summer green even at this season, past wide-spreading forests, past open country dotted with village roofs, and set with gardens surrounded by low hedges of evergreen, past dense green woods teeming with human life, by towns built on promontories that look inaccessible, by lofty towers and temples, by fantastic pai fangs and pagodas, under frowning walls of rock that shut out the sun-

light and give us at noonday the gloom of midnight ; borne down glassy slopes of water, where the roughness of the river-bed has been worn smooth by ages of action, down rushing rapids which have been the work of swirling waters, around sharp angles where the current is churned into foam, on the very rim of whirlpools whose maelstrom of fury seems to be drawing us into its fatal arms. Everywhere along our course are to be seen the wrecks and relics of craft that have met



A PAGODA IN RUINS.

the fate toward which we appear to be hastening with a rapidity that at times takes away our breath.

Days of this passage continue, enlivened now and then with short stops on the banks, cheered at all times by the good-natured merriment of the crew, and the unfailing fount of Go Mung's tales. One of these tarries is made at Fuchau, "the rock city," which merits this title by being built on shelves of rock, one above another. It has one of the finest pagodas to be seen in Szechuan, and some noble old temples, noted for

their size and elevated positions. We enter the city through a gateway of rock, and move along a narrow, crowded street, meeting everywhere with dirt and decay. Fuchan must be a very ancient city, a city of literature and learning, judging from its mementoes of the past. It stands near the junction of a stream from the south, that is navigable for about two hundred miles.

We are moving along the southeastern border of the province of Szechuan, and by this time are able to realise something of the truth of the statement that it is the "Granary of the World," and of the saying that has become a proverb: "Szechuan grows more grain in one year than it can consume in ten." But if this be true, the product is poorly distributed. The province is also noted, though less happily, for the amount of poppy that it grows. In the season, evidence of this is to be found in the long fringes of impudent crests of the plants flaunting on the very brink of the high river-walls, the borders of vast areas fairly ablaze with the seductive flowers which furnish China with two-thirds of her opium.

At the gorge of Kweichan we get a strong taste of what we are promised lower down the river. Wu-shan is a name for a city standing on the borders of the provinces, Szechuan and Hopeh, and for a gorge of great sublimity. The city is on the left bank, a walled town surrounded by hills of moderate elevation and plains of great fertility.

Where the river rushes between confused masses of rock rising to a great height, the loftiest piercing the winter sky like so many pointed diamonds, is Wu-shan Gorge. Below the dizzy rock-spires the cliffs and precipices glisten under the horizontal beams of the westering sun, while the lower altitudes are veiled in a dusky brown, which deepens into the darkness of night where the shadows fall on the angry waters. It is a grand scene, the short-lived twilight of a winter day giving an added wildness to the picturesque landscape.

It is so late in the day that the crew, even to Go Mung, are anxious to stop at the town until morning, declaring that it will be disastrous to spend the night in the gorge, while it will be impossible to pass the length of the defile in the darkness of night. In order to deter us from keeping on, thrilling stories of the pirates infesting the gorge are told in such startling tones as to make us question their veracity. Then, as if to cap the climax, more uncanny tales are repeated in whispers of the ghosts of the gorge,

that delight to be abroad on such nights as this, when foolish foreigners invade their sacred precincts.

But these stories have a different effect on us than was intended. River pirates that we have been told so much of have failed, so far, to keep their appointments. As to these ghosts, why, we are especially desirous of scraping their acquaintance, the more so as they are said to be *real live ghosts!* Nothing that can be said now will deter us from spending the night in the gorge. So, while we take a lingering view of the sunset,



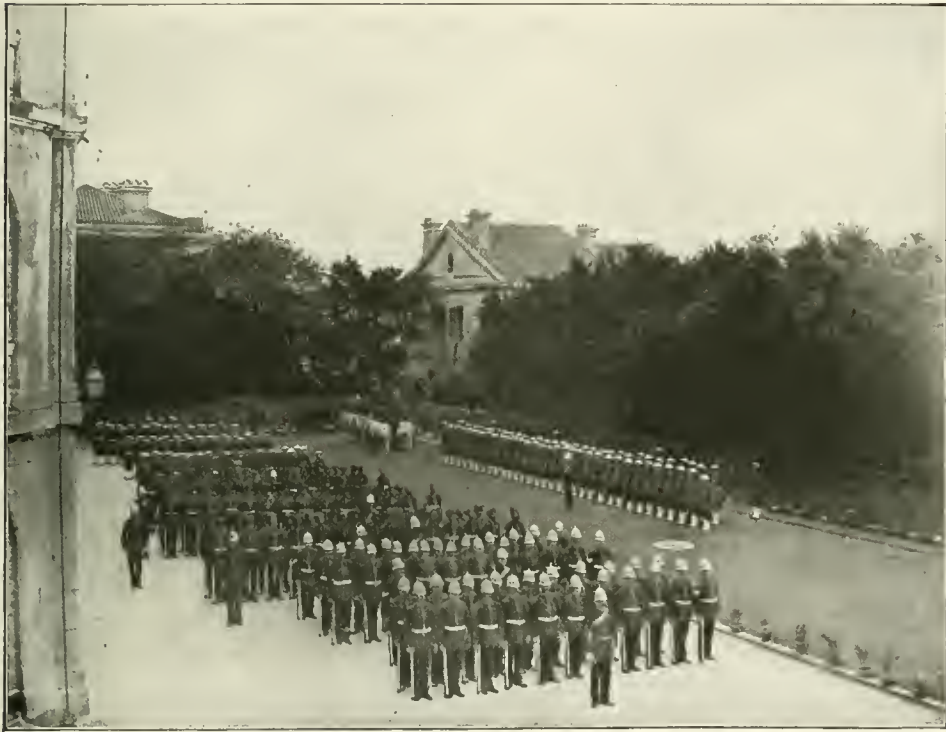
VIEW OF NANKIN FROM DRUM TOWER.

the purple hills, the brown plains, and the silvered mountains, we find ourselves borne with the swift current into the haunted gorge.

Go Mung joins us on the deck, where we watch, as best we can, the rugged walls overhanging us, as we rush along. When it becomes too dark to go farther the boat is moored near the right bank. As there is no more to be seen, we soon retire to our corner under the awning, accompanied by Go Mung, who shows that he feels a heavy oppression over our situation. For once his tongue is silent, and he sits cringing beside us. The crew is noisy enough, as if noise would ensure its safety.

The babel of sounds ceases after awhile, and we are joined by the captain, who whispers in a husky voice that the pirates have discovered us, and are about to begin their attack !

The crew has not dared to hang out any lights, and it is too dark to distinguish another boat on the river. At first we are inclined to doubt the captain's word, when the murmur of low voices reaches our ears. Our boatmen are silent, and, quickly concluding that the speakers are



PARADE OF FOREIGN AND NATIVE POLICE, HONG-KONG.

the "pirates" threatening us, we hail the unknown and unseen enemy. The whispering instantly stops, but beyond the silence we get no reply. Repeating this call with no better result, we remain perfectly still, until the low tone of some one speaking in the darkness is heard. Getting no answer to our third challenge, we discharge our firearms into the air. The sharp reports of the weapons ring up and down the narrow defile with vivid intonations, and by the flash of the shots we catch a glimpse of a boat-load of hideous faces. The darkness succeeding is unbroken.

and, after waiting an hour for some indication of our enemies, we return to our berths.

Go Mung stations himself to look for our second dread, the "live" ghosts, promising to tell us the moment one appears. Our suspense is longer this time, for it must be past midnight before Go Mung rushes into our presence, looking as white as it is possible for a Chinaman to be, and declaring in an almost inaudible tone that the ghosts have come at last. No sooner have we reached the deck than we discover several bright spots against the rock-wall far above our heads. At first these seem to be stationary, but presently they begin to move to and fro, up and down, in a most bewildering way. The Talebearer, who is brave beyond the average man of his race, trembles like a leaf, as he stands beside us without speaking, until at last he exclaims:

"Look, master! the ghosts."

It does not need Go Mung's words to call our attention to the fact that several human faces have appeared in the small orbit of light fixed in the Cimmerian space overhead. If these countenances belong to ghostly figures, they are indeed "live ghosts," for the faces belong to the living and not to the dead. The bones are scantily covered, but there are flesh and blood over them. But every line is drawn in agony, and never have we seen depicted so much of anguish in the countenance of man or woman. They disappear in a moment, and though we watch and wait a long time, they are not seen again.

We question Go Mung until he finally confesses that in the high walls above us grooves and cells have been cut, into which culprits guilty of some crime have from time to time been dropped from the top by officials of the nearest town. There they are suffered to remain until death has set them free. Their only escape is to seek another form of death by leaping into the river something like a thousand feet below. If there is given to spirits the power to return to earth, it is little to be wondered at that Wu-shan Gorge is haunted.

In the course of our talk with Go Mung, we find that these hapless occupants of prison-cells, whose horrors cannot be described, are not the only inhabitants of Wu-shan Gorge. In the caverns of the stupendous walls—and these limestone cliffs of China are perforated with grooves, cells, and caves—several followers of Laon-tasoo, a sect of philosophers

of the old school, live like hermits. As we move down the river in the morning, a mound of earth is pointed out to us by Go Mung, at one of the caves, where he solemnly avows one of these strange anchorites sleeps who died at the ripe age of two hundred years. The lonely cairn is heaped with stones and sods contributed by visitors, our crew willingly landing here to offer their tribute.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE GREAT RIVER.

AT this stage in our journey we are reminded that it is New Year's in China, though it is February 17th. While the festival of this season is looked upon with great favour in Japan, and much is done to make it a success, it is not considered of so much vital importance as in China. On this occasion the family, if it is possible, is reunited, and this is more easily accomplished than in the former country, where its members become scattered to the far corners of the earth. If it so happens that some one cannot return on this year, he will make it certain to come next, if his life is spared. In the majority of cases the family, and a good-sized family, too, is already at home.

The day is ushered in with all the noise and confusion of our Fourth of July, intensified tenfold with the banging of firecrackers and explosions of gunpowder in different quantities. But of more importance than this noisy demonstration is the removal of the old kitchen god and the substitution of the new one, whose reign will extend until the twenty-third of the twelfth moon, or the installation of his successor at the close of the year. This is an occasion when the Chinaman gets him a new suit of clothes if he does at any time during the year, and he takes especial trouble to display his bright-coloured garments. In the matter of eating, the Chinese really know little of feasting, except at weddings and funerals, and even then their diet is restricted on account of its scarcity and lack of variety. The plum pudding of the English table, and the mince pie of New England, in China become the dumpling. No New Year's feast would be considered a success without the universal dumpling, and with it the feaster is satisfied, if his fare be otherwise ever so plain or scanty. Another feature of New Year's is the custom of trying to meet it square with the world, in other words, to have cancelled so far as has been possible one's indebtedness. However, this is really more pretence than fact. The fact is, a Chinaman never pays a



TEMPLE OF TINGHAI, CHUSAN.

debt he can put off another day. He never pays until he has been asked, and the asking becomes dunning in its most severe form before he can bring himself to settle. This is carried out on the principle that if he should pay one debt the money might be needed to pay another, and so, rather than disappoint one, he disappoints all, and is happy. Under this condition it might be thought that little, if any, money-lending would be done. But no man who has money can escape lending to some poor



VIEW INSIDE THE ARSENAL, SHANGHAI.

relative or friend. If the needy one cannot induce his richer relative to grant him his request, he resorts to some one higher in the social circle who will eventually obtain the desired end.

In China a man delegated to do a thing is expected to do it, whether it is borrowing money, finding a missing person, or searching for some hidden secret. If he is a mining engineer and he fails to find any trace of a certain mineral that he is looking for, he is considered unfit for his place, and is lucky if he loses his position and saves his head. The result may be easily imagined. The prosperity of an individual, or a town, is

seldom indicated by outward appearance. In fact, the richer a town becomes, the more squalid and poverty-stricken it looks. Commercial centres situated on the great rivers invariably present a miserable appearance.

With all their industry, — and whatever may be their failings the Chinese are an industrious race, — one half-moon, however, is invariably taken in which to observe the ceremonies of New Year, lasting until the Feast of Lanterns. During these two weeks no work that can be left undone is done. Doctor Smith, in commenting upon this custom, says: "This period becomes a safety-valve for the nation, which else might go distraught in all its otherwise ceaseless toils." It is a national vacation made brighter by the hard work of the rest of the year.

In the industry of the Chinese lies the secret of such success as they have gained. Still, as a matter of fact, this very industry has been a hindrance to them in all lines of progress. It keeps them from the broad way of improvement, under the belief that what calls for less work, the employment of fewer hands, must be an evil to be avoided. It is against their very creed to advance. Their fathers and their fathers' fathers did so and so, and it would cast reflection on their fair reputations to do differently. It is true they have carried the cultivation of crops so far as to raise three or four of these from the same soil in one season, but it is because their ancestors did so. They have not improved the tools with which they do this work, any more than they have improved the inferior quality of the fruit, such as apples, pears, plums, peaches, apricots, and strawberries. China might have an abundance of the best fruit, did her inhabitants desire it.

The nights are chilly and damp, but the days remind us of our Indian summer, a golden halo encircling the sun and a genial glow pervading all the atmosphere. Sunsets of gorgeous beauty shed a matchless glory over the sunny slopes and rugged walls of the river.

A twist in the river brings us down where the rapids have smoothed their brows, and we glide into still waters, to wonder that the countenance of the steersman takes on an anxious look, while the crew seem to be preparing for some great ordeal. We look ahead, when our gaze becomes fixed upon the majestic column of rock which Go Mung tells us is the "Needle of Heaven," and that we are approaching the upper

gateway of the famous gorge of Ichang, the wildest, grandest on the Great River.

The wall on our right, — we are headed nearly south now. — is bold, bare, and precipitous, but the opposite barrier is wrought into a thousand fantastic shapes, making curious, twisted, spiral columns, with pointed spears directed toward the sky, cornices of odd designs and balconies such as human ingenuity could not conceive, while terraces and graceful arches reach from rock-roof to rock-roof, bridging over numerous



WEST GATE OF CHING - KEANG - FOO.

caverns and deep wells. One of these natural bridges is pointed out to us as the spot from which a pious hermit once sought to reach the sky on wings of faith, and just beyond the bold outpost is the site of the famous temple which stood where the four ancient kingdoms met.

At first the river seems to be blocked by the solid front, but upon a nearer approach a narrow and deep passage between the high walls appears, a race-course where at flood tides the boldest boatman dares not try to pass. Suddenly the day takes on the robe of twilight, and we have entered Ichang Gorge!

For a space the rocky walls rise so straight from the water as not to afford a foothold for the most venturesome climber, but gradually this changes, and the bulwarks of limestone, with shifting tints of purple, yellow, and brown, retreat, leaving nooks and level plots containing small orchards and groves of oranges hanging on the very brink of rock-rimmed terraces, or hedged in by massive buttresses fringed to their tops with dense vegetation. Anon we see the mud huts of venturesome people living in this lonely valley, surrounded by lime-kilns. Here and there the



SUMMER HOUSE NEAR SHANGHAI.

water has broken through the porous rocks, and trickles down as if coming through a sieve, affording a happy sustenance for asters, chrysanthemums, and clusters of other flowers, and for a profusion of ferns, some of them of great grace and beauty.

Where the white-maned racers swirl and toss in sublime fury, giving the boatmen all they can do to keep the light craft in the middle of the current, we rush through "Wind-box Gorge." Then comes a breathing spell; another series of cataracts, wilder and more perilous than the first, and then we glide gracefully and lightly down the last stage of Ichang

Gorge, between two mighty cliffs which form a fitting gateway at the lower end of this wild passage of nine miles.

It must not be supposed that we are alone in this part of the journey, any more than on the rest, for many dark junks are met struggling laboriously up the stream, or going as we are with the current. Those approaching carry little strips of square and butterfly sails, which lend small assistance to the shouting trackers straining at the bamboo ropes.



THE "SHANGHAI TEA-GARDENS."

At places these men spurt along smooth paths, while at other sections they are obliged to crawl on their hands and knees over difficult ridges worn slippery by the hawser running there for centuries, often cutting deep grooves into the soft limestone. Other men are stationed along to see that the rope runs free, and in case it gets caught on some projection or snag in the water to throw it off. Upon coming to a point where it is impossible to follow along the bank, the trackers jump aboard, and lend their assistance to their companions in propelling the craft against the tide. At one point the crew of one of these junks were making the scene

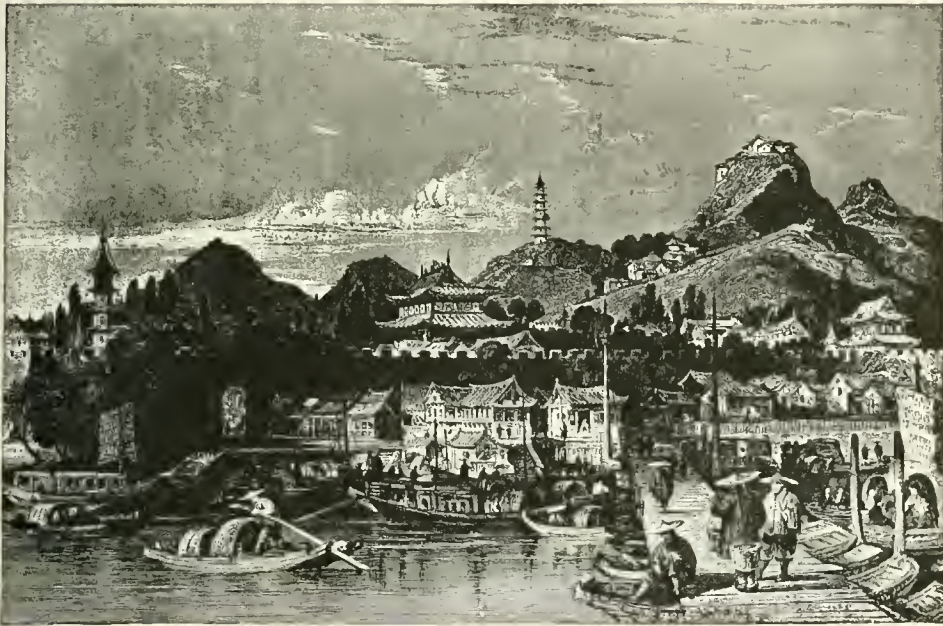
hideous with their unearthly cries, when Go Mung assured us that they were calling on the wind-god for help, which reminds us of the boatmen of the Danube whistling for wind, and the native of the Canadian wilds shooting his arrows high into the air for the same purpose. We are told that the boatmen of the West River whistle for the wind, when there is a lull, but we saw nothing of the kind.

One cannot help noticing the primitive methods of these boatmen, who have made no progress in the management of their junks over the simple ways employed by their ancestors more than two thousand years ago. Just as the "sons of the river" did in the days of Marco Polo, they make their boats tilting, top-heavy affairs, and the trackers pull upon ropes fastened to the tops of masts, that bend, creak, groan, and threaten to break away under the pressure they bring upon them. Their oars are simply round poles fastened to the gunwales with loops of straw. As soon as a little advance is made the crew manage to hold what they have obtained by the most strenuous efforts, by securing the tow-lines by means of a sort of button fixed at the end. During all this wild work, which is so strained and unreal to the foreigner, the crew keep up an unearthly tumult by shouting, stamping, and screaming, while above all this break forth the threats and commands of the captain, who seems even wilder than his crew. Where foothold cannot be obtained sails are spread.

Midway in the gorge we come upon a custom-boat moored by the bank, where every one must show a pass or pay a duty on his cargo. The only improvement which has been made in this river traffic was accomplished by Admiral Ho, who showed a spirit of progress rare among the Chinese. Sent up here to suppress a band of river pirates, he saw the necessity of bettering the condition of the way. Although unable to do this, he did succeed in having a map drafted, showing the river from Ichang to Chungking, making clear the exact formation of the banks, and marking the rocks and eddies in the stream. He also founded a system of life-boat patrol, which is still in operation, and is at the service of travellers. One of these red rowboats accompanied us, giving prestige to our appearance and ensuring us against attacks of the outlaws who are only too eager to rob and plunder the "foreign devils" in this region.

Where the river rushes out from the gorge the water has sculptured in the rock-wall the picturesque ravine of San-Yu-Tung. In the side of this

rare retreat is a cave-temple of great antiquity and considerable historic interest. It is reached by paths leading along shelves hewn from the rock, and through archways where three gates afforded protection to the occupants of the place in the times of feudal wars. The cave forms a grand apartment of considerable size, with roof sloping down toward the four quarters, and supported in the middle by a massive stone pillar of the natural rock. At the farther end is a sacred corner containing many images of gods and goddesses, all resplendent in their golden coats,



THE TAE - PING SHAOU KWAN.

and guarded by carved dragons, gnomes, and other creatures of fantastic shapes half-concealed in niches and recesses of the rocks. The walls are embellished with inscriptions in bold characters, while urns and incense burners adorn the uncanny place. In the days gone by, when Buddhism held triumphant sway from Tibet to the sea, several priests lived here in the midst of abundance, but now only a few too poor to get away linger here, content to get a mess of pottage and a humble resting-place in the smaller caves at one side of the main hall. It must be cool there in summer, for in the winter it is like the bitter cold of a Siberian hovel.

It is about four hundred miles from Chung-king to the lower end of this gorge, where steam navigation begins, and the river comes down through what is poetically styled "The Mountains of Seven Gates," so named from the seven deep cañons the water has cut through the rocky barriers in its course, and has engraved upon the limestone walls the records of its stupendous work accomplished after ages of incessant action. This great mountain range extends across the continent from the river Amur on the north to the Bay of Bengal on the south.

Two miles below the gorge which bears its name, and one thousand miles from the sea, standing under the shadows of this backbone of China, is the city of Ichang. At this season the custom-house is reached by ascending the terraced steps of an embankment seventy-five feet in height, though at high water half of this distance would be saved. It is not a pleasant city for the American, and has little interest for the tourist. The same sort of gray walls that we have come to look upon as a part of a Chinese city follows the river for half a mile. As we pass down the stream we notice many tumuli of earth, and are told that they are a part of a great graveyard extending along the river bank for a mile, and for half that distance back into the country. The majority of those who are buried here were victims of one of the turbulent riots once taking place in this vicinity. This sacred ground, as gruesome as it may seem, is now laid out in golf links, the course made of thousands of bunkers and hazards quite out of the natural order, and the tees marked by mandarin mounds.

This part of the empire is filled with temples on the hilltops and shrines in the caverns underneath. Four miles below Ichang a palisade wall rises a sheer thousand feet above us, to continue for nearly a mile. The summit is crowned by the monastery of Chih Fu Shan, which stands on a pinnacle of rock, and is connected with the palisade by a stone bridge. "This neglected old Buddhist fane," says Miss Seidmore, "is as remarkable as any of Thessaly's 'monasteries of the air,' and one needs a clear head and steady nerves to walk, or to be carried in an open chair, up the narrow goat-path on the rock's face and along a knife-edged ridge to the needle rock. There is a dizzier path still, up rock-hewn staircases around to the monastery door." But the ancient glory, whatever it may have been, hanging over this eerie shrine, has fled with the years. The



RICE THRESHING AT SHANGHAI.

altars have been stripped of their treasures, and the place deserted of worshippers, save for a handful of poorly fed and as poorly clad priests who remain, probably too poor to get away.

By the river it is four hundred miles from Ichang to Hankow, the most important city on the Yangtse, though it is less than one-third this distance overland. A hundred miles below the first named city the river is bordered by twin lines of raised mud-banks, which are used for roadways, and from time to time long trains of men, women, and children,



NAVAL COLLEGE, NANKIN.

with accompanying carts, pack-horses, and buffaloes, are outlined against the sky with marked distinctness. These embankments continue almost down to Hankow, or for nearly three hundred miles, and begin at the treaty port of Shasi, where the clay and gravel banks end. Fields are green with winter wheat, which will soon be ripening in the summer sun, for spring is but a brief transition period in this land. Hills continue to form the background of the landscape, dotted frequently with pagodas, whose pointed spires pierce the distant sky.

As we are now on the regular route of the tourists, which has been so thoroughly described, we shall content ourselves with a few running

remarks. In the course of our journey we find that the river has been divided and its waters become shallow, the larger part of its flood having been conveyed by a canal to a lake lying on the south, called the Tung-ting. Here the river way of trade is crossed by the great land route running in an opposite direction. It is a bustling place. Junks laden with merchandise from Szechuan float with the current of the river, both ahead and behind us, the crews making incessant noise with their loud chant-like songs, while they steer their unwieldy crafts by huge



ENTRANCE TO TEMPLE NEAR SUCHAU.

sweeps at the stern. Other junks loaded with goods for the up-country are constantly being met, the ill-clad crews struggling wearily at their tasks of sailing, rowing, or tracking.

An ancient walled city, now a treaty port, is situated on the shore of Lake Tung-ting. Here we meet with the most stormy reception on our trip, and are only too glad to leave Yo-chau, with its ugly spirits, behind. The Hu-nan element seems to prevail here, and they have the worst possible hatred for foreigners. This may be well called the hot-bed of prejudice against outside people, and many a devout follower

of the Christian Church has paid the penalty of his overconfidence in escape from harm with his life. Yo-chau has a dismal past and a gloomy future.

With its dark environments of ignorance and superstition, there is an island in Tung-ting Lake known as Kin Shan, or "Golden Island," noted as growing the tea drunk by his Imperial Majesty, the emperor. Each bud of this precious plant is looked upon as sacred, and is zeal-



EARTHEN WATER-JARS, SHANGHAI.

ously guarded by the priests until it unfolds its leaf and matures. No one is allowed to taste of it. During the Taiping rebellion, on account of this association with the imperial power at the Purple Forbidden City, the island was desolated by the rebels, but they failed to destroy the roots of this herb, and the tea plantations of the sacred spot were soon sending their supplies to the capital as before. This tea, if it could be bought, would bring a fabulous price.

Within three weeks after leaving Szechuan we reach Hankow, of

which we have heard frequent accounts ever since we sighted the coast of Asia, but it disappoints us. Nowhere have we seen so strongly the imprint of the Russian hand, and everywhere the shadow of Siberia falls darkly. As at the outposts of China, the White Empire has established its hold upon this inland gate, in spite of British threats and Chinese watchfulness. Hankow is destined to become a Muscovite city. It was at one time a great tea mart, but since China teas have fallen into such ill favour with the British market it has lost ground. During the tea trade this city is a hustling, bustling place, but this lasts only a few weeks, from the first of May to the middle of June, when the invoices of the best teas are sent off. The poorer qualities, such as leaf tea, are sent off as late as September, and "brick tea" until January, but the business, as far as it concerns the foreign powers, is done by the 20th of June.

Abbé Hue, who wrote of this country in 1845, gave to Hankow and her sisters, Hang-yang and Wu-chang, a population of eight million, the three cities being "filled to overflowing." But they all fell under the blighting touch of the Taipings, when not only the cities proper were deluged in blood, but the vast floating population of the river afforded miles of burning junks and the loss of thousands of lives when the Taiping torch was applied with hands that were strangers to mercy.

Hankow is not a cleanly city by any means, while Hang-yang, reeking in filth and disorder, is far worse off. There are an arsenal and iron works here, the metal being brought from mines seventy-five miles away, and a large part of the coal from Japan. It seems to be cheaper to import this fuel than to dig in the earth under one's feet for it under Chinese methods of mining! Wu-chang has been styled the "Queen of the Yangste;" if so, she is a queen in disgrace, clothed in rags, covered with dirt, and wreathed in scowls.

One hundred and eighty-seven miles of river run through a fine country between Hankow and Kiu-kiang, situated just above the estuary leading to Lake Po-yung. We stop over one day at Kiu-kiang, which is the centre of a network of streams and canals that form chains of trade. The lake is likely to be opened soon to steam navigation, when this city will become of greater commercial importance. The region, if lacking in modern interest, is rich in legends of the past, when this was made

classic ground by one of the philosophers of Confucian doctrine. Here, too, at one time the followers of Buddha were many and mighty, while there is pointed out the ruins of what is claimed to have been the mission of some Ricci Jesuits in the latter part of the sixteenth century.



NATIVE SPINNING-WHEEL AND LOOM.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FROM THE MOUNTAINS TO THE SEA.

WHILE Lake Po-yung is China's classic sheet of water, the "mirror of the sky," as Li Tai Peh poetically designated it, it has not only been consecrated to poetry and religion, but it has been noted for its fine potteries, the finest in the world until the wares of Dresden, Sevres, and Delft rivalled it. It was here the porcelain was made from which was constructed that seventh wonder of Nankin, its porcelain tower. The hills about the city of King-te-chen afforded the materials for the industry, which the Jesuits described as carried on by inspired workmen. If the fall of this city has been greater than that of any other that we have seen, it is because it fell from a greater height. The cause of this decline is laid at the door of the Taiping rebels, who have to answer for much in the despoliation of the empire, if half that is told is true. It was these raiders who stormed the walls of the sacred works, who trampled in the earth the noble structure, who slaughtered the "wizard" potters by the thousands, and who laid in waste the fairest of the four great marts of China. It is slowly rising from its ashes, but

the resurrection gives little promise of restoring the prestige it lost. The Jesuits gave very vivid accounts of the many fine tints obtained at the porcelain works, among which may be mentioned such as "the rose of gold," "the blush of morning," and "the missionary colours." To-day the only kind of pottery done here is of the crudest sort. From the sunny slopes of the shores of Lake Po-yung and the tributary streams come some of the finest teas of China. One of the modern features which is robbing the new city of the romance clinging to its predecessor is steam navigation.

We are now entering the heart of the Great Plain of the Lower Yangtse, bounded on the inland border by the mountain barriers of Hupci and Szechuan, a vast expanse of territory builded from a swamp by the débris deposited by the Great River, and the sand-storms which sweep over this country often with terrific fury. Accounts are fresh in the minds of the inhabitants of the burial of houses and crops. Below Shasi the river changes its character, and with its network of feeders becomes the mightiest system of waterways and inland seas to be found. Tung-ting Lake, the outlet for Yuan River, alone covers two thousand square miles.

The work of creation done by this prolific river is beyond actual computation, and how far inland the Sea of China once spread over the land can be measured by the geologist only after extended investigations. Since the beginning this remarkable stream has been bringing its offerings to the sea and the adjoining country. There is a Chinese saying that exclaims: "Behold the mighty son hastening to an imperial greeting to the sea." If this picture is the painting of Oriental imagery, the Yangtse Kiang has performed a nobler and mightier work in creating the vast alluvial plain reaching over eight hundred miles from the sea, and supporting a population of over one hundred million people. Scientists estimate that it carries annually into the ocean débris at the rate of 770,000 solid feet every second, besides fertilising with its overflows, more regular and pronounced than those of the river Nile, the country it has produced. The rapidity with which this filling up has been going on is shown by the fact that where, a little over half a century ago, British ships sailed along one of its channels, there is now an expanse of forest, cultivated fields, and a thriving village.

Tea culture, which is such an important factor in the wealth of this great district, really affords the class that does the hard work only a scanty living, — a mere pittance of the soil. We find, as a rule, that the tea farms, as we should call them, are small in area, comprising but an acre or two, and are almost invariably owned by some rich capitalist, who pays the land tax and rents them to the men who are too poor to own them. When the crop has been harvested and cured the tea is sold to the land-owners at their own price, and from season to season the tenant thinks himself lucky if he obtains a bare sustenance out of that which becomes



TABLET NEAR NANKIN.

one of the world's most widely distributed luxuries. If these teas are not purchased by the owners of the land, as soon as the leaves are partly dried in the sun, following the annual picking which begins in April, they are often taken in baskets to tea fairs and there sold to the highest bidders. These are usually merchants from Canton, or some other seaport, who often combine to secure the crop at far less than its actual value. On other occasions the bidding becomes spirited, the competition sometimes bitter, the result being a benefit to the raisers. When the offerings have been bought up, the buyers mix the lots raised by different farmers together, when they are subjected to the "firing" process.

Women and children are hired to sort over the collections, picking out



CHINESE PRIEST, SHANGHAI.

the stems and stalks. Men follow this slow work by winnowing the leaves. The portion properly cured is sent off, while the rest is kept to go through the firing process again, and this when properly dried is sent off. But this is not done until the buyers have carefully divided the entire lot into two or three sorts or grades, these divisions being called *chops*. The highest grade consists of the smallest and most closely curled leaves; the second being made up of the inferior leaves; the stems, broken leaves, and siftings forming the third chop. The last grade is used largely in mixing with better qualities to make a sort of medium article.



CONFUCIAN TEMPLE, NANKIN.

The tea farmer is not the only one who follows a laborious existence in the raising of this universal plant. Not only is the stock raised in the lower valleys and districts easily reached from the seaboard, but hundreds, even thousands of miles from the market, the tillers of the soil raise their crops among the mountainous regions of the interior. From these localities the transportation of the crop becomes an important, and often precarious, undertaking. This is accomplished largely by boats upon the rivers, though often chops of tea have to be carried for miles on the backs of men, over mountain pathways where less sure-footed travellers would not dare to go. The navigators of tea boats are men of remarkable nerve and agility, with a skill gained only after long experience in hazardous

work. The inland rivers of China are noted for their swift currents, sharp curves, and bewildering twists. The foreigner looks upon the descent of one of the rapids with feelings akin to horror. We remember running down one of these turbulent streams, where we held our breath and stood ready to leap for life at any moment, though such action must have resulted in fatal consequences. We had just made a long series of these furious courses, and were beginning to think the worst of the danger was over, when lo! we were drawn into the wildest section we had seen. Worse than all else, the stormy passage seemed to find an abrupt end against the side of a high precipice, which thrust its forbidding front across the stream. It was not until the prow of our light craft was borne down at full tilt within a yard of this wall that we were able to see the unlooked-for change in the course of the mad river. Even then we gave a forlorn look at our steersman, to find him standing on the bridge of the boat, with his hands laid firmly on the long rudder, his gaze fixed intently on the scene ahead, and his countenance without a trace of that anxiety one would naturally look for under such exciting circumstances. At the last moment, when to us it seemed too late to be of avail, he threw the whole weight of his supple form upon the lever, which swung the faithful craft around just in season to clear the rock, though it fairly scraped against its adamantine front. The next moment we were caught in the surge of the rebounding current, which swept us down the foaming race-course with a velocity which fairly took away our breath and closed our eyes. When we had recovered enough to realise our situation, we found that we were being carried swiftly through smooth waters by the fearful momentum we had gained in running the gauntlet of the rapids above. The steersman was remaining at his post, as calm and immobile as ever, ready to take his life in hand again at the next leap of the mountain stream. This life he follows year after year, until some untoward accident causes him to miss his calculation and his boat is dashed upon the deadly rocks, where his mangled form lies to remind him who follows of the fate that almost invariably overtakes the men who risk all this, for the mere earning of scanty food and raiment.

The closing scene in this drama of mountain gorges and cataracts is the threading of the narrow defile known as Siau-ku Shan, or "Little Orphan Gorge," which is the rocky gateway to three provinces, Hupei,

Anhui, and Kwangsi. This picturesque place, presenting a rocky frontage of nearly three hundred feet in height, the side of the cliff set with temples and monasteries, and overlooked by a fantastic pagoda, clusters with legends and romantic tales.

At one time a placid lake rested here on the broad bosom of the land, over which an ancient mariner steered his lonely craft by day and moored her at nightfall amid the forests of reeds that overhung the shores. In weighing anchor one morning he found that it was uncommonly heavy,



AN ITINERANT DOCTOR.

so he descended to learn its cause. His surprise was great upon finding a water-nymph asleep on its fluke. Stealing upon her, he took away her tiny shoes as mementoes, and tipping up the anchor caused her to fall off, when he arose to the surface and made away with all speed possible, fearing she might pursue him. Upon awakening and finding her slippers gone, she started after him, and gave him such a chase that he was glad to fling them back to her. The imprints where these fell are yet to be seen in "The Shoe Rock."

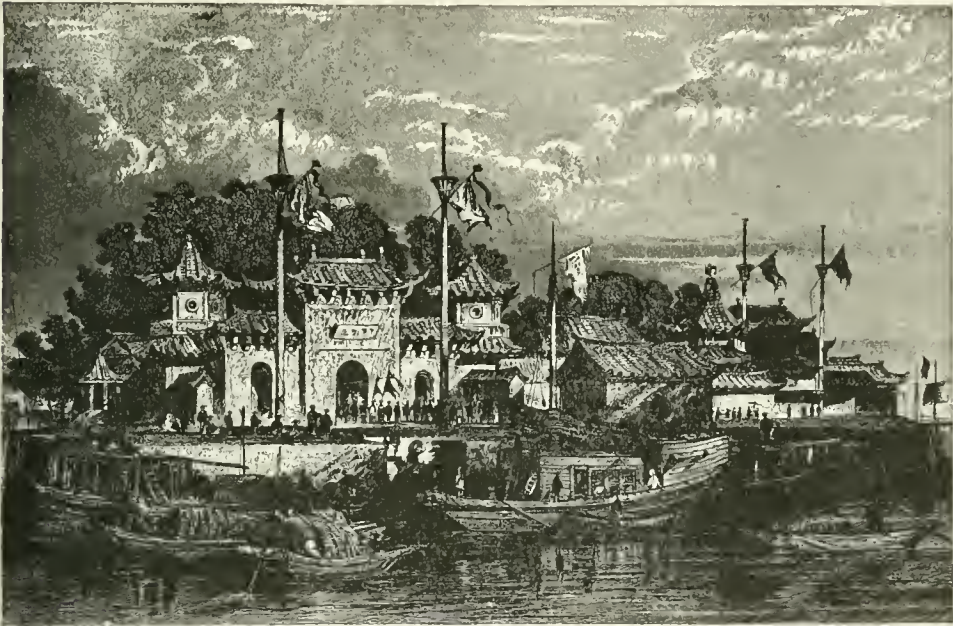
The origin of the rock-island is accounted for by the legend of a great flood, when the people in this country were all drowned, except two small

children, a boy and a girl, who were taken on the back of a frog. In order to reach smoother water this humane creature began to swim away, which so frightened and grieved the children that they threw themselves into the flood and were drowned. Where one fell rises "Little Orphan Rock," and where the other was lost stands that perpetual memorial, "Big Orphan Island," near the entrance to Lake Po-yung.

During another of the great floods of the river a beautiful woman, who was noted for piety and nobility of character, was carried away on the bosom of the stream, to be left on the top of this rock, where she was fed by the birds—some believe by cormorants—until rescued by some of the river folk. This caused it to become consecrated ground; it grew to be a favourite retreat for annual pilgrims, all of whom contributed most liberally to its adornment. Gorgeous temples and shrines were builded into the niches in the rock-wall, and staircases and galleries were cut in the solid stone. But the glory of all this has passed away. The names of some of the pious pilgrims who visited here remain carved in the limestone wall, but the shrines are falling to pieces and the temples no longer awaken to the inspiration of many voices. Only a few half-starved priests climb the rock-stairs where once some of the most illustrious men of the imperial empire loved to pass a brief vacation from the toils and trials of the world.

Below, green meadows stretch away to the base of the mountains forming the background. Occasionally herds of black cattle are seen grazing in the distance, while the scattered dwellings of the people are half concealed by a shelter of wide-spreading trees that make them all the more conspicuous, while here and there the ancestral tombs of the race loom up like sacred shrines. However remiss the Chinese may be in their care of children, or their respect for womanhood, they are exceedingly faithful to their dead. No one need fear that in departing from this life his funeral will not be conducted in proper accord with his station, or that his grave will not be kept in good condition. Some of the tombs among the better class are beautiful structures of large black stones, carved with long inscriptions of poetry or proverb, sheltered in some localities by an ancient banyan-tree or by the beloved bamboo.

Then the valley widens, until a broad panorama of country is entered, which finally begins to contract, and again the old river, dirty like all of China's waterways, flows sullenly between brown hills, under forests of giant reeds, and through the "Pillar Hills," the lower gate of the Great River, and soon after we reach Nankin, the largest city in area in the empire, being twenty-two miles in circuit. This city is greater in its memories than in its realities. Le Comte described it as "a splendid



MILITARY STATION NEAR CHOKIAN.

city surrounded by walls one within another, and the one outermost sixteen long leagues round."

Like all Chinese cities, and villages for that matter, the populated portion is densely filled, although surrounded by acres of open country. There are also miles of streets in ruins, sorrowful proof of the devastation wrought by the Imperialists in recent days, when the "heavenly king," Tien-wang, acting under the claim that he was the second son of God and endowed with the mission of saving China from the darkness of Buddhism, was crushed by the Imperial army which, rallied and drilled by the intrepid Americans, Ward and Bergevine, was transformed into the "Ever Victorious Army" by the redoubtable Gordon.

Something of the religious faith and mode of military tactics of this "visionary conqueror" is shown in the wild vagaries of his "heavenly court" held in this city, his capital; in the indolent carelessness with which he reviewed his troops arrayed in silken suits seized during their raids of princely palaces; in the sublime indifference with which he met the reverses of fortune; in the blind faith with which he commanded his starving army to feed upon dew and sing the glory of heavenly peace



BEGGAR'S HUTS ON SITE OF PORCELAIN PAGODA, NANKIN.

until deliverance should come; and in the tragic heroism of death at his own hands, when he saw that the end of his reign was near.

During the Ming dynasty, when it was the southern capital of this imperial line, Nankin was the centre of arts, literature, and luxury, but it lost this prestige with the weakening of that power.

On one of the battle-grounds of the Taiping rebels and the Imperialists, where now stands the southern gate, is a suburb of considerable size, though of slight attractions and promise of permanency, since the dwellings of the people here are nothing but poorly built huts. Not far away is a small bridge spanning the canal, where it is said the

waters were dammed by the heads of the rebels, and a crimson lake was formed by the mingling blood of rival forces, just as the waters of the Waluiki in the Hawaiian valley were stopped by the dead of the natives, and the current of the river was reddened to the sea by the blood of the slain. Nearer this unseemly patch of hovels attached to the ancient city is the site of that famous structure once looked upon as one of the wonders of the world, the white porcelain tower, now in ruins; and its bricks are offered to relic-hunters at trifling prices.

The larger portion of the building material of the grandest monument China ever contributed to Buddhism has been utilised in building that more modern and warlike edifice, the arsenal, "where the monastery with its monotonous chants has been replaced by a temple dedicated to the Chinese Vulcan and Mars, whose altars are furnaces, whose worshippers are melters of iron, and from whose shrines come the never ceasing rattle of machinery and the reports of rifles that are being tested for service."

This arsenal was projected by Li Hung Chang, but it is conducted under foreign supervision, and its methods are the results of investigation and practice acquired in foreign countries, notwithstanding the fact that the Chinese are credited with the use of firearms as long ago as the first of the thirteenth century. The natives, at first, undertook to manage the arsenal themselves, but the weapons they made were more dangerous to the soldier at the stock than to the man before the muzzle, and mobs and riots became every-day occurrences. Everything in the line of firearms is made here, from caps and cartridges to shot and shells, rockets and torpedoes, Gatling guns and field-artillery, howitzers and heavy guns for battery trains.

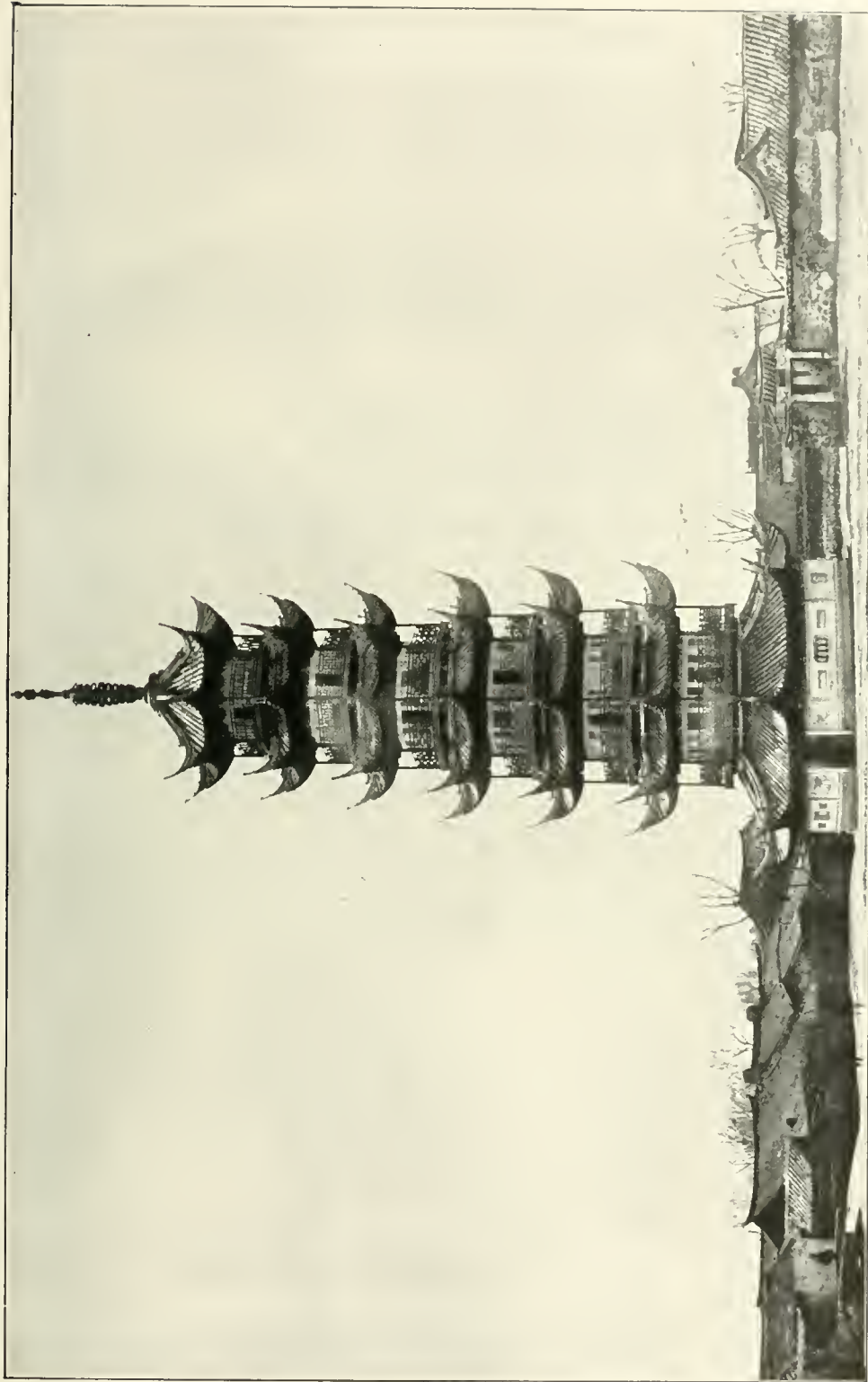
Our last view of Nankin is formed by dark walls and desolated slopes, an unpleasant memory to carry away, which we attempt to enliven with the scenes along the broad carriage road. The next place of importance proves to be Chin-kiang, a city with a most checkered career of upbuilding and tearing down, of streets overrunning with riots, of inside insurrections and outside assaults, of bombardments that have spared neither sacred shrines nor private dwellings; a city that has been too often an armed encampment and too seldom a commercial centre. To say nothing of more remote disturbances which have unsettled its peace and prosperity,

it was under the siege of the British in 1842; the Taipings captured it in 1853; the Imperialists, in 1857, recovered the wreck the others had left; a year later it was opened to foreign trade; in 1889, after a third of a century of unusual good fortune for a Chinese city, it again came under mob rule, when every foreign building, with the exception of the Catholic mission, was laid in waste, and the foreign inhabitants were obliged to seek safety in flight. The description of what followed has been most vividly



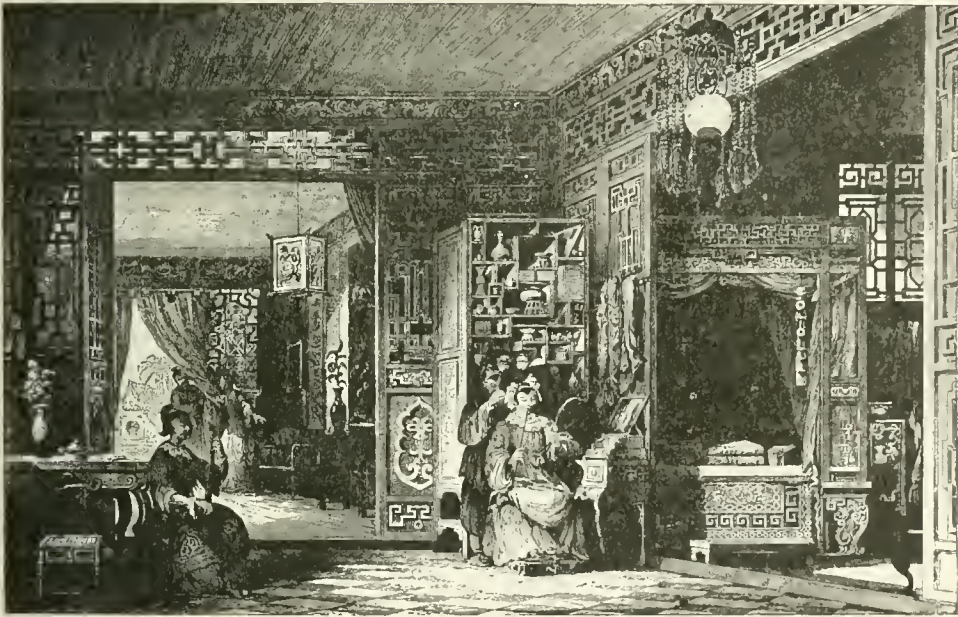
THE BEAMLESS TEMPLE, SPIRIT VALLEY, NANKIN.

portrayed by Miss Seidmore: "By one of those fortunate accidents that just saved our foreign service now and then, the United States consul at Ching-kiang was a veteran in consular and Eastern service, whose courage and sturdy Americanism were a match for the wiles of the *tao-tai*, or local governor, who had short orders from Peking to settle for the damage wrought. Other consuls accepted minimum sums for their losses, and obliged their countrymen to do the same; but General Jones stood for ample indemnity or none, and the meekness of the other consuls in accepting any trifle 'for peace's sake,' and 'lest it embarrass trade



PAGODA AT SICCAWEL, NEAR SHANGHAI.

relations,' only added fuel to his ire. The tao-tai made several visits and specious pleas, without General Jones abating one cash of his first demand; and meanwhile Pekin inquired of the tao-tai: 'Have you settled with those foreign devils yet?' 'Why don't you pay those claims at once?' etc. The 'river' was convulsed with accounts of General Jones's encounters with the mercenary tao-tai, and of the final scene where the bluff and bellicose American, advancing with uplifted forefinger, thundered at the tao-tai: '*You*, sir, are the tao-tai of Chin-kiang' (every word



BOUDOIR AND BEDCHAMBER OF FASHIONABLE LADY.

fraught with super-scorn and contempt), 'while I, *I*, sir, am the American consul!' This, delivered with the swelling breast, a magnificent, New World, broad-continent gesture, the mien and voice of Jove, made the trembling tao-tai turn pale green and cease his haggling." Not only was General Jones paid the indemnity he deemed just, but he rose in the estimation of the Chinese, and from that time received greater consideration than any other foreigner in the Far East.

Chin-kiang receives much of its prestige from the fact that it is on the line of the Grand Canal, which is really the greatest achievement of the race, throwing quite into the shade the mighty outlay of time and

labour spent in building that colossal stone wall that has created so much wondering talk among foreigners. This canal, now falling into disuse, was once the great maritime highway between Hangchow on the south, and Tientsin on the north. About a dozen miles up the canal from the Yangtse Kiang is the ancient city of Yang-chau, which is noted for having been governed by the adventurous Venetian, Marco Polo. It contains a population of half a million or more, and enjoys greater prosperity, vaster riches, finer temples, more gorgeous pagodas, larger shops, shrewder



OUTER BUILDING OF CONFUCIAN TEMPLE, NANKIN.

dealers, greater scholars, is better governed, and is of higher renown than Chin-kiang.

North of the canal and lying alongside the Great River is the largest and most productive rice-field in the world. It is estimated to comprise an area of nine thousand square miles below the water level, but protected from overflow by huge dikes and drained by artificial waterways, which are under constant watch. But its most important drainage is made by the Yangtse River, flowing with Amazonian majesty into the sea.

The surroundings of Chin-kiang are among the most picturesque and absorbing to be found anywhere along the banks of the far-reaching river. Passing through a narrow channel and turning from the beautiful hill-sides, we look upon two spots of especial interest and admiration to every true Chinaman. These are the sacred pillars of rugged rocks, beautified

and sanctified by the pious followers of Buddha and desecrated and devastated by the rebels of Taiping, Tsiao Shan, or "Silver Island," and Kiu Shan, or "Golden Island." Marco Polo found over two hundred sleek priests performing their religious duty on the first, which was literally covered with towers, temples, terraces, and gateways ornamented with fantastic carvings, while with the music of bells and the sounds of gongs constantly mingled the deep-toned chants of the devout worshippers. But all this has suffered a serious inroad, and the temples lie in ruins, the groves are desolate, the grottoes and niches are untenanted, and even the cave of the "river gods," who were supposed to rule the floods of sky and land, is known only in the legends of a happier day. This island is interesting to Americans from the fact that one of their consuls took up his residence here, and that above the crumbling temples of a despotic empire floated the flag of a free people. During the Chinese-Japanese war this island was a military stronghold.

Golden Island was noted as highly for its learned men and its library of rare books, as its sister island was for her temples and sacred groves, but these fell under the blighting touch of the Taiping rebels, who spared nothing that bore any association with the religion they despised. During their trouble with China in 1842 the British occupied this island, and talked of sending the valuable library—one of the richest that China possessed—to London, but concluded not to do so, more's the pity.

As we leave these strange outposts we realise fully that we are drawing near to the big city of Shanghai, which we first sighted off the coast of the continent a year and a half ago, and we feel that at last our stupendous round-robin trip of thousands of miles is drawing to a close.



THE SOOCHOW CREEK, SHANGHAI.

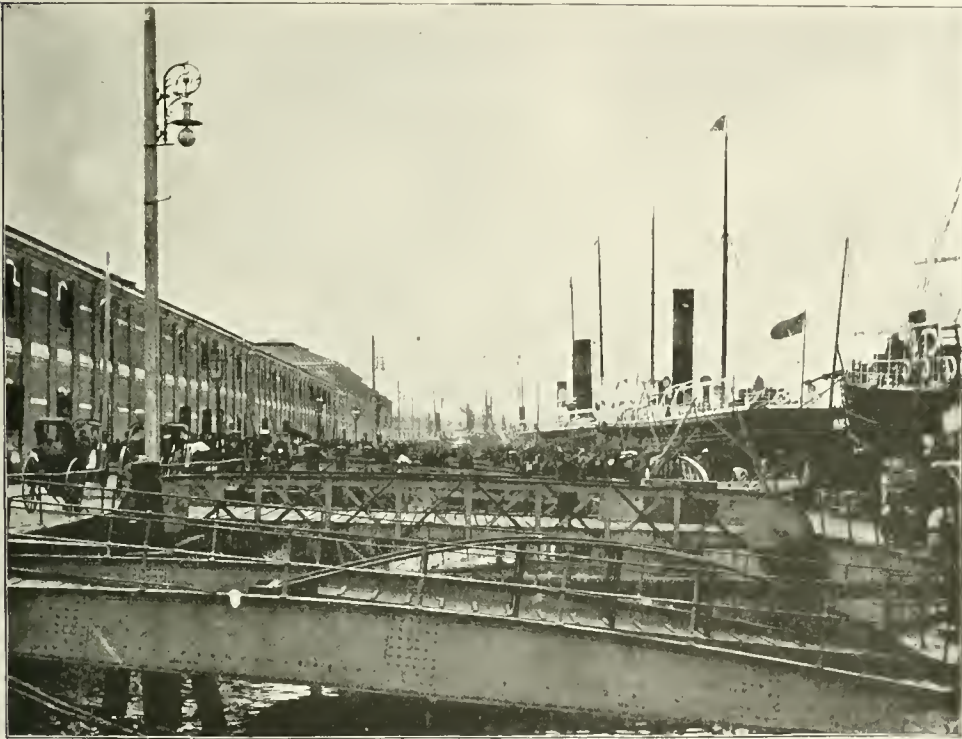
CHAPTER XXIV.

SHANGHAI. THE CITY OF COMMERCE.

WHERE the Great River spreads out its turbid flood, reeking with the reddish brown mud brought from the far inland mountains, along low, muddy shores, we enter the sullen waters of the Wu-sung, with our destination almost in sight. Sixteen miles below Shanghai (the city with half a dozen nicknames which remind us of its importance on this coast), nearer approach for large steamers was cut off by the "Heaven-sent Barrier," so these ocean "palaces" have to send up their passengers by tenders, and their cargoes as well. This natural boundary was made more impassable by the French in 1884 by driving down piles and sinking old junks across the narrow channel. Though a city of comparatively modern note, Shanghai is really an old town, and this entrance to its wharves is a spot of especial interest. During the Chinese-Japanese war it was for a time a bone of contention, until British war-ships stationed themselves across the mouth of the Yangtse, and declared to Japan that this should be a neutral port. The Japanese respected this

claim, but under flags that professed to protect neutral interests the Chinese army was recruited, while Shanghai became a base of supplies for it. The result of the war once decided, England coolly withdrew her protection from China, though still showing the cold shoulder to Japan. From that day Great Britain's power and influence in the Far East lost its former prestige.

The first railway in China was built along the river from Wu-sung to



WHARF AND STOREHOUSES, SHANGHAI.

Shanghai in 1876, and was opened with great enthusiasm by the Chinese. But a rumble of dissatisfaction soon arose from the toiling people, who believed it was an enemy to them, and it needed only an accident on the rails to cause this low muttering to break forth into an uproar, when a riot succeeded, in the midst of which the rails were torn up and the engines sent to rust on the beaches of Formosa. This road was rebuilt, however, in 1898, and is now well patronised by the Chinese.

While Shanghai has few special attractions for the foreign visitor, it is

a city of great importance on the Asiatic shore, and it has a history filled with checkered beginnings and diversified ends. In the making of this career three antagonistic elements have entered, almost constantly at variance one with another. The first of this trio is capricious nature, that has contributed a large part toward the development of the future emporium of the Far East. The second important part has been played by the Chinese, while men of foreign countries have stepped in and laid the foundation of the progress and modern development of the "Model City."

To begin with history, we are taken back to a period when the old Wu-sung Kiang was not navigable, and to a time when a thriving trade-port was built up at So-chau creek, some twenty miles away. The course of the river then was not fixed, and in its many changes, one after another, it seemed impossible to establish a permanent settlement in that vicinity. Still trade persisted in coming that way, and whether the floods of the Great River flowed right or left, kept the channel of last season, or ploughed a new furrow to the sea, innumerable vessels continued to anchor off that shore. Finally, in 1250, or thereabouts, the old waterway of the Wu-sung having become filled up and a new one opened that had become navigable, a settlement, which soon became the port for all ships coming that way, was founded on the existing site of Shanghai.

The majority of the vessels putting in here being richly laden, this port became the objective point of a large number of Japanese vessels manned by men who were outlaws from their own country, and had become the terror of the seas. Their warlike appearance struck terror to the hearts of the timid Chinese, and not only was Shanghai constantly menaced by these corsairs, but the entire northern coast was frequently ravaged by them, until desperate means of protection had to be taken. In 1544 A.D., during the Ming dynasty, a wall was built around the city as a bulwark against the attacks of the enemy. Finding even then that the Japanese were likely to gain a foothold, the Chinese resorted to intrigue and cunning to defeat them. While the great wall was building the imperial rulers made the leaders of the Japanese such tempting offers of wealth and office that two of them consented to meet with the Chinese leaders to discuss the terms. As soon as this couple were separated from their followers they were seized and put to death. The

loss of two of their foremost leaders compelled the Japanese to abandon their premeditated attack. But the Chinese suffered dearly for their cowardly conduct. The Japanese speedily rallied under new commanders, and, sweeping down upon the coast, ravaged the country for leagues up and down the shore, until their vengeance was glutted. As they sailed away, loaded with their spoils, the Chinese contented themselves by making furious demonstrations on the shore.

Seventy years ago, or in 1831, Doctor Gutzlaff was the first foreigner



VIEW ON THE MOAT, NATIVE QUARTER, SHANGHAI.

to visit the place, which he did in a native junk, to find on the banks of the Wu-sung a few fishers' huts inhabited by some semi-aquatic people of the Fukien province. It was then the centre of a considerable coast-trade, where a large number of vessels came from the north and from as far south as the Indian Archipelago. It has undergone, however, a wonderful change since then. The walled city, comprising an area of a mile and a quarter in length and three-fourths of a mile in width, contains, with a thickly populated suburb, in the vicinity of 125,000 inhabitants. The view from the river is indicative of bustle and business,

while off the shore are representative vessels of all nations, and puffing along the waterway are numerous steam launches, bearing in, from huge ocean steamers moored below, mails, despatches, and people from every quarter of the globe. Flitting in and among these busy craft are the innumerable native junks and boats, looking odd and grotesque to the newcomer.

Just above this, on the north, and separated from the walled town by a canal connecting with the creek, is another Shanghai, distinct and to a certain extent independent of the other, "The Model Settlement," as it is known. This has a Chinese population of 50,000, though dominated by a foreign element. This city, like St. Petersburg, the "Window of Russia," which sprang as if by magic from the marshes of the Neva at the word of Peter the Great, rose in a little over half a century from the quagmire of the Wu-sung under the touch of the plucky Englishmen who foresaw the wonderful possibilities of the situation, and resembling the great Muscovite city in a second respect, it has become the Window of China.

Although builded with uncommon rapidity, it bears no appearance of having been slovenly done. The streets are broad, the parks numerous and beautiful, the warehouses commodious, the wharves ample for the numerous steam launches and craft of all nations which find moorings here. The view, as one advances up the river, becomes grand and magnificent, enterprises of far-reaching consequence and commercial dealings with the outside world being everywhere apparent. There are big storehouses, busy foundries, sheds and spacious structures for many purposes, beyond which are the American buildings on ground conceded to them, while fronting the river are the European offices on footing conceded the British.

With this foundation of foreign power and the substantial buildings reared under such supervision, we find Shanghai the most cosmopolitan city in the empire, the most hopeful point of interest to the newcomer, and an object lesson to the Chinese which must have aroused strong feelings of envy, if not jealousy, were the race capable of realising its true situation. Here is a living proof of what can be done, standing in marked juxtaposition to their own miserable failure that runs back into the centuries of the past. What would seem to be more provoking



CHINESE LADIES, SHANGHAI.

to them still, is the fact that the transformation of the Model Settlement has been accomplished by native workmen under the direction of shrewd foreigners, showing that their own companions are capable of greater things than they have been allowed to perform under their own masters. Education in China does not educate, nor does Chinese civilisation civilise.

Shanghai, the city of modern miracles, has a foreign population of nearly five thousand, larger than that of any other Oriental city, more



TEA-HOUSE IN SHANGHAI.

than two thousand being English, about 350 Americans, with two and a half thousand Europeans of different nationalities. The character and importance of this city is explained in a single line, when it is said that one-half of the import and export trade of the empire, which aggregated in 1898 the enormous sum of four hundred million dollars, passes in and out of this Window of China.

Nor is it alone on its commercial importance that Shanghai bases its claim for attention. Within a decade it has become a manufacturing centre which justly entitles it to the credit of being considered the

“Manchester of the Far East.” The biggest cotton factory in the Chinese empire, and one of the largest in the world, is located here. It covers an area of sixty acres, and gives employment to six thousand men, women, and children. It has two gangs of operatives, each working eleven and a half hours, so the machinery rests only one hour in twenty-four, and in the twenty-three hours that it is employed turns out one hundred pieces of cloth and an average of eighty thousand pounds of cotton yarn. This mill is built upon modern plans and equipped with improved machinery, while controlled by Chinese capital, worked by Chinese labour, and fed with cotton grown on Chinese soil. This mighty mill, the oldest in the empire, is owned by Li Hung Chang and other Chinese capitalists, and is supposed to represent an investment of over two million taels.

It is hardly surprising to be told that, while it was projected by a Chinaman, and is to all intents and purposes a Chinese investment, an American was called upon to assist in putting the mills into shape, and that he is still general supervisor of the factory. His name is William Danforth, and he is a native of the State of Massachusetts. But he is the only American connected with the mill, all of the foremen being Chinese who understand better how to manage the native help, that have proved to be among the best mill operatives in the world. They learn the intricacies of the work quickly, and become faithful workmen. Nearly seventy-five per cent. are women and children, whose wages average only about fifteen cents a day in our money. Strangers to high wages, this compensation appears to make them contented, though they have to work long days. Of course skilled workmen earn more, a few as much as a dollar a day in gold. Wages have been higher than they are now, and there is a prospect that they will rise again as soon as the present warlike disturbance in the empire is settled.

The principal supply of cotton at this time is obtained from the valley of the Yangtse Kiang, whose claim to being the “River of Tea” is likely to be supplanted by that of “River of Cotton,” since this important staple can be raised all along its fertile banks. It is also successfully cultivated farther south; but nowhere does the product afford as fine a texture of goods as that grown in the southern portion of the United States of America.

The mill just described is not lonely in Shanghai, for there are as many as seven others, all running on a paying basis, with a prospect of several more in the near future. There are also half a dozen others now running at different places in the empire.

If the enormous advantage of these busy mills to China seems to show a hopeless prospect for foreign trade, this proves to be an illusion when we come to look under the surface. Even these great factories manufacture



ENTRANCE TO CARTER ROAD, SHANGHAI.

only one-sixteenth of the cotton goods made in the empire, the fifteen parts being the product of home work, where the ginning, spinning, and weaving goes on almost constantly. The Chinese, as a race, clothe themselves in cotton, only a comparative few of the four hundred million being able to wear silk. During the building of these mills, and their successful operation, America and England have been steadily increasing their trade year by year, while India and Germany have made a beginning, and Japan has bought ground upon which to build factories in order

to compete with all. Still the demand increases faster than the supply. When the vast aggregate of the population is taken into consideration, and, what is of even greater moment as regards trade, the demand for better goods as the gradual uplifting of the race, now barely begun, continues, as it is sure to do, the prospect cannot be other than promising, especially to American commerce.

Not only is Shanghai a city of spindles, whose constant whirl reminds one of Yankee enterprise, but it has other manufactures, and its dock-yards and foundries are equally places of bustle and activity, which show the capacity of the Chinese in whatever direction they may happen to turn their ability and energy. On every hand are skilled engineers, carpenters, painters, decorators, artisans, and men proficient in almost every craft. At Kiang-nan arsenal, situated just over the city wall, the making of implements of war and the building of war-ships reflect credit upon the master and his workmen. Thus, on the whole, Shanghai is a city of bustle and business, of commerce and manufacture, that any Occidental seaport might copy with advantage.

While possessing no great attraction for the majority of newcomers, it is not wholly without interest, and has many incongruities, at least, which cannot fail to be amusing to the thoughtful spectator. What must strike the foreigner as a remarkable reminiscence of the days of idols and paganism is the presence, in the midst of the whirl and rumble of modern machinery, of the graven god of good fortune standing in the "Temple of the City of God." It is true the sovereignty of this grotesque image has been disputed now and then, and the carven monarch deposed; but each time he has been restored to his throne, and to-day he witnesses his mimic courts, though his hold upon the people is gradually slipping away. Near this god are several lesser deities, supposed to guard with ceaseless watchfulness the huge drum towers looming up over the pleasure-ground, which are mainly used now as lookouts for fire and the approach of enemies. Occupying the most desirable ground in the overcrowded city are buildings consecrated to the memory of Confucius, the rites of Tao, and the worship of Buddha.

Old Shanghai, the Shanghai of ancient ethics, has the fewest attractions possible for the foreign tourist, unless he comes with a desire to leave the present outside its tomb-like gate, and to enter into a century

when America was a wilderness, inhabited by its wild tribes of men, and the Far East was unknown to Europe. Nothing is lacking to complete the type of that far-away day. He will walk the same narrow, crooked street, meet the same crushing crowd pushing one against another with that familiarity which breeds contempt, behold on every hand the characteristic, yellow-hued people, look upon the stagnant pools of water teeming with their myriad life, the dilapidated dwellings, the gilded shops



BOAT-LOAD OF REEDS, NEAR SHANGHAI.

of trade, the gardens of peonies and chrysanthemums, the noisy courtyards, the crumbling temples, the defaced deities, the coffins waiting by the hundreds for an auspicious day of burial, — all this and much more which the pen shrinks from recording, the tongue from describing, or the eye from looking upon.

As might be expected, Shanghai is the popular resort of reformers and progressive leaders. Here are printed sheets which outrank the most bitter political paper ever published; here the man with a fancied grievance,

however great or insignificant, finds opportunity to vent his spleen; here the faint-hearted philosopher drones in his sorrow over the unhappy fate of his race; here the retired official, grown sleek and fat both in purse and person, seeks to enjoy his ill-gotten gains; here the fugitive from justice hopes to find the protection of a foreign government; here the gambler plies his craft with a skill worthy of a better cause; here the mixed votaries of fashion centre, attracted by a common magnet; and along the Bubbling Well Road, Shanghai's fashionable drive, speed carriages of innumerable description, from the closed brougham of the British lord down to the rattletrap, whose only boast is that it has a wheel. Here is where the two extremes of the Occident and the Orient meet, the breathless pace of the New World, and the equally breathless pace of the Old.

CHAPTER XXV.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SANDS OF CENTURIES.

WHILE our narrative so far has practically covered, if with a thin veil of description, that portion of the Chinese empire which holds its greatest mineral resources, furnishes its surplus of rice and tea, grows its silks and cottons, contains its mills and industries, and sends forth into the world the larger portion of its exports, there remains for us to enter a vast extent of territory which may not be inaptly styled the battle-ground of the races. Within the past year it has been convulsed by one of the worst of its many revolutions, which has proved so widespread and ominous that all the leading nations of the earth have formed an alliance to meet it, while the gaze of the entire world has been fixed upon the volcanic centre of this eruption, the "Purple Forbidden City." Before we enter into a closer description of these scenes, it is eminently fitting that we should review the rise and history of the race that to-day, if shackled by ancient methods of a clannish government, sets at defiance the united powers of modern progress.

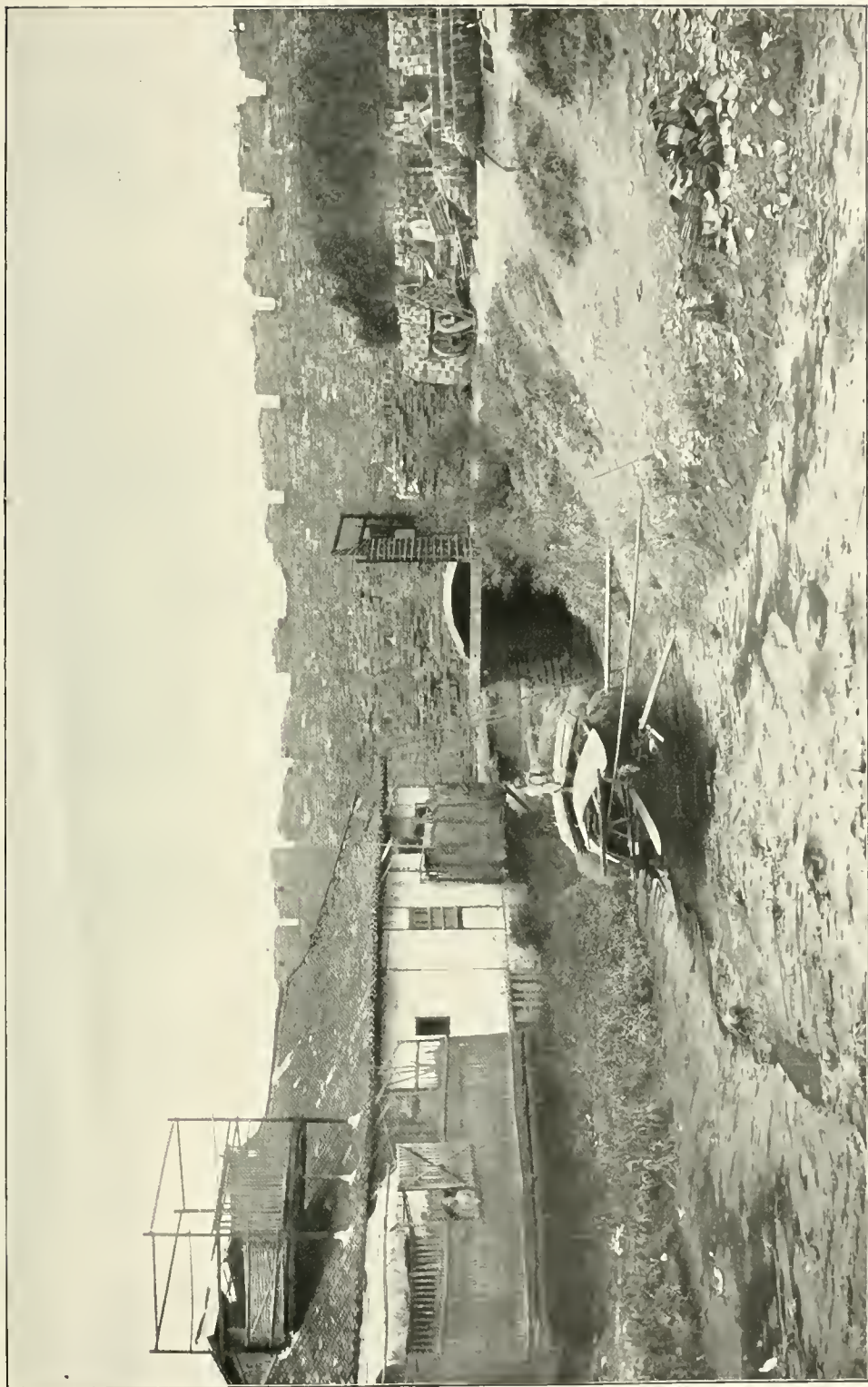
Le Comte, the ancient historian, wrote over two hundred years ago: "The Chinese are so ancient in the world that it fares with them, as to their origin, as with great rivers whose source can scarce be discovered." There has been no discovery to gainsay the truth of this statement. The scholars of China maintain that the history of the country, as written by its historians, affords with creditable reliability the story of the empire for over four thousand years. Back of this the traditions of the people bridge the void reaching into the misty past with accounts of rulers and founders of government, whose origin belongs to myth, and whose very existence is a matter of doubt. That a lasting influence on the coming generations was imparted by some of them is evident enough to justify the claim that the unknown leaders were men of unusual power and probity.

If the origin of the Chinese has not been solved, it is certain that the country which they were destined to populate and govern had been previously occupied by weaker and less intelligent races. Remnants of at least two such tribes of men yet linger within the territory from which their ancestors faded away in the remote past. Their usurpers are believed to have sprung from the country east of the Caspian Sea, to have crossed the Oxus, either voluntarily or under compulsion, and following along the slopes of Teen Shan, to have headed northward and eventually entered the valley of the Hoang-ho. Leaving on the



GATE OF NANKIN.

way small colonies to till the fertile plains of that productive region, for they were an agricultural people, they slowly journeyed south and east, until a vast extent of territory was covered, while the native races too weak and scattered to cope with them retreated before their advance. These newcomers have been described by Mr. Douglas in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* as “a little band of wanderers roving among the forests of Shan-se without homes, without clothing, without fire to dress their victuals, and subsisting on the spoils of the chase eked out with roots and insects.” From this handful of nomads have come the most numerous race, and the earliest founders of a nation, in the world, the date of whose beginning no historian dares to fix.



WALLS OF SHANGHAI. NATIVE CITY.

The country and climate were favourable to good crops, though not without constant toil, and they must have been a hardy and robust race. Their advance could not have been other than slow, and many generations came and went as the pioneers pushed steadily down the valleys, attaining a higher civilisation with each advance. In 2300 B.C. they had become numerous and powerful enough to form a kingdom extending from beyond Peking on the north and east as far south as Canton. Their capital was in the province of Shantung.

The race seems to have reached a height of considerable glory, but a



ENTRANCE TO GARDEN.

couple of hundred years later we see them rising to destroy a dynasty whose head had proved itself unfit to rule. But it is hardly worth while to follow such meagre accounts of those times as have been preserved, since none of them can be accepted without great allowance. Hundreds of years of feudal wars followed, the inhabitants of one section fighting those of another, until from out of the darkness of this tumultuous period burst two lights that have shone all along the pathway of the race since that remote day.

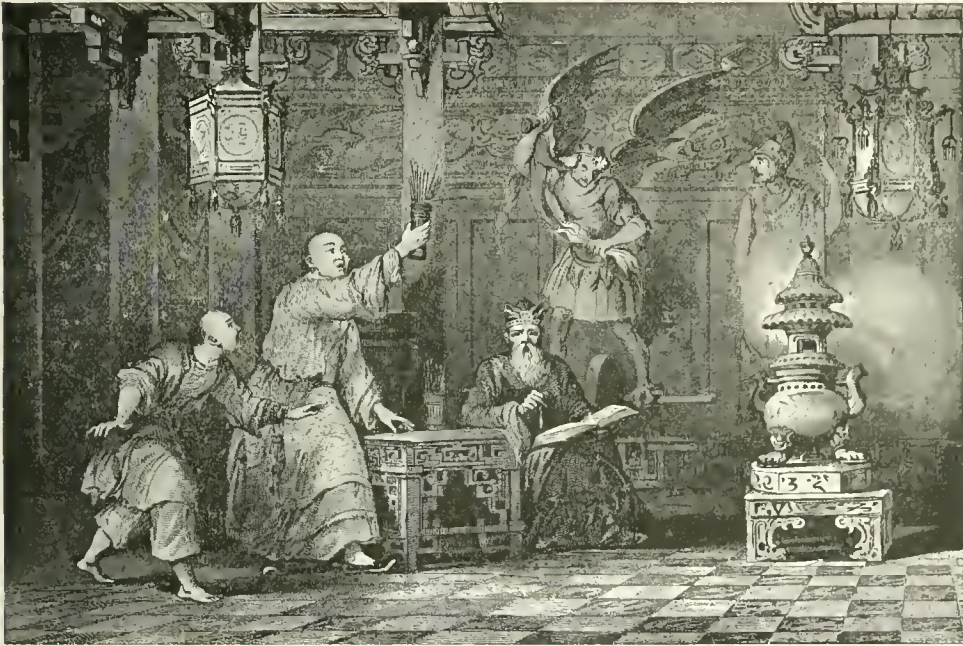
The first of these, named Laoutse, was born 604 B.C. Little is known concerning him save that he gave to the race its first form of religious worship, upon which the Taouistic Bible is founded; this has still a

respectable following in China. Laoutse lived in humble life until he was over a hundred years of age, when he set out upon a long journey toward the setting sun. Coming to a pass in the mountains, he gave into the keeping of the watchman on duty there a book containing the moral teachings which the people were quick to believe were written under divine inspiration. Nothing more is told of the aged author, except that he vanished from the sight of man upon pursuing his course along the lonely pathway.

The second and greater of this noted couple was Confucius, born 551 B.C., who as a child was noted for his respect to older people, his gentleness to children, and his remarkable progress in all pursuits that he came to follow. Concerned in agricultural matters at first, he made such improvements in the care of sheep and cattle, and the treatment of the soil, that "the whole face of the country changed, and plenty succeeded poverty." As a public teacher he inspired his pupils with a knowledge that both amazed and made envious all other preceptors. He became a student in music, and so wonderful was his progress that soon, from studying a piece of composition, he could describe the features and even the expression of the eyes of the composer. While a minister to the emperor, he displayed such matchless ability as an arbiter and statesman that he lost no case which was left for him to settle.

As pleasant as must have been the praise and reward that he received on every hand, the emperor was not of the exalted nature that Confucius felt ought to be a part of the kingly prerogatives of a great ruler, and his subjects were possessed of feeble virtue. So he became a traveller, studying the people as he went from place to place, often teaching them the precepts of his lofty mind. Many illustrations of his way of teaching have been preserved, among them the following: Meeting one day a woman weeping by a grave, he inquired of her the cause of her grief, when she replied that her husband had been killed there by a tiger, and that her husband's father had also met a similar fate there, while now her son had shared the same unhappy lot. "Why do you not leave the place?" asked Confucius. "Because there is here no oppressive government," she answered. Turning to his companions, the sage remarked: "My children, let us remember this,—oppressive government is more cruel than a tiger."

Wherever he went Confucius secured disciples, and the people immediately accepted his teachings, which were not philosophical in the sense we understand them, and did not afford a regular moral code. On the other hand, leaving futurity to provide for itself, he sought to impart to his followers the highest precepts of personal conduct ever taught to man. Professor Morris in speaking of him says: "Of all the great men who have lived upon the earth, conquerors, writers, inventors, and others, none have gained so wide a renown as this quiet Chinese moral teacher,



CONSULTING THE STICKS OF FATE.

whose fame has reached the ears of more millions of mankind than that of any other man who has ever lived. To-day his descendants form the only hereditary nobility in China, with the exception of those of his great disciple Mencius, who proved a worthy successor to the sage."

Confucius was a prolific writer, as well as teacher, and nearly all that is known of early China was written by him. He wrote the "Book of History," the "Book of Odes," the "Book of Rites," and the "Spring and Summer Annals." These works comprise four of the "Nine Classics" of ancient Chinese literature. Of the others, the first, called the "Book of Changes," was written by a mystic named Wan Wang

over six hundred years before Confucius was born. Though older than the works of the immortal sage, and still held in high veneration by the Chinese, its greater merit seems to lie in not being understood. The remaining four of the nine classics were written by students or disciples of Confucius, the most exalted being the Mang tsze, or the "Works of Mencius," which consist of the sayings and doings of himself and his more illustrious master.

Confucius, whose Chinese name was Kung-fu-tse, died in 479 B. C.



CHINESE OPIUM SMOKERS.

While not intended to frame a religious creed, his books and those of his disciples have the same relation to the Chinese as regards the formation of character that the Bible does to the Christian. Unfortunately, the underlying principle of Confucianism, that "everything ancient must be sacred," has done more than anything else to retard the progress of the people of China. The four Confucian gospels and five canons of Classics can be bought for a few hundred cash, or about fifty cents, and are possessed by a large number.

In 246 B. C., when the feudal kinglets seemed on the eve of destroying each other with their bitter quarrels, the Prince of Tsin Chi Hoang-ti

established the first central government, with himself at its head as the "First Sovereign Emperor of the Tsins." He holds a romantic position in history, and many strange stories cluster about his memory, some of which are no doubt fictitious. The historians did not like him, for reasons which will be understood later, and thus attempted to belittle his rank and work. He may have been the son of a slave woman, as they say, and he may have banished his mother for offences that he could not overlook, and he may have driven his reputed father to committing suicide for plotting against him, yet at the age of thirteen he took up the sceptre of power which was to vanquish many an older chieftain and to found upon the ruins of their kingdoms the empire that has become the longest lived in the world.

A new era of prosperity and power dawned for the black-haired race that had drifted so far from their native land. Roads were now built for the first time in that country with any great result, and long canals were cut as ways of transportation for goods and people. Then wars with the wild hordes on the north followed, until these were driven back into the interior of Mongolia. The heroes of the feudal times were now held up for imitation and worship, and from this era began that fatal love for ancestors and ancient methods which has resulted in the decline of the race.

During this time the stupendous work — perhaps the most extraordinary ever undertaken by the hand of man — of building the Great Wall on the northern border of China was done. This was begun in 214 B. C., but the indefatigable emperor who conceived the idea and started putting it in operation did not live to see the mighty barrier completed. It is no wonder he died before it was finished, for it extended from the mountains of the west, forming the barrier against the Great Desert, to the Yellow Sea on the east, over mountains and plains, "scaling precipices and topping the craggy hills of the country," for a distance, including its crooks and rises, of over fifteen hundred miles. It consists of two walls of brick laid upon foundations of granite, with the space between the outside walls filled in with earth and stones. It is twenty-five feet wide at its base, and fifteen feet at the top, which is paved with bricks. Its height varies from fifteen to thirty feet, while frequent towers rise several feet above this. History is silent in regard to the vast army of patient

toilers who must have spent their lives in the construction of this gigantic monument to their faithful service more than to the wisdom of Hoangti the Great, as he is justly called.

Besides causing this great wall to be built, and overcoming enemies which must have disconcerted a less watchful and powerful ruler, thus solidifying the feudal states into one grand whole, "the first universal emperor" built a palace at his capital, then called Heen-yang, at present known as Sian-fu, which was the wonder and admiration of the age.



THE CITY OF NANKIN.

It was planned on a grand scale, the audience-chamber being adorned with twelve great statues weighing each twelve thousand pounds, and all made from the spoils of his conquests. Just outside the city was another palace larger than this, which was capable of becoming the review ground for ten thousand men drawn up in battle-array. This was known as the Palace of Delight.

When he had conquered his enemies, and had seen the work on the Great Wall well under way, he set about dividing his empire into provinces, making as many as thirty-six. He then set forth on a journey to visit these divisions of his government, and to appoint governors and

under-governors for them all, a system that still exists in China. News coming of the visit of a man of so great importance to a town, in those days, caused the inhabitants to make his approach easy and pleasant by repairing the road over which he was expected to come, sometimes even by building new ways. Hoangti the Great understood this practice, and, on testing the other roads on his course, he found them to be in the most deplorable state. So often did he do this that he puzzled and frightened



THE SHANGHAI CLUB, OPENED 1861.

the people along his path, who feared that terrible consequences would come to them on account of what might be construed to mean scant courtesy shown to their emperor. When news of this state of feeling reached the latter, he made the following declaration, which places him upon record as the greatest benefactor of his time :

“These roads that have been built especially for me are very satisfactory, and I am greatly pleased with them. But it is not just that I, who may never come this way again, should be granted this convenience alone, when my subjects are in greater need of good roads than I. Thus I

command that this method shall cease, and that good roads shall be made in all directions throughout the empire, when all the people will be benefited."

The highest results of his life came from this act. The Great Wall proved no barrier against the wild tribes of the north, who scaled it like so many ants fleeing across trails of sand when weaker rulers than himself wielded the sceptre of Chinese power, but a grand system of highways



THE ASTOR HOUSE, SHANGHAI.

was inaugurated all over that portion of his empire, and noble roads were made to cross the country in every direction, which after over two thousand years still remain to remind us of Hoangti the Great.

With this bright picture it would be pleasant to leave the ancient conqueror in the sunshine of his glory. But a shadow darkens the lustre of his imperial renown, falling farther than the utmost limit of his good roads, farther than the last stone of his mighty wall, farther than flashed the triumphs of his invincible sword; ay, around the world. This was



ENTRANCE TO A PRIVATE HOUSE, SHANGHAI.

the act which the literati of China to this day mourn, and must always mourn, "the burning of the books." In order to do justice to his motives in destroying the literature of the times, we must remember that many ceremonies and semi-religious rites, that were really quite useless in themselves, were held to be necessary by the educated classes, for no better reason than that it was the custom fixed by their "noble fathers." Hoangti did not hesitate to abolish many of these foolish customs, until, in his contempt for so much that seemed to him folly, he incensed the literati, who demanded of him his reason. This awakened his anger, and he made that speech which rendered the scene memorable:

"When I have need of you I will let you know my orders."

From this time the men of letters looked upon the emperor as their enemy, and the enemy to the sacred ties of the past. As their education consisted of a worship of the men and the deeds of olden times, rather than in the upbuilding of the affairs of the day, they looked upon this as a fatal attack upon the institutions of the empire. The crisis came during an occasion which the emperor had intended to be a grand assembly of the most distinguished men of the empire, including the highest of the literati, called together by him as a public demonstration of rejoicing over the good fortune of the people, and incidentally, no doubt, to make it an ovation to his own greatness. The assembly was held in the magnificent "Palace of Conquest," glorified with its array of treasures taken in the course of the triumphal marches of the army of Hoangti, and naturally the trend of the flamboyant speeches was in praise of him. Finally, one ardent admirer, in a fever of excitement, declared that his illustrious emperor had surpassed the greatest of the renowned heroes of even the most remote past.

This shot fell like a bomb in the midst of the educated portion of the assembly, which should have been above resorting to such narrow-minded views, and one of them, in the course of an animated speech, in which he lauded with unstinted praise the traditional heroes of ancient days, and pronounced the previous speaker "a vile flatterer who was unfit to sit with educated men, much more to be the adviser of an emperor," demanded that the empire should be restored to its old division of feudal principalities.

This aroused the emperor so that he could speak only in a husky voice,

as he called upon his prime minister to uphold the glory of the unity of the empire, and the reason why it should be supported by all loyal subjects. The reply of the statesman, whose name was Li-seh, has come down in history as an illustration of the spirit which led to the grave act that reflects so darkly on the fair renown of Hoangti the Great.

“Listening to what has been said, we are led to believe that the men of letters are really men of ignorance as far as concerns the government



NATIVE JUNKS MOORED IN RIVER AT SHANGHAI.

of a country. They may be adepts in the government which is but the speculation in a phantom, vanishing upon near approach, but in practical government that keeps men within the bounds of practical duty they are weak. With all their pretence of knowledge, they show themselves densely ignorant. If they can repeat by heart the things which have happened in the past, even the most remote period, they are, or profess to be, strangely ignorant of the things taking place under their own eyes in these later days of mighty achievements. Unable to understand that the rule which was in keeping with the affairs of a bygone day is not

applicable to our own, they would apply the precepts of a condition that is for ever past to the situations of the present, forgetting or, what is worse, if remembering, ignoring the great fundamental truth that each situation creates its own governing power, and that what applied to the affairs of yesterday, though it be written in books, does not meet the requirements of the present. Most illustrious of emperors, these men of books have shown you that it is time to close their mouths if you value the



DINNER PARTY AT A MANDARIN'S HOUSE.

good weal of your empire, and that it behooves you to place a check upon their presumptuous impudence."

The emperor was in hearty accord with this bold utterance, and, not being a man who had any love for literature himself, he forthwith ordered that all the books of the empire, excepting those that treated of agriculture, astronomy, architecture, and medicine, should be burned! No book treating of history previous to his own reign should be spared, and not even the works of the great Confucius and his disciple Mencius were exempted from this crushing blow upon the enlightenment of the centuries. Even those who might have the temerity to speak of the Confucian "Book of Odes" and "Book of History" were doomed to suffer death. Any

person in the empire who should be found with a book in his possession was to be branded and sent to work for four years on the Great Wall. Then the empire was ransacked from corner to corner in accordance with the rigid command, and nothing found which came within the proscription was spared. Of course many of the literati murmured against this act, and 460 who dared to disobey the edict were buried alive in a huge grave dug for them.

"Surely now no man can say that another was greater than I," exclaimed the vain monarch in the exultation of his vengeance on the men of letters. But he seemed to ignore the possibility that there might be hiding-places that even his most sharp-eyed agents could not penetrate, guarded by men who were ready to sacrifice their lives for their precious heritage, in the form of books and manuscript; and what was of equal, if not greater moment, that men had memories which no one could search out, and which were to become well-springs for the fount of literature, when a ruler more favourable to the light of knowledge should seek to restore the lost treasures of history. It is related that of the hundred sections of the "Book of History," twenty-eight were taken down in after years from the lips of an old blind man who had held them sacred in his memory. One more was added by a young girl to whom it had been imparted. The others were found nearly a hundred years later in a complete set, secreted in the walls of the house once occupied by the noble author. This revengeful and foolish act of an otherwise great man explains in part the blank in the earlier history of the empire that he founded. Later writers gravely declare that it was a retributive justice that Hoangti the Great left no son capable of maintaining the government he had established, and the dynasty of the Tsin swiftly vanished, leaving his name standing alone on the very borderland of written history.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ERA OF CHINESE CHIVALRY.

THE successor of Hoangti the Great was his son, who after a brief reign, ended by assassination, was succeeded by a grandson. The latter, after a still more brief reign of six weeks, made way by suicide for the accession of a famous general, who, taking the title of Kaotsou, the "Lofty and August Emperor," named his dynasty after his native province, Han. More nearly than might have been expected he merited the title he had assumed, and was on the whole a sagacious and generous ruler. He immediately granted full amnesty to those who had opposed his taking the throne, sent out messages of condolence to the people who had suffered by the war which had placed him in his high position, carried on to completion the work on the Great Wall, and, what was of far greater importance in the minds of the literati, did all in his power toward restoring the literature lost by the foolish pride of his most illustrious predecessor.

Kaotsou selected the ancient city now known as Honan for his capital, but soon changed it to Singan-fu, in the western province of Shensi. The people wondered at this movement, which seemed to show an utter lack of good sense, since the new capital was fairly environed by mountains so that it was inaccessible except on one side. But the fine hand of the emperor was soon shown, when it looked as though he intended to eclipse the fame of Hoangti as a road-maker. An army of one hundred thousand road-builders was set to work cutting down the mountains, and filling the valleys with the debris. Where there were rivers and deep gullies that could not be filled, suspension bridges, called by the amazed people "flying bridges," were thrown across the chasm, and made wide enough and strong enough to bear a body of horsemen riding over four abreast. High balustrades were built along the sides, and altogether they were fine pieces of engineering. One of these structures, nearly five hundred feet long, and spanning a ravine of great depth, is still

to be seen in fairly good repair, though built almost two thousand years before anything of the kind was attempted in Europe. In this way Kaotsou made an entrance into his new capital easy, while he made travelling more inviting by establishing post-houses and caravansaries at regular intervals, so that he rivalled Hoangti at his pet scheme. Everything about his capital was in keeping with the work outside. He built a palace more magnificent than had ever been seen before by the Chinese; he called around him the wisest men of his day as advisers;



NANKIN, FROM THE PORCELAIN TOWER.

his court became the strongest that had ever listened to the appeals of emperor or his subjects; finally, when accused of having slighted his father in the dispensation of his bounties, he made him his "Lesser Emperor." Where he had been obeyed and feared before he was loved and respected now, for the highest evidence of true nobility of character is kindness and veneration for one's parent.

On the whole, that was a remarkable period in Chinese civilisation. It is noted as the age of the Great Wall, of imperial roads, of grand canals, of the restoration of literature, and of great public improvements. But with all his wisdom, Kaotsou overrated his military ability, and afterward

suffered a humiliating defeat at the hands of the desert warriors of the north, led by one called Mehe. In his sore strait the emperor sent to the Tartar chief the most beautiful maiden to be found, as a sort of peace-offering. She went willingly, and proved herself so captivating that Kaotsou was allowed to return to his capital, while the desert barbarian went back to his haunts satisfied with his prize and plunder. But this was only the beginning of the end of the humiliation and helplessness which had overtaken the once proud emperor. The Tartars soon rallied again; other bribes had to be offered; and, finally, worn out with anxiety and ill-fortune, Kaotsou died surrounded by plotting men and women scheming to secure the power swiftly slipping away from him. But if his end was shorn of some of the glory rightly belonging to his reign, he had established a dynasty which was destined to live for centuries, and in this respect at least was more successful than Hoangti the Great had been.

This was about two hundred years before the Christian era, and the next act in the drama of rulers was a most disgraceful one, made the more so by the fact that the actor was a woman. She who became the real empress of the realm, though she ruled for a time through her weak son, was one of the wives of Kaotsou, who reached that high position by poisoning another wife and her son, who had been chosen as the emperor's successor. Nor did this female fiend end her horrible work here, but she carried matters with such a high hand that she finally fell dead in the hall made notorious by her infamous deeds in a spasm of horror and remorse.

A checkered history followed, a history written all over with maddening attacks from the northern barbarians, who were far better warriors than the Chinese. Time and again a non-combative race was obliged to rise and defend itself from foreign invasion; time and again it met with complete disaster; but each time, like the fabled phoenix, it rose from the ashes of defeat to build anew stronger and more dazzling empires.

One of the periods of success was fifty years of continual warfare, from 150 to 100 years before the Christian era, when the great provinces of Fukien, Yunnan, and Szechuan were added to the empire. The Chinese leader during this stormy reign was Vouti, whose character has been illustrated by the following story: In northwestern China a whole

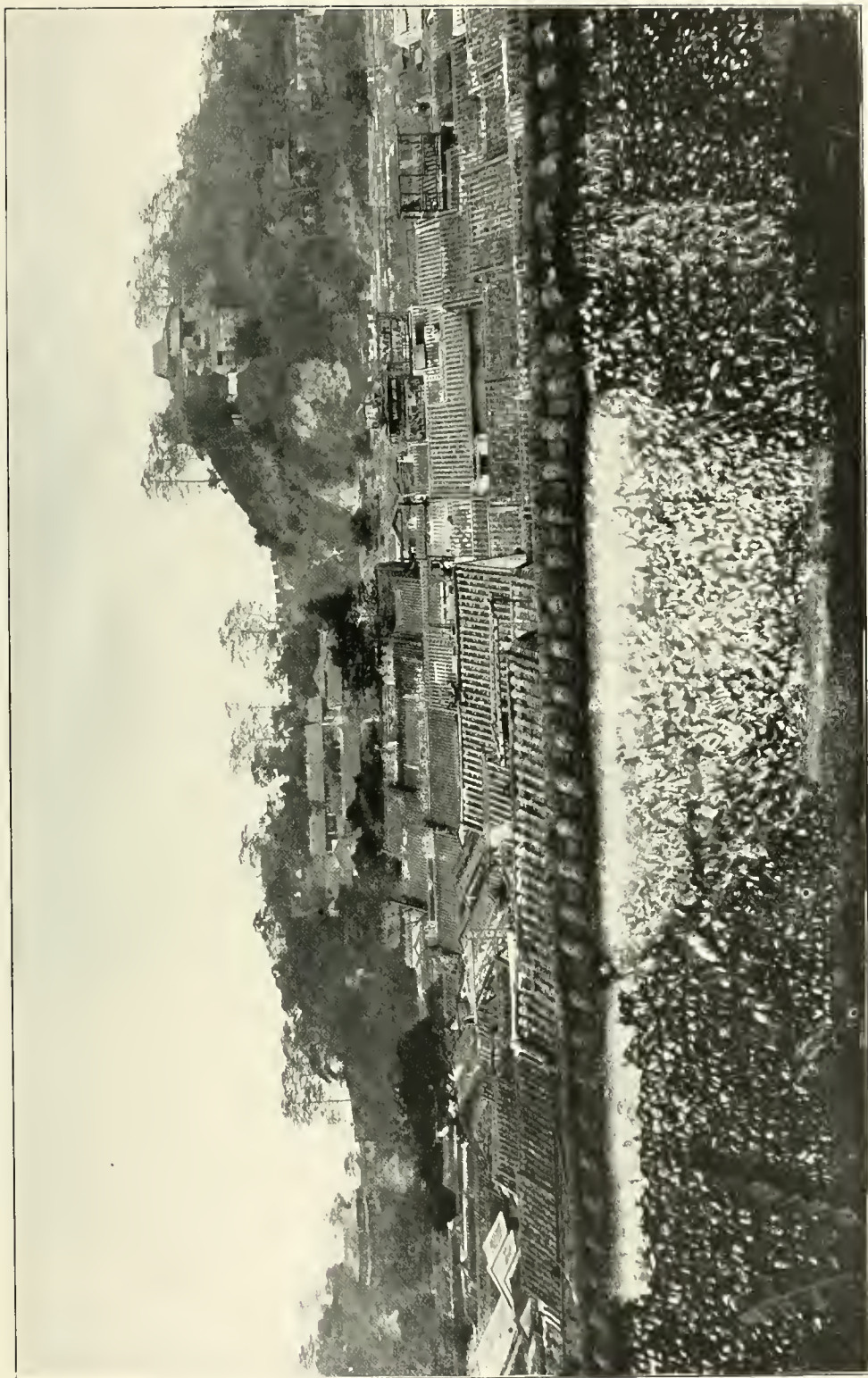
race of people was so utterly routed by the Tartars that the handful that managed to escape fled into the distant west. In order to succour them, Vouti sent one of his most trusted comrades to find and bring back the unfortunate fugitives to the land they had lost, promising to defend them to the last, and instructing his faithful messenger to search Asia from corner to corner until he found them.

Taking one hundred valiant companions, he set forth on his knightly



EARTHEN JAR SHOP AND BLACKSMITH SHOP, SHANGHAI.

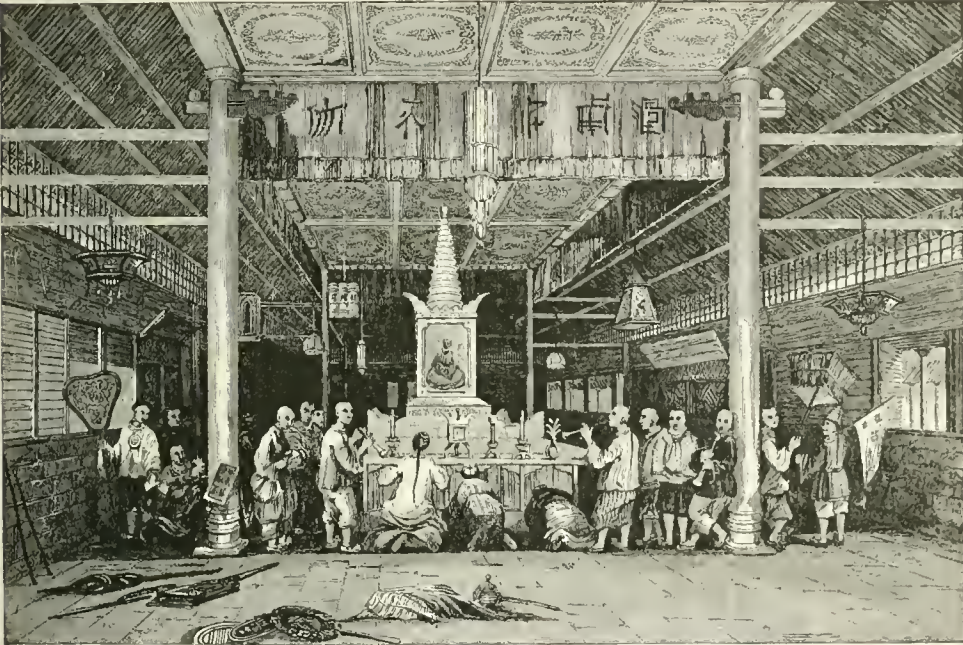
errand, to be gone nearly twenty years, one-half of which was passed in captivity at the hands of the Tartars, and of the heroic band only two besides Chang Kin, the leader, lived to return. They had eventually found the lost tribe, but so safely sheltered in their new land that they declined to come back. Centuries later the descendants of this handful of fugitives, with some of their ancient enemies, formed the terrible phalanx of the Huns, who deluged Russia in blood, and carried terror to the heart of Rome. They became the founders of the kingdom of Hungary.



A SUBURB OF SHANGHAI.

Chang Kin made other explorations into distant nations in the continent, gaining much valuable information of other races and governments, so he may be justly considered to be the pioneer of explorers in the Far East. He wrote out descriptions of the countries he had visited, and was greatly honoured by the emperor and his subjects.

One hundred and twenty years before the Christian era the Chinese proved powerful enough to drive the warlike Hing-Nus tribe from their soil, pursuing the routed enemy over the same track their ancestors had



TEMPLE OF BUDDHA, CANTON.

followed to the very shore of the Caspian Sea. But the end of the Han dynasty was near, and amid the hollow mockery of keeping upon the throne a ruler too young and helpless to reign, a usurper named Wang Mang founded the dynasty of Sin in the year 7 A. D. The name of this sovereignty appears to have been very appropriate, according to our meaning of the term, and the nominal head, who had begun his career by robbing the imperial tombs to obtain money, ended with his death at the hands of the aroused people, while he was trying to gain courage to end his own life.

During this stirring epoch originated the "Order of the Crimson Eye-

brows," which first became famous as the defender of a deposed emperor, and afterward as an outlawed league at war with every honest man. The odd name was given from the fact that every member of the band, which at the height of its infamous career as a set of plunderers and murderers numbered over two hundred thousand men, had his eyebrows painted a deep red, indicative of his determination that he was ready to fight to death to gain his object. At first to be one of these was considered to be on "the road to safety," but later this became altered to the "road of despair," when the emperor had raised an army large enough to destroy the scourge of the people.

In the latter half of the first century of the Christian era appears upon the historic page of Cathay the name of Panchau, who can justly claim to have been the Alexander of the empire, with the ennobling trait of having attempted his conquests for the purpose of extending the trade and enlightenment of his native land without seeking personal aggrandisement. After a most successful career at home he started westward with his large army, intending to penetrate into Europe, of which only vague accounts had reached him. His usual good fortune kept pace with him, as he conquered tribe after tribe of warlike people, and, what was of equal demand upon his resources, overcame the perils and hardships of crossing desert plains, climbing rugged mountains, and fording mighty rivers, until he had encamped his army on the shore of the Caspian or "Northern Sea," as it was known to the Chinese. At this point in his hazardous march the dangers and barrenness of the unknown country beyond were so pictured to him by those who had been there that he wisely concluded not to expose his valiant followers to further exposure for what seemed so vain a quest, and returned to Cathay, where he was received with almost imperial honours. He died renowned as the greatest general of his race, and from his death is dated the downfall of the Han dynasty, which had governed Cathay so well for 450 years, ending in 220 A.D.

During the reign of Mingti, from 58 to 76 A.D., Buddhism was introduced into China, and received imperial favour, the emperor asserting that he had been prompted to send envoys to India for the purpose of studying the religion. Under the especial patronage of the emperor the new doctrine made rapid headway, until it became the acknowledged

religion of the people, though never entirely supplanting Taoism, as it failed to Shintoism in Japan. It is not infrequent that a man is buried under the forms of both religions, that no mistake may be made.

It is to the credit of the Han dynasty that no line of sovereignty has ever attained a higher place in the esteem of the people, and China, unlike Japan, whose present emperor is a descendant of the first imperial ruler, has had numerous ruling families. During the long reign of the



SCENERY AT THE ISLAND OF POOTOO.

Hans, which was often disturbed by internal dissensions as well as by foreign invasion, the unity of the empire was accomplished, the territory was increased by two provinces, Yunnan and Leaoutung, Cochin China became a vassal state so that the dominion of the emperor reached as far as the Pamir, trade was vastly increased at home and abroad, the wealth of the empire was greatly augmented, and the public works previously begun were carried on to successful completion. Even to-day the Chinese claim no greater honour than to be known as sons of Han.

The end of the Han dynasty was followed by the long and trying civil "War of the Three Kingdoms," which produced a general named Kuan-Chan, or "Wu-ti the Warrior King." A temple erected to his memory still stands on the southern branch of the West River, where his spirit is worshipped next to that of Confucius.

The different provinces being completely at odds with each other, out-

side enemies on every hand improved the opportunity to plunder and capture whom-ever they could. In the south, a reckless pirate by the name of Sunghen carried terror along the great rivers by his merciless raids over the surrounding country. In the north, the Siberian nomads, the Weis, overran the adjoining portion of China in the fourth and fifth centuries, to establish an empire there which defied all attempts



A RUINED PAGODA.

to uproot them until the Tang dynasty came upon the warlike stage in 618 A. D.

Before treating of this powerful sovereignty it may be well to glance at the intervening families of rulers, one of whom at least deserves special mention. Few emperors can claim the credit of rising from a shoemaker's bench to a throne, but this was the case of the poor boy by the name of Lieouyu, who was left to the care of strangers at a

tender age. But he soon showed himself above his humble friends, and, ambitious to make his mark in the world, he entered the army, the most promising field in which to accomplish his aims. As a mere youth he showed great skill in military affairs, and when only a young man he came into command of an army. Under his energetic and skilful leadership victory after victory was achieved wherever it went, until only rebellious princes and disloyal leaders to the north of Hoang-ho defied him. On the border of the great province of Wei, which he must cross to reach an enemy beyond, he was denied the privilege of continuing farther by the ruling prince there.

Angered but not deterred by this, he immediately crossed the turbid river, and, routing the army of this disloyal general, marched against the capital of the Prince of Chin, another rebellious subject. Here he was forced to entrust his important mission to one of his generals named Wangchinon. Succeeding events showed that he had not misjudged his man. Conducting his army on shipboard until he was obliged to leave the water, he displayed the spirit and iron will of a Cortes by ordering that the vessels should be sent adrift, while he delivered the following address to his men :

“ Behold, soldiers ! the rapid waters of the Weiho carry from us the ships that have borne us hither, so that we have no means of returning, while we have neither supplies nor provisions. Soldiers of the empire, you have no choice but to proceed against the enemy. Let us overpower them, and we shall regain a hundredfold more than we have lost, while covering ourselves with glory. If we fail to triumph over our enemy there will be no escape except in death. Therefore our duty is plain. Let us conquer or die—that is our destiny. Now prepare to march against the enemy.”

Little wonder if such a general led to victory, and smaller wonder if the master of such men should eventually come within reach of the throne upon which a weak emperor sat. Lieouyu, seeing that it was time for him to reap the harvest he had sown with his sword, ordered the ruler to step aside for him, which the other did. This was in 420 A. D., and the new emperor who had once been a shoemaker assumed the name of the renowned Kaotson, calling his dynasty the Song, he having become known as Prince of Song. Already an old man, he ruled only three

years, but he displayed as great sagacity and enterprise during his short term of civil power as he had during his long military career.

The two hundred years following the ascendancy of the Song dynasty furnish little for the historian to dilate upon. During that interval almost constant contention went on. At the end of fifty-nine years the line of rulers founded by the shoemaker-emperor fell before the Tsi, that in 502 gave way to the Leang dynasty, the last in turn



SHOWROOM OF A LANTERN MERCHANT.

succeeded in a little over half a century by the Soui, followed by the Tang sovereignty already mentioned.

The Soui dynasty cannot in justice be dismissed without recording the splendid achievements of its most prominent representative, Emperor Yangti (605 to 617), who changed the capital from Nankin back to ancient Honan, then known as Loyang, where it had been located under Kaotson I. He sought to make this the most beautiful and powerful city in the world, and his palace the grandest ever built. To accomplish his purpose he drafted into his service more than two million workmen and embellishers. Under their skilful touches Honan shone forth a dream of ideal magnificence, and for many years the highest tribute that could be

paid an object of especial beauty was a comparison to Yangti's imperial city. He caused fifty thousand merchants to take up their abode there, that he might have it a place of business as well as beauty.

This reflects little credit on a monarch who was willing to attempt so much to satisfy a vain pride. The work which has placed his name among the benefactors of China was the building of the great systems of artificial waterways. During his brief reign of thirteen years he completed over five thousand miles of canals. To perform this gigantic undertaking, he



CHINESE MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

called from each family in the empire one able-bodied man, besides putting his large army at work in the ditches. The greatest of these ways of transportation, though some of the others were extensive, was the Grand Canal from the Yangtse to the Hoang-ho, a distance of over three hundred miles. It has a width of 120 feet, and is lined with solid stone. Along the banks are rows of elms and willows, so that its course can be distinguished for a long distance. Fate was cruel to China when she allowed him to be assassinated in the heyday of his reign. His son and successor met the same untimely end before he had ruled a year. He closed the rule of this dynasty.

The most important figure in the succeeding dynasty, the Tang, was the second in the line of power, who holds in history the undisputed title of Taitsong the Great. When his father, taking the name of Kaotsou, already famous in Chinese history, ascended the throne, he placed his second son, Lichimin, at the head of the army. The latter seems to have quickly shown remarkable military genius, and what stood him in even greater stead, uncommon bravery. He always rode at the head of his favourite regiment of cuirassiers, which was rendered conspicuous by its suits made of the skin of the black tiger, and it is said was never defeated. At any rate, after four years of warfare, he was able to say to his imperial father that he not only had rid the homeland of its numerous enemies, but that he had effectually cleared its borders of all foes. His valorous deeds upon every tongue, he was received on his return with all the grand display and pomp that Rome in the zenith of her glory was proud to shower upon her heroes.

Mounted upon his fiery steed, Lichimin rode at the head of his battle-scarred veterans in tiger skins, — his Old Guard that had never failed him, — wearing a breastplate of gold. Behind this favourite regiment wound into the city forty thousand cuirassiers, bearing in their midst some of the captives taken in recent battles, the most conspicuous of whom was the King of the Tartars. The conqueror led his train to the temple of his ancestors, where he caused to be repeated the story of his triumphs, while he returned thanks for his victories. It was the custom among the Chinese in those days to put to death the captives taken in war, and confiscate their property. Kaotsou did order the torch to be applied to the grand palace reared by his predecessor, declaring, as the costly work vanished in the flames, that it was folly to allow such a monument of vanity to stand as a mark of man's weakness. But he spared the lives of the captive train, and, at the banquet given in honour of his renowned son, granted general amnesty and reduced the taxes of the people, so all might have a share in the imperial happiness.

It soon appeared that the sunshine of this proud day for the conqueror was darkened by clouds of conspiracy on the part of jealous brothers. This intrigue was discovered, and the plotters put to death. Then Kaotsou, feeling the weight of seventy years, abdicated in favour of his illustrious son, who, upon ascending the throne, assumed the name of Taitsong. Kaotsou



TEA-HOUSE, SHANGHAI, NATIVE CITY.

had been a worthy ruler, but his fame was lost in the glory of his successor. One of his son's greatest acts was to raise and train a standing army which could be relied upon in the inevitable wars against the barbarians of the north. "Before this time," says Boulger, the historian of China, "Chinese armies had been little better than a rude militia, and the military knowledge of the officers could only be described as contemptible. The soldiers were, for the most part, peasants who knew nothing of discipline, and into whose hands weapons were put for the first time on the eve of a war. They were not of a martial temperament, and they went unwillingly



MACAO.

to a campaign; and against such active opponents as the Tartars they would only engage when superiority of numbers promised success. They were easily seized with a panic, and the celerity and dash of Chinese troops only became perceptible when their backs were turned to the foe. So evident had been these faults, that more than one emperor had endeavoured to recruit from among the Tartar tribes, and to oppose the national enemy with troops not less brave or active than themselves. The employment of mercenaries, however, is always only half a remedy, and not free from aggravating the evil it is intended to cure. But Taitsong did not attempt any such palliation; he went to the root of the question, and determined

to have a trained and efficient army of his own. He raised a standing army of nine hundred thousand men, which he divided into three equal classes of regiments, one containing 1,200 men, another one thousand, and the third eight hundred. The total number of regiments was 895, of which 634 were recruited for home service and 261 for foreign. By this plan he obtained the assured services of more than a quarter of a million of trained troops for operations beyond the frontier. Taitsoong also improved the



EURASIAN CHILDREN FROM SCHOOL AT SHANGHAI.

weapons and armament of his soldiers. He lengthened the pike and supplied a stronger bow. Many of his troops wore armour, and relied on the coöperation of his cavalry, a branch of military power which has generally been much neglected in China. He took special pains to train a large body of officers, and he instituted a tribunal of war, to which the supreme direction of military matters was entrusted. As these measures greatly shocked the civil mandarins, who regarded the emperor's taking part in reviews and the physical exercises of the soldiers as an 'impropriety,' it will be allowed that Taitsoong showed great moral courage, and surmounted

some peculiar difficulties in carrying out his scheme for forming a regular army."

Taitsong did not have to wait long before obtaining an opportunity to test his new army, when he put to rout a superior number of the desert warriors. Several of the leading khans yielded to his "invincible" troops, until his name became a terror to the numerous tribes. He was now not only known as Emperor of China, but he also held the additional title of Khan of the Tartars, the tribal warriors of the desert at last finding a ruler capable of holding them under partial subjection. A great war with Tibet followed, when again Taitsong's trained troops vanquished a powerful enemy, the leader of whom, Sanpou, gladly accepted allegiance, and became a good subject of the emperor. Marrying a Chinese princess, the latter built a walled city in honour of the event. For the third time he was victorious, and Eastern Turkestan became a part of the empire. The renowned Panchau had conquered this territory five centuries before, but it had never become a part of China until now. The last great war of this victorious emperor ended less successfully than the others, though this mattered not so much. It was an invasion of Corea, and, after winning several victories, his soldiers were finally unsuccessful, and were obliged to abandon their undertaking, the triumphant Coreans shouting after them in derision "a swift and delightful journey" as they retreated.

Not only as a warrior was Taitsong the Great renowned, but in the arts of peace he was equally celebrated. In these he was assisted by one of the noblest and ablest of women, his wife Changsungchi. Acting under her advice, he founded the Imperial Library and the college. Her death was felt severely by him, and from that time his energy and ability appeared to wane. His final work was the treatise upon government, the "Golden Mirror," which bears his name as author, though no doubt his gifted wife had aided him materially in its construction. He died sincerely lamented by all of his countrymen, and his figure stands out as that of one of the ablest and most humane of Chinese rulers.

Taitsong was succeeded by his son Kaotsong in 149 A.D. While the new emperor was a worthy successor of so great a monarch as his father, his reign is made chiefly memorable by a woman, a widow of Taitsong, his father, whom he made his wife. Her first act was to get rid of his other wives, and have herself declared his consort. From that time she was

virtually the ruler, not only of her husband, but of the empire. While women have acted important parts in the checkered history of the Celestial Empire, not one ever reached the high pinnacle of power attained by this Empress Won.

During the reign of Kaotsong, war with Corea was resumed with better success than before, and at this time the Chinese for the first time came into armed opposition with the Japanese. The Tibetans proved "a thorn



ROAD BY THE SIDE OF WANGPOO RIVER, SHANGHAI.

in the flesh of the emperor," but by the early death of Sanpon, who somehow failed to remain a faithful citizen of his adopted country, the affair was ultimately bridged over, if not settled for all time. So far-famed was the glory of the Tang dynasty at this period, that the caliphs of Bagdad sent hither their ambassadors to treat with it, while royal representatives also came from imperial Byzantium. Upon the death of this emperor in 683 A. D., the Empress Won became supreme ruler, and retained her power in spite of enemies until the year 704, when she was deposed at the age

of eighty. This did not occur until she had been broken down by illness, and her exit from the stage of action was as superb as had been her career during her rule of forty years.

The sun of the dynasty of the Tangs seemed to have passed its zenith with the end of Kaotsong's reign, and, in the hundred years that followed, during a period when seventeen emperors occupied the throne, there is not much to interest the historian. Five small dynasties of less account bring the history to 960, when the Sung dynasty came upon the stage. These were the formidable barbarians from the north known as the Khitans. To escape their iron rule the Chinese invited in another evil in the shape of the powerful Kins, or Niu-Chih, to expel the Khitans. The new allies proved themselves equal to the task, for not only did they drive the enemy from the field, but they took possession themselves, and in the middle of the twelfth century ruled over the entire country north of the Yangtse. But at this time a young man was gathering on the plains of the north an army that was destined to sweep the empire like a monsoon, completely changing the geography of the Far East.



RICE SELLERS AT A MILITARY STATION.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE DYNASTY OF THE MONGOLS.

WE now approach the most glorious and celebrated era known to the ancient empire, though it was the flame of a foreign sword which caught the celestial spark of life as the match to light its own fires on the ruins of Kin and Khitan. That we may the better understand the greatest conquest recorded in history, let us glance at the causes which united this warlike train, and the origin of the valiant leader who led it to such far-reaching victories.

In the great heart of Eastern Siberia, wandering like bands of nomads over the vast pasture-lands of the northern tributaries of the River Amur, has existed a race, older perhaps than the Chinese themselves, which from time immemorial has given the latter constant dread and many hard-fought battles. The broad steppes over which these people drove their herds were too barren to afford at their best more than a precarious living for themselves and their animals. Thus when a long and severe drought prevailed, as often happened, they were obliged to seek more fertile fields. So a protracted dry season was invariably followed by one of those raids which have so crimsoned the pages of Asiatic history. Lying on the south with

an exposed frontier, though the other three sides were protected by natural barriers of ocean and mountains, it was to be expected that Cathay should become the principal raiding-ground of this numerous and warlike race.

It was to stem the tide of these terrible invaders that Hoangti projected the Great Wall, which, when completed, proved no barrier against these wild riders that feared neither man nor God. It was to meet and turn back the flood of these barbarians that Taitson the Great trained his great army, and for the first time the storm of invasion was checked. But the



NANKIN FROM CITY WALLS.

career of a chief, however great, is but a line drawn across the plain of centuries, and Taitson gone, these armed hosts once more rode whither they listed.

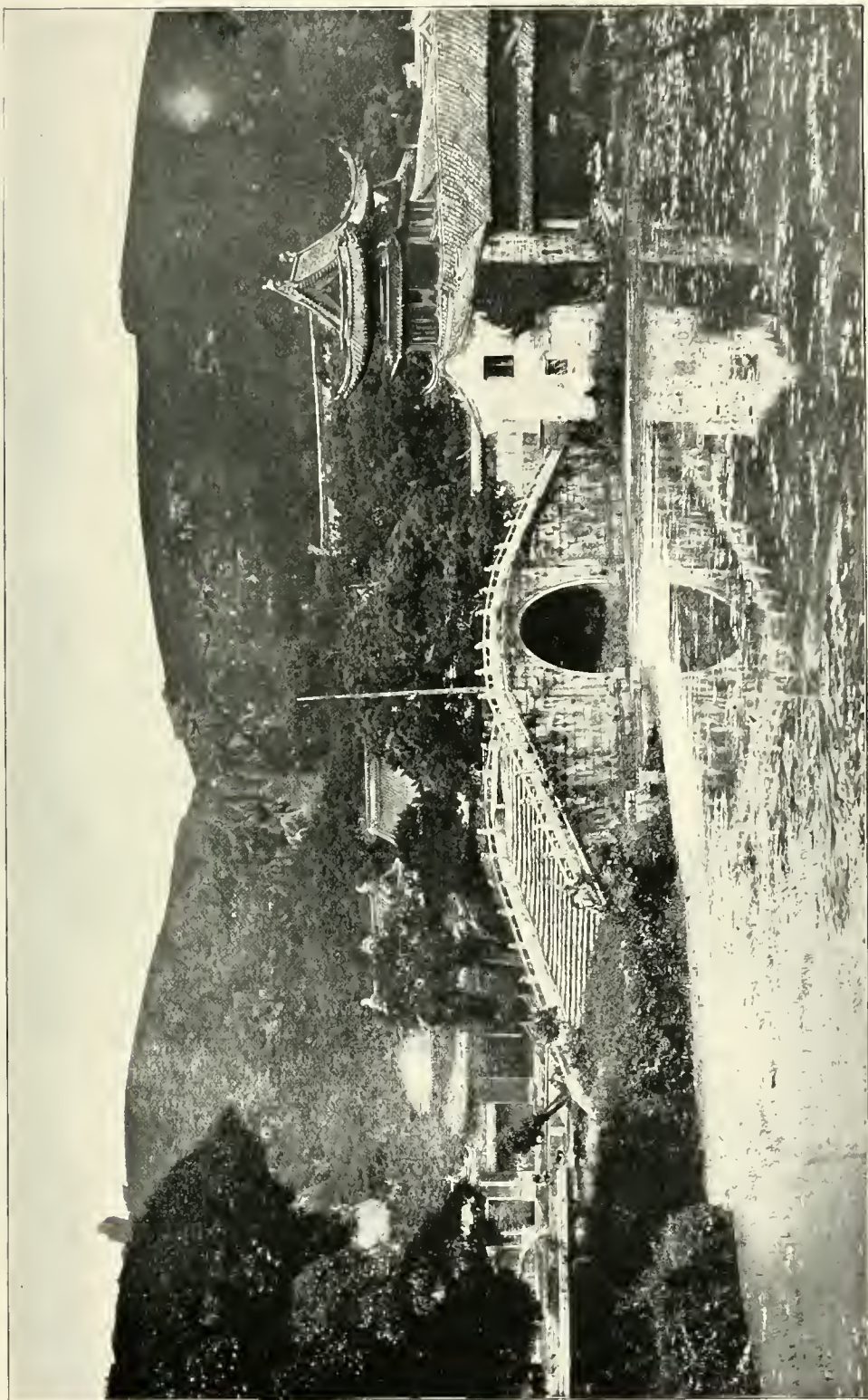
It must not be supposed, however, that a unity of power existed among these barbarians, for there were many tribes or clans, and these were ever at war with each other, when not at war with the world. Now and then some chief would rise in the midst of rebellion and clash of arms strong enough to command the whole, or a good portion of it. We have spoken of the Topas, or "masters of the earth," as they delighted

to style themselves, in an invasion of China in early days, who held a portion of Northern Cathay for 150 years. This mighty alliance had been the successor of an equally strong league of tribes known to the Chinese as the Tanjous, which had held sway for three centuries. The Topa reign was broken by a slave of one of the chiefs, who allied himself with a band of discontented followers; and these established a wider and greater supremacy than any before them. This leader assumed the title of khan, which seems to have been borrowed from the Persians, and meant king or prince.

In the sixth century a band of Turkish slaves employed under hard taskmasters in the mines of the Altai Mountains rose in rebellion, and the Tartar khan met his downfall, so that this foreign element came to the front in shaping the fortunes of these warriors. To the title of khan was added the descriptive "gur," which, with the other, signified "great king." Situated now between Rome on the west and Cathay on the east, with a dominion extending from Central Siberia on the north to Persia on the south, the new khan made his power felt everywhere. Envoys from the Eternal City and peacemakers from the "Perpetual Capital," Nankin, were haughtily received by the gur khan, seated in his open tent on the plains forming the foot of the Altai Mountains.

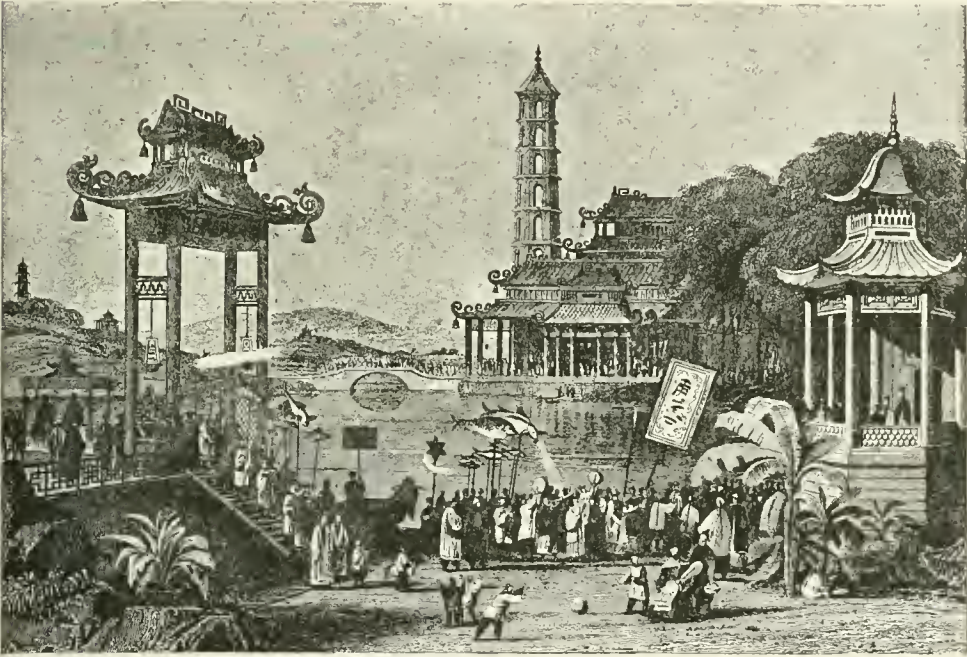
These eventually met their conquerors, and other tribes and clans rose and fell, until between 900 and 1100 A.D. the Khitans were lords of the Siberian steppes and the terror of Cathay, as has been described. Then the Kins, or "Golden Tartars," of Manchu origin, overthrew them, to be in turn flung down by the mightiest confederation of them all.

A chief named Budantsar first brought this new clan into prominence, and then one Kabul strengthened and increased its power. He was at its head when the great hero of the Far East was born, in the light of whose conquests the glory of Alexander and Napoleon become as the dusk at the close of day. As in the case of many other famous heroes of history, the birth and the early life of the coming conqueror are but vaguely told, one account bearing as much truth as another perhaps, and none of them correct. One of the most romantic says that while Kabul was away on one of his frequent raids he captured a beautiful maiden



BRIDGE AT FOOTOO.

who had become separated from her father's train. Upon seeing her and remarking her great beauty, he was led to exclaim, "This woman is destined to bear a valiant son." He made the daughter of the desert chief his wife. While on another incursion against his enemies the expected son was born, and learning of this as he was returning with the leader of his foes a captive in the midst of his train, he gave his young son the name of this chief, Temujin, and in honour of the happy event spared the latter's life. In proof of this pretty tale the very spot



THE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

where was pitched the Tartar encampment at the time of the birth of the future conqueror is still pointed out on the bank of the Onon, and it is to this day known by the Tartar name of Dihun Boldak. The apparent age of the renowned leader would fix this date at 1160. Those who believe in this birth describe many serious and prolonged struggles on the part of the youth in order to gain the position held by his father, upon the latter's death. At the early age of thirteen the boy is depicted both as begging the army to accept him as their king, and also as defying them, when they have thrown him aside.

Another account declares that the early life of the conqueror is unknown, and that as the great confederation of Kabul was falling to pieces, he appeared on the scene, quickly mustering the armed hosts and leading them against their hated foes, the all-powerful Keraites. He was then a young man, whom a great seer prophesied was destined to conquer the world. This story agrees with the claims of the Japanese that he was their most renowned hero, Yoshitune, who, after having won the most splendid series of victories ever accorded to their country-



COUNTRY FARMHOUSE, NEAR SHANGHAI.

men, had been outlawed by his half-brother, the emperor, on account of jealousy, and had managed to escape to Siberia. There is certainly a correspondence between the two careers sufficiently striking to make it likely that they belong to one and the same person.

At any rate, all historians agree that at this time, about 1194, he was rallying and uniting the disintegrated ranks of his predecessor, and that he named his followers Mongols, which means "bold." As for himself, he chose the title of Genghis Khan, which meant greatest or "very mightiest king." His vaulting ambition was not satisfied with

the adjective in its comparative form. His first battle did not seem to warrant him in his assumption, for he suffered a disastrous defeat at the hands of the Keraites. Undismayed by this, he rallied and soon reappeared against them, putting them to rout this time. This was the true beginning of his wonderful career. He now dared to challenge the most powerful confederation of warriors on the northern steppes, and after a bitter and protracted fight crushed the valiant host which had been styled "the Flower of the Tartars."

Thereupon the new leader, flushed with his recent triumph, assembled his leading chiefs, and in the presence of a vast throng of spectators, with the national "flag" made of nine white yak tails waving over his head, declared that he had won his right to his new title, Greatest Khan, and that he should not turn back until he had led his people to the grandest victories ever accomplished. It was easy now to strengthen his already large army, and, rewarding those who had been foremost in achieving his recent victories, he marched against the most powerful tribe in the Far East, the Kins, who had wrested Cathay from the hands of the Chinese and reigned supreme in that empire. On his way he met and overthrew one of the emperor's vassals, King Hai. Wishing him as an ally rather than as an enemy, he won him over to his cause by marrying his daughter. He now headed his army upon the populous country of the Kins, surrounded on the frontier by the Great Wall, and filled with walled cities overflowing with a population that looked upon these invaders as "debased slaves." Swarming through the gaps of the stone barrier like eagles bursting upon their prey, the Mongols hurled themselves upon the defiant Kins, and everywhere it flaunted the ensign of the white yak was an emblem of victory. Still there were many walls to scale, many strongholds to capture, and the doughty Kins rallied so swiftly and fought so desperately for their chieftains, that Genghis soon found he had no small contract to carry out. For eight years this unremitting warfare went on, without either side showing any weakness. Battle-field after battle-field was deluged with the blood of the slain, but still the Chinese sprang in to fill the rent in their army, and the Mongol hosts never failed to recruit their riven ranks, until there seemed no end in prospect, and the bloody current of battle promised to flow on for ever.

For some reason Genghis Khan suddenly ceased his attacks, and, changing his base of operation, invaded Central Asia. This was in 1218, and within five years he had swept the oases of the vast plains like a mighty broom of destruction, obliterating such cities as Kenna, Bokhara, and Samarcand; had cast in the dust the pride of Persia, and had laid Russia bleeding at his feet, stopping only at the foot of the mountains of Central Europe. Wheeling about, he overthrew the caliphate of Bagdad, and went back to finish his work in Cathay. He found the kingdom of Hai in open rebellion, and he lost no time in



VIEW ON A RIVER NEAR CANTON.

driving this back into the traces. Putting into the field now the largest army ever under his command, in midwinter, 1225, on the frozen waters of the Hoang-ho, he fought his last and greatest battle, in which the followers of Hai were so nearly exterminated that the handful left was glad to swear allegiance to him. He was now master of the situation.

But he was not to be spared to enjoy his hard-earned triumphs long, for two years later he was seized with an illness which threatened to become fatal. The auguries were consulted, when it was freely declared that all the signs pointed to his death. The great conqueror was so deeply impressed with this that he called his most faithful officers about

him, and urgently requested that henceforth no unnecessary slaughter of human lives should be allowed. Well might he urge this, with the fact fresh in his memory of five million lives which he had sacrificed on the altar of his ambition. He died in 1227, at the age of sixty-five, having brought under his dominion within twenty years all of the country from the Yellow Sea to the river of Danube, from the frozen steppes of Siberia to the arid plains of Persia. If we take into consideration, as we must in order to do him justice, the mighty momentum given by



CAP-VENDER'S SHOP, CANTON.

the force of his arms to the career of his rightful successor, it may be said that, beginning with the lordship of a rebellious band of wild horsemen, he ended as ruler of half of the civilised world. If the question arises as to what did it all avail, this tornado of blood and death sweeping over the face of earth, "perhaps the most important result of this great outpouring into Western Asia, which certainly was the arrest of the Mohammedan career in Central Asia—and the diversion of the current of the fanatical propagators of the Prophet's creed against Europe—is not as fully recognised as it should be. It may be asserted that Genghis represented in their highest form all the qualities which

entitled his race to exercise governing authority. He was, moreover, a military genius of the very first order, and it may be questioned whether either Caesar or Napoleon can as commanders be placed on a par with him. Even the Chinese said that he led his army like a god. The manner in which he moved large bodies of men over vast distances without an apparent effort, the judgment he showed in the conduct of several wars in countries far apart from each other, his strategy in unknown regions, always on the alert, yet never allowing hesitation or overcaution to interfere with his enterprise, the sieges which he brought to a successful termination, his brilliant victories, a succession of 'suns of Ansterlitz,' all combined make up a picture of a career to which Europe can offer nothing that will surpass it, if indeed she has anything to bear comparison with it. After the lapse of centuries, and in spite of the indifference with which the great figures of Asiatic history have been treated, the name of Genghis preserves its magic spell. It is still a name to conjure with when recording the great revolutions of a period which beheld the death of the old system in China, and the advent in that country of a newer and more vigorous government which, slowly acquiring shape in the hands of Kublai and a more national form under the Mings, has attained the pinnacle of its utility and strength under the influence of the great emperors of the Manchu dynasty. But great as is the reputation Genghis has acquired, it is probably short of its merits. He is remembered as a relentless and irresistible conqueror, a human scourge, but he is much more. He was one of the greatest instruments of destiny, one of the most remarkable moulders of the fate of nations to be met with in the history of the world. His name still overshadows Asia with its fame, and the tribute of our admiration cannot be denied."

While the great conqueror advised more humane methods of warfare, he did not wish that the conquest he had begun should be relinquished. He charged his son Ogotai to resume the work, and never to abandon the war until the Kins should be overpowered. He did, however, declare that it would be better to let India alone, which idea was followed. In 1230 Ogotai took the field in person, and two years later increased his army, and placing one wing under the command of his brother Tuli, prepared to attack the Kins simultaneously from two directions. A

life and death struggle followed, during which, as if they did not have enough on hand in fighting the Mongols, those old enemies of the Kins, the Sungs, put an army in the field against them. Finally, in 1234, after having held out against the powerful Mongols for over a quarter of a century, the Kins were overpowered. Nine emperors had ruled Northern China, occupying a period of 118 years, and the last ruler, Ninkiasu, showed the metal of which their natures were made by setting fire to the palace at Tsaichau where he had taken refuge, and entering



APARTMENT IN A MANDARIN'S HOUSE.

an upper chamber closed the doors, prepared to die in the flames rather than to become the captive of his hated enemies. Many of his generals, and some of his soldiers, followed his heroic example.

The next year the Mongols increased their numbers to half a million, and, divided into three armies, marched against the Sungs, who must have seen by this time the folly of their action in harassing the Kins, who had previously sought their alliance. The result was so uncertain that finally Ogotai desisted from continuing his war, and lived for six years in peace. On the whole he seems like a humane ruler, and at his death his eldest son, Kuyuk, succeeded him, whose induction into

his high office has been described as one of the most brilliant affairs in history. Death, however, cut short his reign, and he was succeeded by a son of Tuli, named Mangu. This monarch entrusted to his brother, Kublai, the task of conquering the Sung dynasty in Southern China.

This was in 1251, when the Sung had enjoyed fifteen years of peace. They had lost their former great general, and were poorly prepared to meet the new attacks of the Mongols. Kublai first entered Yunnan



SCENE AT THE SACRED ISLAND OF POOTOO.

through Szechuan and across the Kin-sha Kiang, "River of Golden Sand," and captured that province, which at the time was independent of other powers. The object of this capture was to obtain a flank movement on the Sung. But serious complications arose before Kublai could carry out his purpose. His command was taken from him, and then restored. Mangu died, and a dispute arose as to who should succeed him. While Kublai was his brother's lawful heir, there was a younger brother who enjoyed the advantage of having temporary possession of Karakoram, the supreme capital of Mongolia. No great khan could receive his author-



THE EXAMINATION HALL.

ity except here, at the cradle of his dynasty. Kublai attempted to overcome this obstacle by establishing himself at Cambaluc, ancient Pekin, and though he sent out his proclamation to the Mongols and their khan, they refused to recognise him, since he had not been proclaimed from Karakoram. Aribuka was received favourably; but Kublai was not to be cheated of his birthright without a struggle, and he marched upon Karakoram, quickly putting the pretender to flight. But he very generously reinstated him with his rank of prince, and, leaving him to assume rule over the scattered Mongol tribes, he went to Pekin intending to yield his rights as khan over other territory than that comprising the fertile country of Cathay. By this it will be seen that Mangi Khan was really the last Mongol who held sway in the east and west and north.

The course of action now followed by Kublai made it imperative that he should settle the old score with the Sung, whose emperor had most foolishly and needlessly given cause for umbrage on the part of the ambitious Kublai, who, it should be borne in mind, was looked upon by his own countrymen as more Chinese than Mongol. He had, in point of fact, accepted the traditions of the race he now intended to govern, conducted his court with all the splendour and magnificence of Hoangti or Taitson, adopted the Chinese system of taxation, made himself the friend of the literati by freeing those who had been in prison, and secured the undying friendship of the religious leaders by declaring himself a patron of Buddhism, which was then the only active religion in Eastern Asia. Thus the Chinese of the region of the Kins and Khitans readily helped swell his army in this last campaign against the Sung.

In the scenes which follow we find an example of courage and fidelity to one's convictions worthy of emulation by any race on earth. In the most heroic deeds of Japan, in those days when every man was ready to sacrifice his life for what he believed to be the interest of his loved Dai Nippon, there is no nobler instance of sublime bravery and devotion unto death than that shown by the last of the Sung.

Kublai's army, which numbered over sixty thousand soldiers, every man of whom had been tested on the battle-fields in the Mongol wars, appeared before the Sung capital, Sianyang, standing on the southern bank of the River Han. Across the stream and connected by bridges was the city of Fanching, the two forming the strongest headquarters of the Sung fol-

lowers. At the same time these battle-scarred veterans appeared before the fortified cities, an auxiliary troop large enough to form a human cordon



A CHINESE RESTAURANT, SHANGHAI.

ten miles in length was stationed around Sianyang. Thus all land communication was cut off, and the Mongols undertook to intercept all supplies that might be sent to the beleaguered towns by water.

So much could the army of Kublai do, but it failed to make any impression on the citadel itself. If it was reasoned that the occupants of the besieged cities would be starved out, even this began to look as though it might not be the case, when three years had passed without any showing of weakness on the part of the beleaguered garrison.

The stubborn governor was determined to hold out ten years if that were possible, and he went on with the work of strengthening the fortifications and keeping a constant watch over the enemy.

Meanwhile an army of Chinese belonging to the Sung dynasty was on the march to the relief of their countrymen, but they approached with exasperating slowness. Learning of the situation, Kublai went thither to lead the charge in person. With all their watchfulness, however, the Mongols failed to prevent the sending of provisions into the besieged city by outside friends. This was in the early summer of 1270, and the daring performance is one of the most heroic acts to be found in the history of any country, while showing that, if not a martial race, the Chinese have been capable of a sacrificial heroism worthy of a Regulus. The leaders of the hazardous undertaking were two Chinese officers named Changchun and Changkoua, who prepared to ascend the river to Sianyang in two divisions. One of these, headed by Changchun, was to keep back the Mongols by the force of arms, while the other, led by his equally brave brother officer, was to reach the town with the provisions if possible. The Mongols, surprised by the sudden attack, reeled back, and while the intrepid Changchun held the enemy temporarily at bay with his war-junks, Changkoua succeeded in passing with his junks loaded with provisions.

Aroused by the desperate resistance of Changchun, the Mongols rallied, and, overwhelming the brave allies of the beleaguered city, fairly crushed them in their night. The heroic leader was slain, and his mutilated body sent floating down the river to the city gate.

Meanwhile Changkoua had reached the besieged city, where he was received with wild demonstrations by those who now for the first time in over four years obtained intelligence from the outside world. But the rejoicing quickly returned to a realisation of their true situation, and the noble Changkoua, seeing that he was not needed within the city, resolved to cut his way out, and, at the head of a larger force, endeavour to save the beleaguered town. To encourage him, he believed that at that moment Litingchi, Governor of Ganlo, which stood on the Han some miles to the south, was waiting to assist him with five thousand troops. By prompt action he believed he could run the gauntlet of the enemy and join Litingchi. He assembled his brave followers, and, kindling within them the divine spark of his own heroism, he went aboard his junks, and set sail down the river.

He had noticed that one of his officers was missing at the start, and he suspected he had gone to betray him to the foe. But, undaunted by this

cowardly desertion, he headed down the stream, breaking the chains which the Mongols had stretched across the river, and fairly hewed his way with his sword through a line of the Mongol fleet. It looked now as though he might escape, but in the dawning light of early morning he saw that he was going into a very death-trap set by his hated foes. The river was completely blocked with Mongol war-junks, while the shores were lined many deep with armed men. Only one alternative was open to Changkouna, who never for an instant thought of surrendering, and that was a



ENTRANCE INTO THE CITY OF AMOY.

bitter fight to the last. His men seemed inspired with his own heroic bravery, and the battle did not cease until the final spear had been sent from the arm that would lift the deadly weapon no more. The triumphant Mongols, with a feeling akin to admiration for the gallant sacrifice, sent the body of Changkouna to the governor of the beleaguered city, who ordered that it should be buried beside the equally heroic Changchun, the people uttering, meanwhile, loud manifestations of woe and bitterness.

The heroism of these brave allies aroused the spirit of the besieged people, while the Mongols began greater efforts to dislodge them. Fanching was now surrounded, and they sent to Persia for engineers skilled

in the work of handling the enormous catapults used in the warfare of that period to throw huge stones against the walls of the besieged town. In this work they were now successful, demolishing many of the buildings and destroying the bridge between the two cities. Fanching finally fell, but it was a city of ruins and death that the victorious Mongols entered.

Somehow the expected relief failed to reach Sianyang, and the soldiers became so disheartened over the failure of the emperor and others to come



ITINERANT BARBERS, SHANGHAI.

to their assistance, that they threatened to refuse to stand by their noble governor longer. At this critical time the latter received a letter from Kublai which extolled him for his valiant defence, and promised him and his followers no harm if they should at last lay down their arms. In addition to that, the khan promised to give them all honourable employment. It was no disgrace to Liuwen Hoan that he accepted, and thus after nearly five years closed one of the most heroic and memorable sieges on record.

The Mongol conquest was not yet accomplished, and there came to the command of the Chinese ranks one Chang Chikia, who recaptured several towns, and, mustering about two thousand war-junks, sailed up the Yangtse Kiang to attack the Mongols at their stronghold just below Nankin. A great naval struggle followed, which resulted in the discomfiture of the Chinese, and from this time to the end the Chinese fought a hopeless fight with unfaltering devotion to their cause. The weak emperor died, another



VIEW ON THE BUND AT SHANGHAI.

was proclaimed and captured by the Mongols; a third died, and then Tipping, the last of the Sung dynasty, came to the head. Canton was seized by the Mongols. Still the valiant Chang Chikia did not despair, and he prepared to defend his emperor and followers on the island of Tai, which had a harbour that could be entered only with a favourable tide. The Mongols learned of this new fortification, and, with their usual promptness of action, attacked it before the work was completed. Though the Chinese made a desperate resistance, their fleet was saved from annihilation by a

fog sweeping over the scene. As it was, the end could be foreseen, and the faithful minister of the emperor, resolved to avert the disgrace of capture, took him and leaped into the sea. Others imitated his heroic example, and thus perished the last ruler of the great dynasty of the Sung.

A year later, in 1279, while making his final defence for his cause, Chang Chikia, when about to make an attempt to recapture Canton from his enemies, was caught in a tempest off the coast, and every vessel of his powerful fleet was flung upon the shore, where men and ships perished. Thus the elements gave the death-blow to the last defenders of China, and, after seventy years of such resistance as they had not met with elsewhere in their far-reaching conquests, the Mongols conquered the ancient empire, and Kublai found his dream of being its emperor at last realised. Before this he had shown that he intended to become a worthy ruler, which had made the latter part of his conquest easier, and its results less objectionable to the masses of people who had tired of the long conflict.



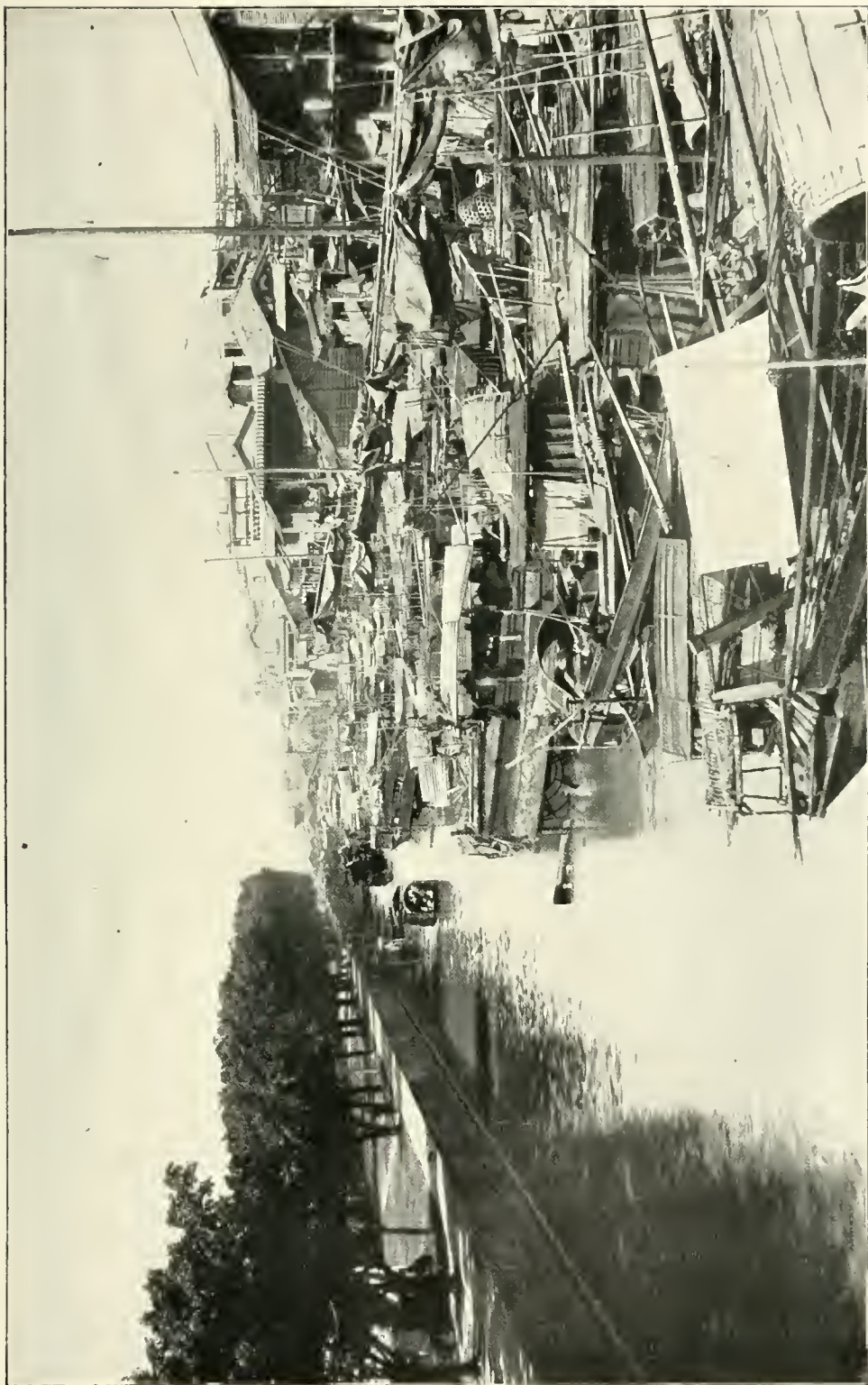
TRANSPLANTING RICE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IMPERIAL HUNTING - GROUNDS.

A ROMANTIC story is told at Wei-Men Kuan of the last of the war-like days of the Sung dynasty, when the son of the great Mongol conqueror was captured by the Chinese of this vicinity. In accordance with the custom of the times, the queen who ruled over this district ordered that the illustrious captive, along with others, should be put to death. But the queen's daughter, seeing that the young chief was both handsome and pleasant, fell in love with him. She pleaded for his life so earnestly that her mother relented, and the happy couple were married without delay. In this manner the future safety of the town was ensured, and when at the end of the war the queen could claim such near relationship to the emperor, she did not regret the step she had taken in letting love have its own way.

Kublai named his dynasty Yuen, or Original, and he took for himself the Chinese name of Chitson, which, however, has been overshadowed by his Mongol designation. He established his capital at Cambaluc, meaning, in its Tartar form, "the city of the kahn," and it occupied the same site as the more modern Peking. It was a splendid city, according to Marco Polo,



THE RUINS, SHANTEN.

and we can do no better than to repeat the following account: "A city near by, or on its site, had been the chief town of an independent kingdom on several occasions, *i. e.* of Yen, of the Khitans, and of the Kins. According to Marco Polo, there were twelve gates, at each of which was stationed a guard of one thousand men, and the streets were so straight and wide that you could see from one end to the other, or from gate to gate. The extent of the walls varied; according to the highest estimate they were twenty-seven miles around, according to the lowest, eighteen. The khan's palace at Chandu, or Kaipin-fu, north of Pekin, where he built a magnificent summer palace, kept his stud of horses, and carried out his love of the chase in the immense park and preserves attached, may be considered the Windsor of this Chinese monarch. The position of Pekin had, and still has, much to recommend it as a capital. The Mings, after proclaiming Nankin the capital, made scarcely less use of it, and Chuntche, the first of the Manchus, adopted it as his. It has since remained the sole metropolis of the empire." Here Kublai formed a government and called about him the most wise men of his time as counsellors, so that he seemed to suit the many conflicting elements in his empire.

Something of the elegance and splendour with which he surrounded himself is shown by the wonderful accounts of Marco Polo relative to the imperial hunting-grounds of the famous Kublai Khan, who was willing to intermingle with his ideas of northern ruggedness the dazzling ceremonials of Chinese tradition. The palace at Shandu was built of marble, porphyry, and other elegant stones, while the walls were frescoed with grotesque figures of men, women, birds, and beasts of many kinds, some of which were unknown to the great Venetian. Everything was painted in such brilliant and gorgeous colours that this visitor was dazzled by the sight of them. In addition to these pictures the walls were gilded in a lavish manner, and in the main hall was a throne standing on a raised dais which seemed ablaze with gold. Here the khan held his court. Besides this summer palace of beautiful stone was another quite as large and fully as wonderful, being in reality a sort of bamboo tent constructed so that it could be put up at the coming of the khan, and when he went away, after a surfeit of hunting, taken quickly down and carried back to his southern capital. The walls and roof were made of the tall canes growing abundantly in the vicinity, and the whole held together by silken

cords. The building was decorated with fantastic pictures of the chase, and with elaborate gilding. The roof was made impervious to rain by a

thick coating of lacquer or varnish.

These handsome palaces stood in the midst of the khan's hunting-ground, where not only the more timid creatures, such as the deer, stags, and wild goats lived, but where also the lion lorded it over the denizens of the forests as on his native heath, while in the deeper jungles lurked the tiger and the leopard, and, feared but unfearing, stalked the mighty elephant. In their cages were eagles of the most fierce aspect, and trained to hunt wolves, affording one of the rarest features of imperial pastimes. But the grandest, in the estimation of the sovereign, was the scene when his black-spotted leopards were let out to run down the wild goats, and



THE TIGER GUARD.

his sleek tigers were sent to battle the stags, wild oxen, and wilder boars.

This ideal hunting-ground was enclosed by a wall not less than fifteen miles in circumference, and the tract thus bounded not only held the animals of the Oriental forests, but was itself a picture of an Oriental country, although situated in a temperate zone. The grand scene was rendered doubly attractive by "enchanted dells, through the midst of which flowed sparkling streams, and in which the hunters might rest



PROPIITIATORY OFFERINGS FOR DEPARTED RELATIVES.

and dine amidst their sport; broad spaces of lawn and flower garden, with many fountains playing on the turf and the flowers, and lovely groves that gave grateful shelter from the blazing summer sun of Tartary; delightful meadows stretched off from the slopes of verdant hills to the borders of rivers, ponds, and lakes; and there were carefully tended parks where, in the open air, the Tartar held many of his solemn festivals and more joyous merrymakings."

When the sport-loving khan tired of the larger game, he allowed the lions, tigers, and elephants a respite, while he went to another resort where he could give himself over to the lighter recreation of hunting

partridges, pheasants, and cranes. These last were large and of a glossy hue, outrivalling anything of the species seen in Europe. One kind was of a dense black, so glossy and sparkling as to reflect the scenes amid which it lived; a second was of a pure white, with feathers jewelled with "round gold eyes like the feathers of the peacocks;" another species was of a dazzling red mixed with black; others were gray, with mottled heads; and there were yet others of so many colours and of so much beauty as to defy description. At this place the khan had a palace larger than



THE IMPERIAL CANAL.

either of the others, and quite as elaborate, while its situation was even more delightful, as it stood on the edge of a wide and beautiful plain, while the noble structure was mirrored in a sparkling sheet of water. This was called "the Cianganor."

In order to be provided with ample game to his liking, the khan kept great flocks of partridges in cages built for that purpose. Hunting at Cianganor was indeed royal, or as one should perhaps say, imperial, sport. Decked out in gorgeous trappings, the khan would set forth with his four elephants, themselves arrayed in imperial splendour, and often accom-

panied by as many as a thousand falconers, carrying half that number of falcons, with a multitude of hawks and vultures, for hawking was the great khan's favourite pastime. Upon reaching a desirable location, Kublai would have his square tent of lion's skins and gold cloth put up for him, when he would get into position to enjoy the glorious sport. His army of sportsmen in the meantime had divided into five hundred couples, spreading out over a wide extent of territory. Then the scene would open by one of the couples letting loose their falcon, which would rush for its prey with great velocity. Watched by all others, those who happened to be nearest the attack and capture of the falcon would look out for the welfare of the bird of prey. Marked with a silver label, each falcon was to be returned to its owner at the close of the hunt. At the moment when the affair had opened in full spirit, a messenger would dash up to the imperial tent, crying out :

“Great khan, the birds are on wing! The battle is begun.”

This would be followed by the imperial command to fling aside the walls of the tent, when the great conqueror would give freedom to one of his favourite hawks, and, throwing himself back upon his luxuriant couch, watch the flight of the bird and its enemy. He would rouse in wild delight at the exciting scene sure to follow, when the birds descried each other and began their furious combat in mid-air, now rising on wing, anon descending, whirling, plunging, darting, swooping around and around, until the beholder would grow dizzy. Scarcely would the opening fight be nearing its finish before other hawks would be sent to the great battle-ground overhead, and other falcons would come down upon their prey, until it would seem as if the very sky was filled with struggling birds, and every beam of light was the bearer of flying feathers.

Nor did Kublai stop with all this varied display of wild game, for he kept the largest number of dogs, it is probable, ever seen together in the world. It took more than ten thousand men to care for these canines when they went into the chase. It must have been a grand spectacle when he rode into the midst of these sports mounted on his gaily caparisoned elephant, followed and fairly surrounded by thousands of noble hounds and mastiffs, muttering, growling, barking, baying, bounding about, all eager for the coming fray. Neither did he confine himself alone

to dogs, for he owned many rare species of pets and favourites, every breed, size, colour, and shape of animal to be found not only in the Far East, but brought down from the ice-bound regions of the extreme north; others from distant parts of Siberia; some from the Southland, and yet



THE KIN-SHAN, OR GOLDEN ISLAND.

others from countries strange to the common people, and unknown to the historian.

The splendour of this hunting scene can be scarcely imagined. The magnificence of his tents has exhausted the vocabulary of those who saw them and attempted to describe the "canvas city." The tent for the nobles was large enough to lodge a thousand men. The khan's tent was an elaborate affair, sustained by posts of cedar and perfumed woods, and

ornamented inside and out with the skins of mighty animals that the khan was supposed to have vanquished in battle. Prominent among these were skins of lions and tigers, while alongside were suspended skins of great value, such as the ermine and zibeline, all worked with borders of great skill and beauty. This imperial tent was furnished with the finest furniture to be obtained, each piece painted in the brightest of hues. There were divans covered with rare silks, and having cushions of such softness that the sitter dropped almost out of sight; then there were lounges and chairs upholstered in equally as fine manner. The tents of the khan were always pitched in some beautiful spot, within sound of murmuring waters, and in sight of the forests he loved so well. In fact, everything about them was arranged to allow him to enjoy Oriental luxury in the highest degree. All the dazzling glory of Zenobia's elegant villa at Tibur, and the magnificence of Cleopatra's gorgeous train, was rivalled in this wonderland of sport.

Besides his own tent and those of his nobles and hunting men, there were others of corresponding magnificence for the ladies of his retinue, and for the doctors, astronomers, and learned men of his day, Kublai being a firm friend to the literati. A guard was kept constantly over the imperial tent, and wherever he went the precious life of his Imperial Majesty was watched by faithful guardians. In addition to all of these who have been mentioned, especial attention was paid to a great train of monks and priests, who had their monasteries on some eminence rising near by so as to overlook the scene. These, in marked contrast to the others, lived simple lives, ate nothing but boiled husks of corn, wore coarse attire, shaved their heads and faces, and slept on hard mats or the bare ground. Some of these married and had families, but the majority remained single.

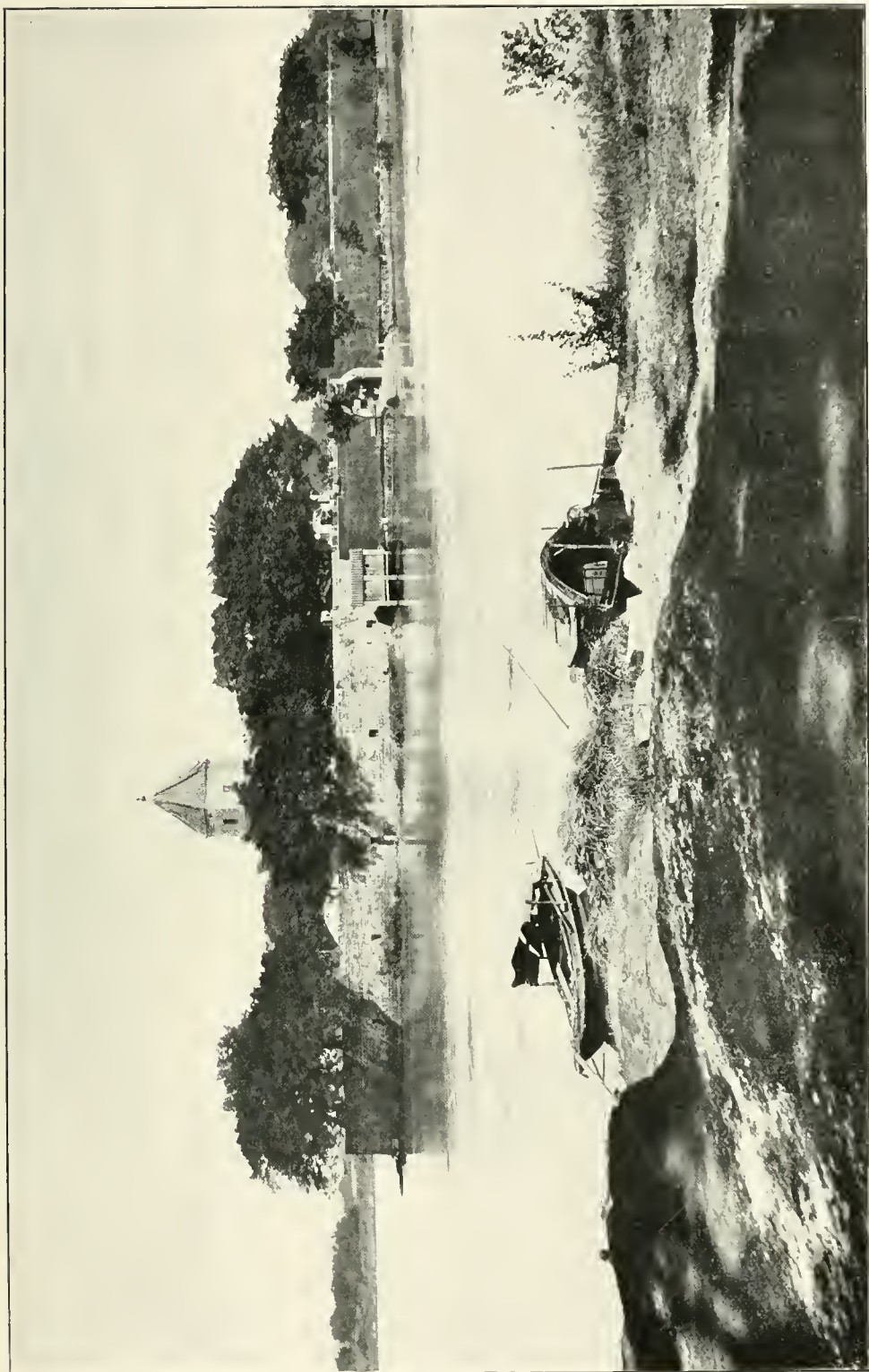
Another class worthy of mention were the magicians, clothed in dark robes, and wearing long hair and beards, who presided over the banquets to the khan. Immediately upon the seating of the men, one of these would wave a wand, when cups of wine would start from an adjacent table and move to positions in front of the ruler. Others would appear before the guests, and so on through each round of courses until the feast was over. The company, even the khan himself, believed the magicians had done this by superhuman agency, an idea they were careful to foster,

though the whole performance was a scheme of clever trickery aided by mechanical contrivances. That these men held a great power over the khan was shown by the fact that toward the close of summer they would announce to Kublai that the time was drawing near when he must return to the capital to take part in the ceremony of sprinkling the milk of sacred mares. This performance took place on the 28th of August, on



A CHINESE CEMETERY.

which day the khan in public threw into the air a quantity of the milk claimed to have been brought from the south, where it was believed existed a race of sacred white mares. Whoever partook of this fluid was sure to receive great wisdom and good health, with long life, and only those of the imperial family were allowed to drink it. The sprinkling of this wonderful fluid in the air was done to feed the imperial spirits who might draw near on that day to obtain a portion of the charmed liquid.



FORT OPPOSITE SHAMIÉN.



Upon the announcement of the magicians that it was time to close the season's sport, all became bustle and excitement about the grounds, for it was no small matter to pack and move the imperial outfit in a manner becoming the ruler of a mighty empire. Kublai did not fret himself about these preliminaries, and he enjoyed to the last moment the pastimes in which he delighted. When provision trains had been started so as to be stationed along the way, tents had been taken down, and a final feast partaken of, then the imperial train began its long and dazzling



TIGER ISLAND, ENTRANCE OF THE CANTON RIVER.

journey. This was the signal for the magicians, who often acted in the capacity of priests, to make a varied display of fireworks of the most mysterious construction, the whole scene rendered more beautiful and impressive by wild songs from the women belonging to the imperial retinue.

At his capital Kublai had everything in keeping with the gorgeous display shown about his pleasure-grounds. His court has been described as fairly ablaze with glory. His courtiers were dressed in bright livery; his feasts were elaborate, and of the best viands to be obtained; visitors were given a table by themselves known as the "travellers' table;" the

khan sat at another in sight of his followers, while host and servitors and visitors were guarded by twenty thousand soldiers, the flower of the Mongol army. The martial training and bearing of the race gave a natural grace and dignity to a peaceful pageantry that it had lent to the march to battle in the years before. To all of this noble display was added the majesty of the great conqueror himself, so that his court and capital were the most splendid and picturesque in the world. Kublai, who was then only forty-four, in the very prime of his career, was described by Marco Polo as "of good stature, neither tall nor short, but of a middle height. He has a becoming amount of flesh, and is very shapely in all his limbs. His complexion is white and red, the eyes black and fine, the nose well formed and well set on."

During the reign of Kublai the conquest of Japan was undertaken, which proved a miserable failure to the great khan, who finally had to acknowledge that at last he had met a foe that it would be better for him to let alone. But if unsuccessful in his invasion of Dai Nippon, he was victorious on the south and west, bringing under his dominion Yunnan and Burma, though his power soon weakened in this direction. Disputes and dissensions at home called for the khan's attention, and he had quite as much as he could attend to in fighting his own relatives who were anxious to take his place. But he more than held his own until his death in 1293, at the age of eighty, having ruled for thirty-five years. Whatever may have been the great conqueror's shortcomings, and no doubt he was avaricious and superstitious, he was withal for his age a sagacious and powerful emperor, who had the good of his subjects at heart.

Kublai's grandson, his lawful heir, became his successor, and, though this prince enjoyed thirteen years of comparative peace, he did not prove equal to the herculean task of holding intact the sovereignty which had fallen to him. In fact, with Kublai the sun of the Mongol ascendancy moved rapidly toward the horizon, and no name among those of his successors stands out with any great prominence. In less than three-fourths of a century after the great khan's death, through the remarkable conquest of a native peasant, China was once more ruled by one of her own sons.



COAL-MINES AT YING-TIH.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MINGS AND MANCHUS.

THE successors of the Mongols were the Mings, so called. The story of the rise of this dynasty is as romantic as that of any of the numerous dynasties builded upon the achievements of some man thus made famous in history. The hero this time was born of humble parents, who were so poor that, at the death of his father, he was obliged to enter a monastery.

But even there accounts of the dissatisfaction of the native population over Mongol rule reached him, and he knew that everywhere his countrymen were rising in arms against what was looked upon by them as foreign usurpation of power. It belonged to the fortune of the dynasties of government in China that those who followed the founder of a line of rulers should not prove capable or deserving of maintaining the rule for many generations. Thus the successors of Kublai gradually became unpopular, and lost their hold upon the people. The young bonze, whose name was Choo Yuen Chang, soon tiring of the passive life of the monastery, and his heart fired with patriotic love for his country, doffed his

sacerdotal robes and entered the ranks of the partisan band, trying to break from the yoke of the Tartars in 1345.

He seemed to have chosen a most auspicious time, and he soon proved by his wise counsel, clear military order, and not less by his discreet and humane conduct, that he was the man to take the lead. While the chief aim of other Chinese leaders seemed to be to enrich themselves by the spoils of war, he sought only to succour the cause of the unhappy people. Thus he soon gathered around him a larger number of followers than any of the so-called patriots, and in 1356 he captured Nankin, to make that city his stronghold and later his capital, when he had overthrown the Mongols.

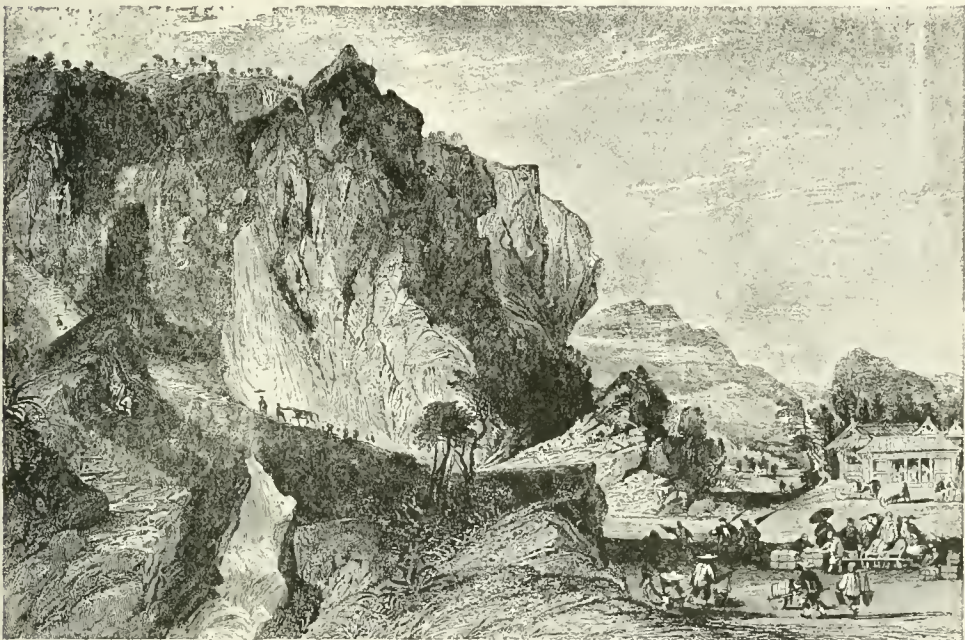
In a manifesto issued a short time after this triumph he gave expression to the motives that had prompted him to his duty, saying among other things: "It is the birthright of the Chinese to govern foreign people, and not of these latter to rule in China. It used to be said that the Yuen, or Mongols, who came from the regions of the north, conquered our empire not so much by their courage and skill as by the aid of Heaven. And now it is sufficiently plain that Heaven itself wishes to deprive them of that empire as a punishment for their crimes, and for not having acted according to the teachings of their forefathers. The time has come to drive these foreigners out of China." The truth of what he said was evident in the conduct of the Mongol emperor, Chunti, who had given himself over to vice and debauchery of every sort, and appeared blind to the disintegration of his government.

This struggle ended in 1367, when the last Mongol emperor fled to Mongolia, where he died three years later, and the Yuen, or Mongol, dynasty was succeeded by that of Choo, who assumed the name of Hongwon, and who styled his line Ming, meaning "bright." We have told how a shoemaker established the dynasty of Song, and now we see a peasant made emperor by his ability and discretion, which goes to show that the rise of humble men to lofty positions is not confined to republics.

Hongwon, knowing the dislike of his countrymen for a military form of government, was careful not to give his rule that character, though he rewarded his faithful generals in a fitting manner. He soon proved himself a benefactor of literature, endowing Hanlan College, which had

fared ill of late, causing to be written a history of the Yuen dynasty, and composing the "Book of Laws," by which the common people were enlightened in regard to the way they were governed; he did a great deal, also, for national education, founded many public libraries, cut down court expenses, and accomplished much toward the support of the aged. All this was in such marked contrast to the lavish outlays of the Mongols, that Hongwou was everywhere lauded in high terms.

The famous summer palace of Kublai had been destroyed during the



HAN-TSEUEN, PROVINCE OF KIANG-NAN.

campaigns against the Mongols, and, as he discouraged further embellishment of the northern capital of the Kins and Yuens, Pekin became only a second-rate city under the Ming dynasty, and Nankin, as it deserved, was raised to be a national seat of government. On the whole, the reign of Hongwou, which continued for thirty years, or until 1383, exemplified the highest civilisation and constituted the noblest example of fidelity to justice of any reign over China. His power extended from the Corean frontier and the Great Wall to the Burma border on the south, and the population of the empire at this time was supposed to

be about sixty millions. His dynasty rivals that of the Hans in the regard of the Chinese people.

After continuing in power for three centuries, the Ming dynasty shared the fate of those that had gone before, as the later Mings, one after another, fell from the high precepts of the founder, until a new dynasty of Tartars seized the throne. There was much hard fighting, however, before this was accomplished, and, during the reign of the Ming emperor, Wanleh, China narrowly escaped invasion at the hands of the Japanese.



THE CATARACT OF SHIH-TAN.

Hideyoshi, an ambitious monarch of humble birth, held the reins of government, and it was his purpose to make Corea an ally and China a vassal of his empire. This would seem like a sort of belated retaliation for the raid on Japan made in the reign of Kublai. The manifesto of the Japanese emperor to the Corean king is worthy of reproduction. In it he said : " I will assemble a mighty host, and, invading the country of the great Ming, I will fill with hoar-frost from my sword the whole sky over the four hundred provinces. Should I carry out this purpose, I hope Corea will be my vanguard. Let her not fail to be so, for my friendship

to your honourable country depends solely on your conduct when I lead my army against China."

If looking to an alliance with the people of the peninsula, Hideyoshi treated them as enemies when he opened his campaign, and the first victories of his army were over the raw recruits of the Koreans. China awakened to her danger, and offered at first a valiant resistance. But so much antagonism existed among the Chinese generals that, notwithstanding the superior number of their soldiers, they failed to drive the Japanese from the field, and retired, after having added to the stigma of their conduct the murder of two of the Japanese princes, leaving the Koreans at the mercy of the invaders. The death of Hideyoshi saved China from what might have been a humiliating end.

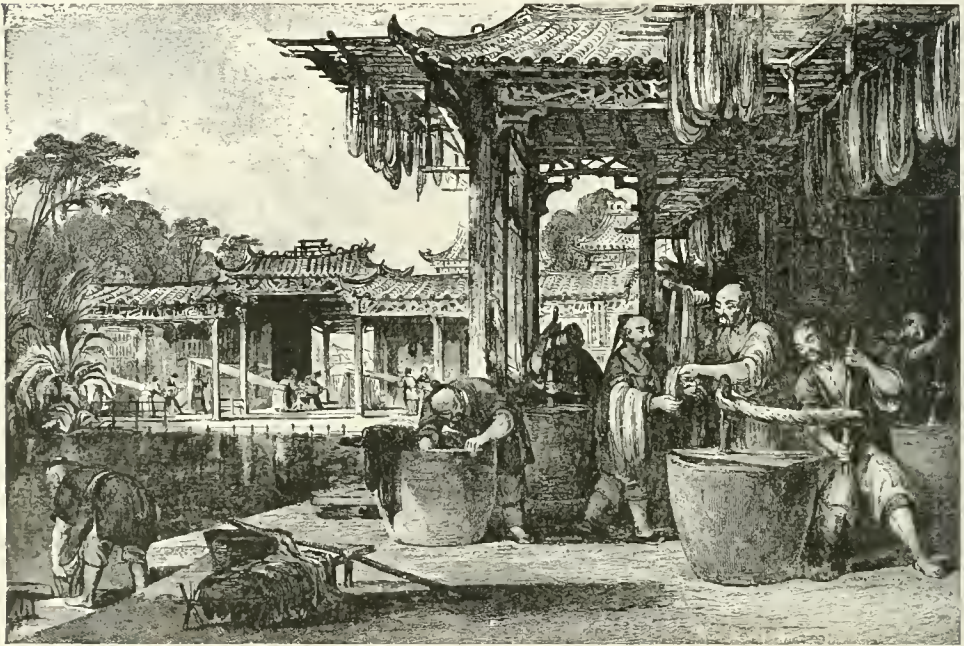
During the reign of Wanleh, China for the first time began intercourse with Europeans, the Portuguese entering China at this time. But the conduct of these foreigners, whom they believed with good reasons came under the guise of merchants as spies that they might afterward "fall upon them with fire and sword," did much toward arousing a bitterness against all newcomers. The Portuguese obtained a foothold at Macao.

Soon afterward the Spanish settled in the Philippines, and tried to open trade with the Chinese. At this period, too, the latter began to emigrate to the archipelago, becoming the most prosperous colonists, owing to their frugal and industrious lives. This awakened Spain to an apprehension of the fact that she was being outdone by the Celestials in the Orient. Rumours were set on foot that the Chinese were plotting to kill every Spanish subject, and, under cover of this claim, the Spaniards made their disgraceful and wholesale attack upon the Chinese, in which a large number perished. Still the Chinese continued to fly in the face of fate by flocking to the islands, and massacres of the most deplorable nature followed. Little credit belongs to the entrance of the Portuguese into China, or of the Spanish into any part of the Far East. Both sought to tyrannise over the Celestial, while seeking to keep away other foreigners, notably among them the Dutch, who persistently tried to open trade in these ports.

There was one class of foreigners whom the Chinese received with favour, and these were the men sent thither by the Roman Catholic Church in the sixteenth century, numbering among them such self-sacrific-

ing men as Matthew Ricci and Michel Roger. They proved the friends of literature, and to them belongs the credit of revising the Chinese calendar. Though making themselves useful to the Chinese, and being received with marked distinction by the latter, they failed to succeed to any extent in the work that had been their prime object in coming to China. The people accepted slowly and with backward looks the teachings of the foreign church.

In the year when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, to begin



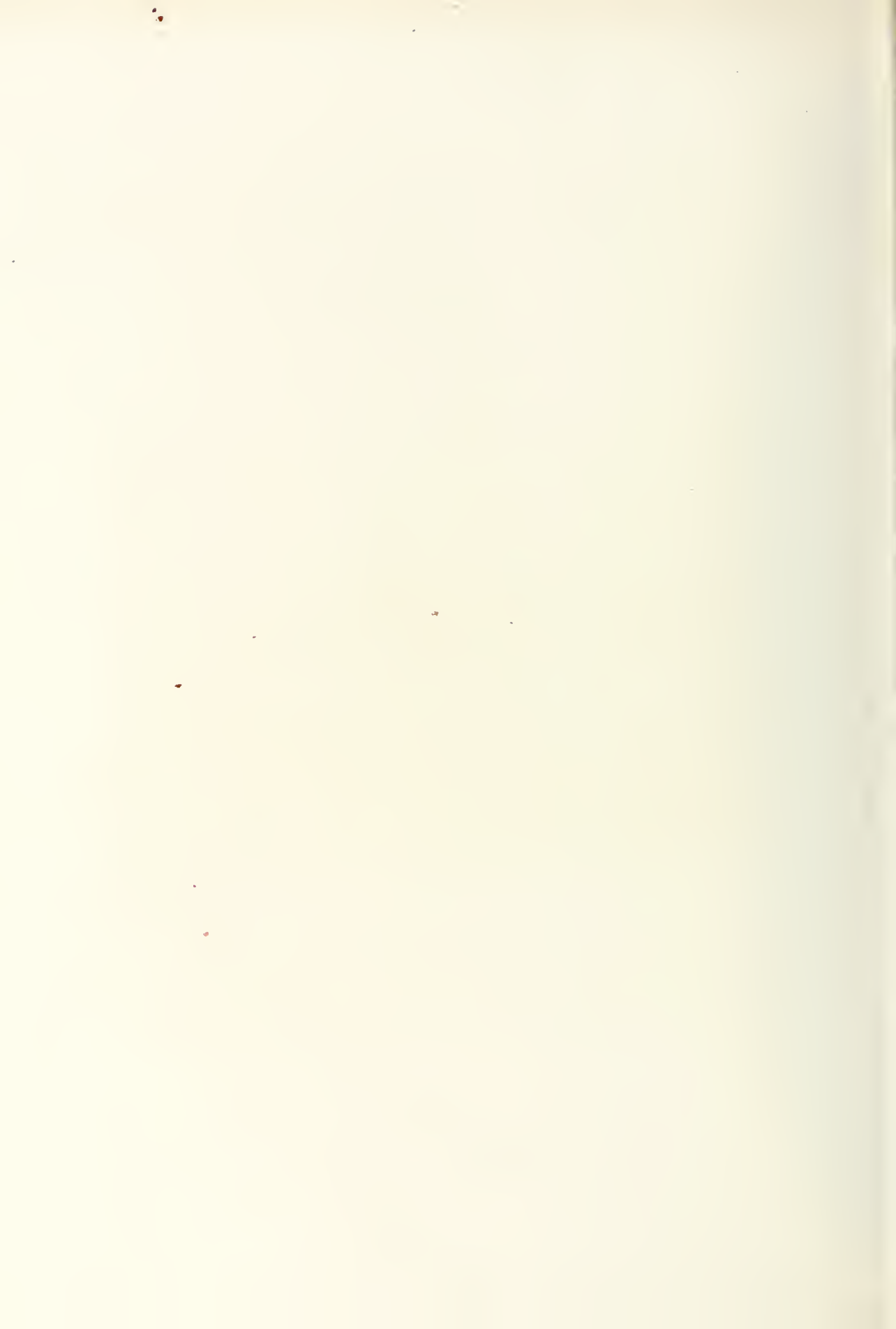
DYEING AND WINDING SILK.

their arduous undertaking of forming a church and a government in the wilderness of New England, the Emperor Wanleh died, leaving as his heritage the crumbling throne of the Mings, and a new awakening of foreign power and influence in the Far East more momentous than aught that had been met in the long centuries past.

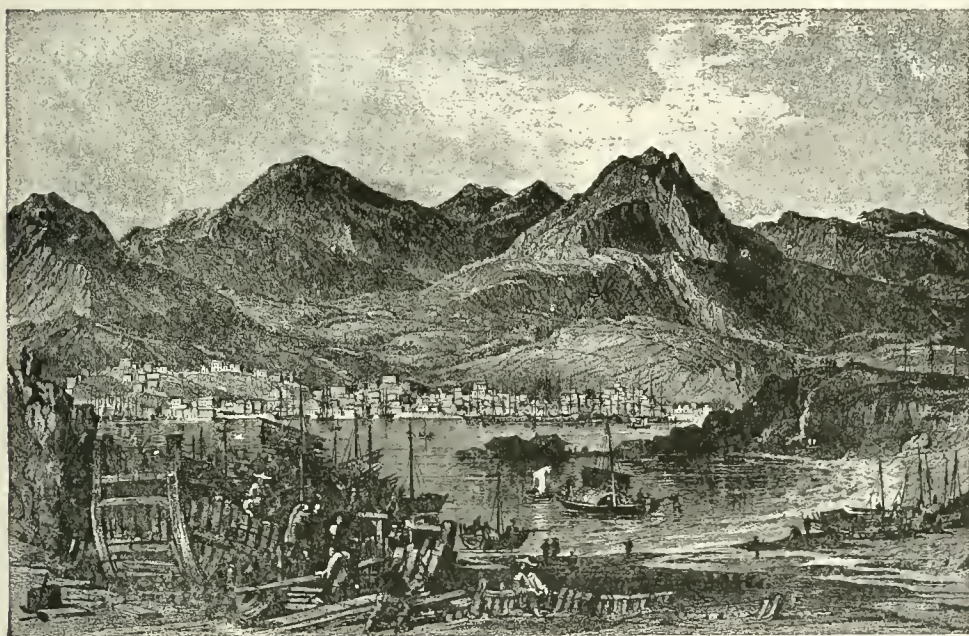
Two invasions of Tartars have been described, that of the Kins and then that of the Mongols, and now we come to a third. Upon being overthrown, some of the leaders of the Kins retired to the broad plains forming the eastern end of the Siberian steppes. Here they lost their pride of name, and generation after generation lived and died comparatively

Ancient Pagoda near Shanghai





unknown, until from out of the petty feuds common to such wild clans arose a man who was capable of solidifying the masses and of leading them to victory, such as their ancestors might have looked upon with tribal exultation. The race was now known as the Manchus, and the cradle in which the race had been nurtured was a picturesque valley lying at the foot of Long White Mountains, which sheltered it from the biting blasts of the north, and its climate tempered to a mildness by the sea on three sides. On the whole, Manchuria is a smaller country than that



HONG - KONG FROM KOW - LOON.

from which sprang the Mongols, but it is similar to it in general appearance.

The name of the latest conqueror from the northland was Noorhachu, and, after gaining several victories from the clans outside of the empire of the Mings, he marched into China in 1618, just two years before the Pilgrims reached Plymouth. Inside of three years he had captured the Chinese city of Moukden, and made it his capital. This was in the province of Liantung, which he brought under his dominion.

Noorhachu met his first defeat when he came to match his crude weapon of warfare against the cannon that the Chinese had obtained from

the Portuguese, and under this cloud he died soon after. His son Tait song went on with the work of conquest which the former had begun, and in 1635 assumed the title of emperor, taking the seal of the Mongol dynasty, which had been lost two hundred years before, but had been found at this time in opportune season for his use.

The dominion of Tait song was very much limited, and fighting was continually going on all over the empire. The leading spirit of the Manchu invasion died in 1643, though this did not stop the intruders



TSEIH LING YEN, OR, THE SEVEN-STAR MOUNTAINS.

from keeping up their contest. In addition, the Chinese, whose empire now lay to the south, were beset by a rebel who gave them more trouble than the Manchus. In this dilemma Won Sankwei, the gallant general at the head of the imperial army, finding himself unable to cope successfully with the insurgents, invited the Manchus to lend their assistance. This was simply repeating what had been done to the Khitans in order to overcome the Kins, and it seemed a sort of retributive justice that the Manchus were allowed to pay the old debt long overdue their ancestors. At any rate, the rebels driven from the field, the Manchus prepared to make the most of their advantage. Tait song's young son was the

nominal head of the new power, who acted through his uncle, Prince Dorgan. The latter as regent proclaimed his nephew Emperor of China, but it was really a small China over which he pretended to reign. The Chinese emperor by the name of Chumthe ruled over the middle section of the ancient country, with his capital at Nankin. In the south the warrior prince, Wou Sankwei, ruled over a principality, ready to espouse the cause of the imperilled emperor should the latter show himself fit to rule. He was, however, a weak monarch, and his capital soon fell into the hands of the Manchus.

Wou Sankwei alone among the strong leaders remained to oppose the invasion of the Tartars, and he did not live to yield or to witness the defeat of his followers, but died at the head of his army. With his fall the Manchus found little serious opposition to meet. They improved the first opportunity to remove Wou's body from its tomb, and to scatter its ashes over the eighteen provinces of the empire, so that no part of the man whom they had been unable to coerce or intimidate could be found.

At their victory at Leaoutung the Manchus made the Chinese shave their heads in order to escape massacre, and this custom was followed through the conquest. Then, singularly enough, the shaved head and queue, which had originated in the sorrow of a humbled pride, was accepted as the universal feature of the race.

The conquest of the Manchus was a particularly severe blow to the Chinese, inasmuch as it had been effected by a comparatively small body of invaders. The Mongol seizure of the empire had been made by a powerful and well-trained army, and only after many years of stubborn resistance. However, it should be said to the credit of the Chinese that their new rulers had to meet them more than half way in shaping the affairs of the government. The Emperor Chumthe died young, to be succeeded by his son Hanghi, who ruled for sixty-one years, or until 1722, and it is due to this able monarch and the second following him, his grandson Keen Lung, that China finally became cemented into one grand whole. This last named emperor ruled the same length of time as his grandfather, and then abdicated that he might not throw disgrace on his ancestor. Under him Tibet was added to China, and the wild tribes of Mongolia, after centuries of hostility, were brought under subjection.

The reign of Yung Ching—1722 to 1735—was marked by two terrible calamities, though he was not to blame for either. The first of these was an overflow of the Hoang-ho, which desolated the country to such an extent that forty thousand persons had to be fed by the government for four months. In



A CHINESE BARBER.

1730 the entire province of Pechili was visited by an earthquake, which destroyed one hundred thousand lives, laid in ruins a good por-

tion of Peking, and demolished the imperial palace beside other notable buildings.

On the whole, the Manchu dynasty opened upon a prosperous era, and so rapidly did the number of inhabitants increase that the government seriously wondered whether enough rice could be grown to feed the people. In order to avert possible disaster, such methods as offering widows a pension if they would not remarry, and promising rewards to old bachelors if they would remain celibates, were resorted to in the hope of effecting a check in the growth of the population.



PUNISHMENT OF THE BASTINADO.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOW EUROPE ENTERED CHINA.

IF there is or has been any truth in Tennyson's dictum: "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," for over three centuries Europeans have been determined to learn for themselves. Their feelings and situation were very similar to that of the child who was told that something had been locked up in the closet which he must not have to play with. Though surrounded with objects of attraction that under ordinary circumstances would have made him happy, his curiosity had been aroused, and he would not be contented until he had looked behind the forbidden door. So it has been with foreigners in regard to China, and an entrance through the gates of the "Purple Forbidden City" was the only end in view.

On the other hand, it was the national trait of the Chinese to remain in seclusion. Their education was laid upon this foundation; their religious teachings imbued them with this spirit. Thus, longer than there is any record or tradition to show for it, they have avoided rather than sought the companionships of other people, their exceptions to this rule being their desultory dealings with the Japanese, an occasional voyage

to the Philippines, and their defensive relations with the hungry Tartars of the north, the Tibetans of the west, and the Burmese of the south. The visits of the enterprising Venetians, the Polos, must have been events of great interest to them, but even the wonderful accounts of these intrepid travellers regarding the world beyond them quickened no impulse on the part of the mighty khan to know for himself, nor did they lift the mind of a single subject above the barrier of self-seclusion, higher and more insurmountable than the Great Wall that their ancestors had raised against the hordes of the steppes. The appearance of the Portuguese vessels off the coast in 1516 and of the others that followed, had little visible effect on the opening of the gates of Cathay to the world. The entrance of the adventurous missionaries of the Jesuit faith about this time gave promise of greater results, but a little later they were swept from the country without a show of compassion. The story of actual entrance of foreigners into the Flowery Kingdom at last forms an interesting chapter in the checkered history of the ancient empire.

So far the attempts at entrance had been made in an insidious manner, but in 1567 an envoy from Russia dared to knock boldly at the closed gate for admission. What a shock it must have been to the imperial hermit, the Rip Van Winkle of the Far East, as he awoke on that fair spring morning at the stranger's call. As the visitor's errand was that of the peaceful nature of trade, the ancient sleeper let him in. Either the prospect was too small for the outlay, or his reception was too formal, for his tarry was not long, and he did not hasten to return. In 1653, nearly a hundred years later, Russia repeated her attempt to open business with the Middle Kingdom, and a century of patient waiting brought about a system of overland commerce which has been continued, with more or less interruption, ever since. The White Empire has maintained a mission station at Peking.

Meanwhile, in 1637, a little fleet of English vessels commanded by Captain Weddell anchored off Canton. The Chinese, with their characteristic suspicion of foreigners, fired on one of the English boats. This aroused the bluff Captain Weddell, and he opened fire upon the Chinese, dismantling the fort, carrying off its guns, and capturing a couple of merchant junks. Naturally, such an introduction called for means of pacification, and it took Great Britain fifty years to appease the

anger of the Chinese enough to obtain trade privileges at Canton and Ning-po.

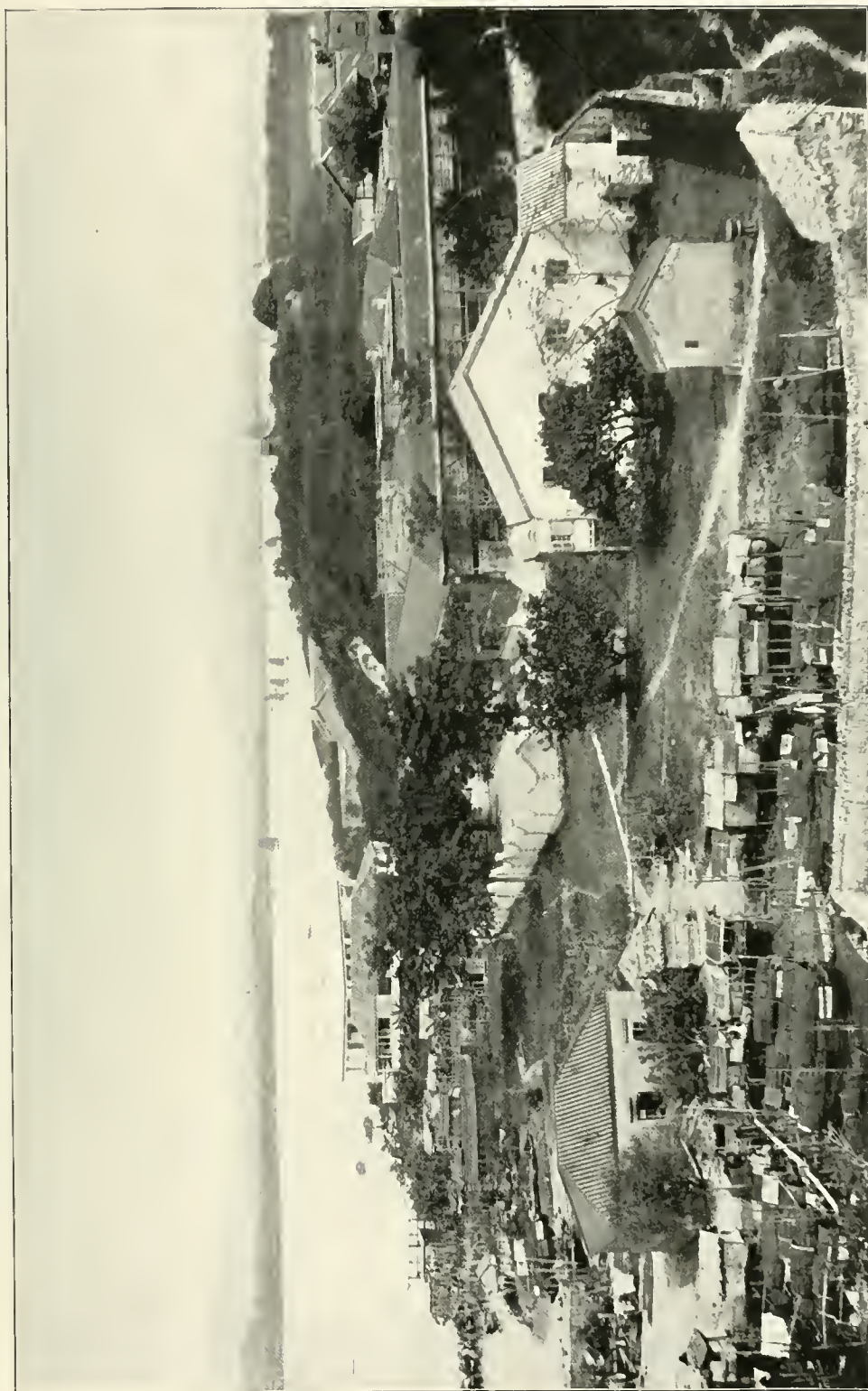
For nearly a hundred years to follow, in their anxiety to open negotiations with the mysterious power of the Far East, the Europeans came humbly, one after another. Besides bestowing lavish offerings along with their petitions, they entered into the presence of his Imperial Majesty by performing the *kotow*, which consisted of making obeisance three times until the forehead touched the floor. The haughty Portuguese had done



FEEDING SILKWORMS, AND SORTING THE COCOONS.

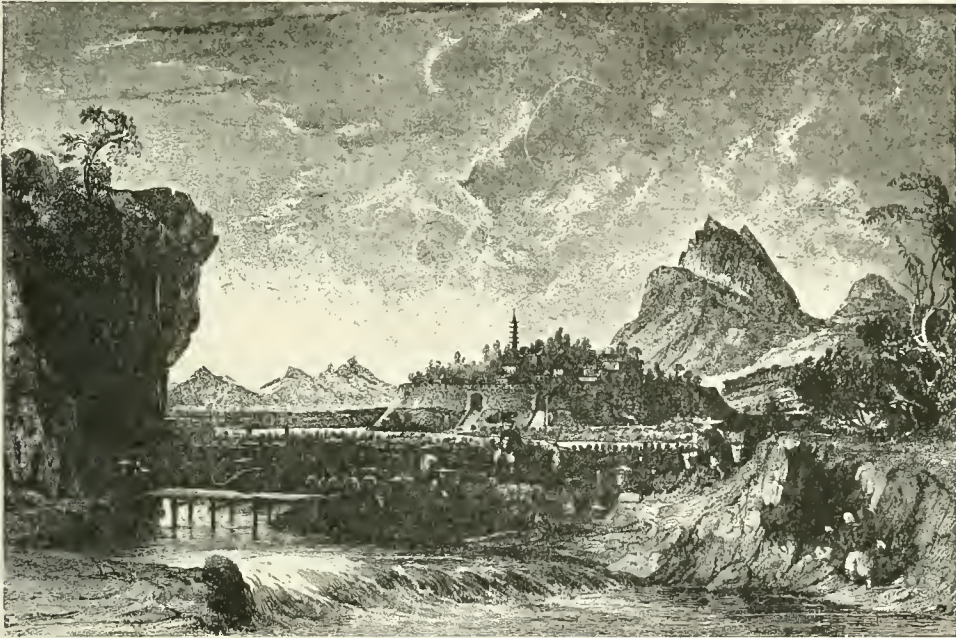
this; the stout Hollander had done this; the stalwart Russian had done this; and the bold Britons did this until 1792, when Great Britain's ambassador, the Earl of Macartney, squarely refused to perform this slavish ceremony, to the great dismay of the Chinese officials. If this bold foreigner failed to be received into the presence of the shocked emperor, he accomplished that which was of vastly more importance to the empire and the rest of the world, for he broke down the foolish rule which had governed for centuries the courts of Cathay.

Of all the centuries of China's long life, the nineteenth A. D. has been the most eventful, and this was opened by the hoisting of the American



CUSTOMS OFFICES, WHANGPOO.

flag before Canton in 1802, marking the first act in the beginning of commercial intercourse between the Western and the Eastern world, the new and the old. Trade grew so rapidly from this time that within half a century Canton became the foremost commercial centre in the Far East, and one among the few important ports of the world's commerce. Nor was this business wave felt only along the seacoast, for the inland villages hundreds of miles away knew something of its force in the employment it gave to a vast number of people in the making of articles



COTTON PLANTATIONS AT NING-PO.

for the foreign markets. The transportation of these goods, also, gave work to a large number who moved them, in some cases thousands of miles, by the primitive methods known to the Chinese. But, while certain ones of the masses received this with pleasure, it was looked upon with unqualified disapproval by those in high positions, and the revenue accruing from this output was set down by them as tribute from the several nations, who were filed in the records of the Middle Kingdom as vassals to the Chinese empire!

Still there is a dark side to this picture, reflecting no glory upon Great Britain or America, so that the shadow of imperial greatness occupying

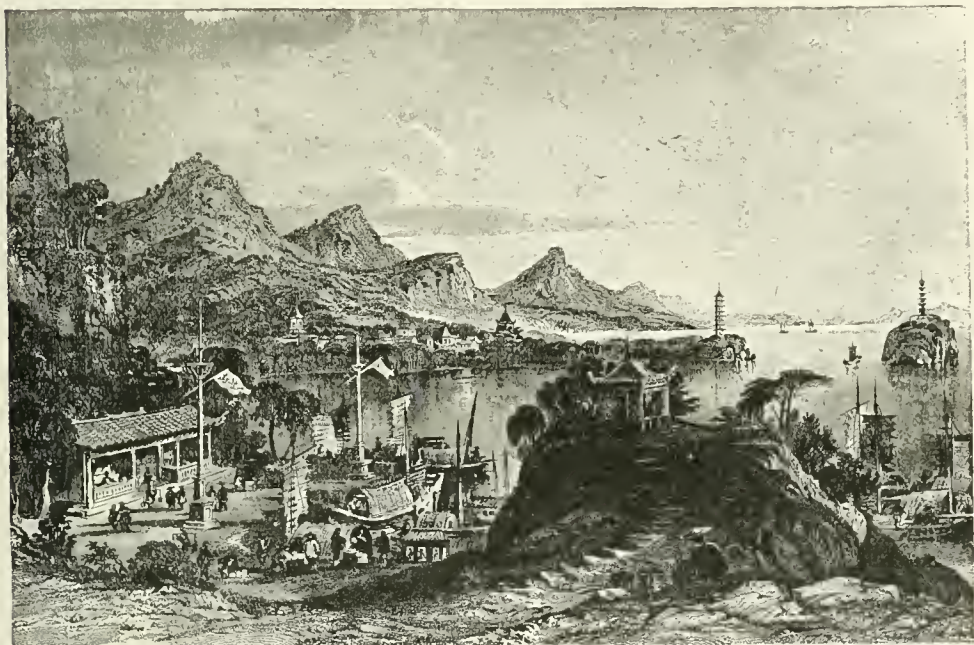
the throne of the oldest empire on earth had reason to become concerned. Along with the legitimate trade came an evil that grew in magnitude, until it threatened the ruin of the race. This was the traffic in the unlawful drug, opium. To Great Britain belongs the lion's share of the blame and the shame. British India proved well adapted to raising the poppy, and in that country's eagerness for a market the drug was sent into China until the emperor was compelled to issue an edict against its introduction. This checked its entrance through one avenue to send it through another with increased rapidity and volume. When the legitimate trader was compelled to end his transactions, the smuggler stepped in to carry on the infamous work in a more doubtful manner.

Under the pretence of its being used for medicine, two hundred chests of opium were allowed entrance into the ports of China annually. Of the vast number entered otherwise there is no record, though the aggregate must have reached an appalling figure. The East India Company, then holding a controlling interest in the Asiatic trade, quickly followed the Portuguese in this money-making scheme. The plains of India were particularly adapted to raising the poppy, though it was sure to leave them sterile, and there were countless people depending on these grounds for their food; but these two facts were ignored in the prospect of the gold to be obtained in this unholy traffic. Accordingly, the order was given for the people to begin poppy planting, and the poppy and the company flourished, while the inhabitants of one country suffered for needed food, and those of the other from a deadly drug, which was to work such frightful results. The British government succeeded the East India Company, and continued the miserable business. This was the tea party of the Far East, with poppy as the upas plant. Some years ago, as the foreign inhabitants of a Chinese city were driven out under the threat of death, the cry followed them like the sentence of a judge long deferred: "You burned our summer palace; you killed our emperor; you poison our people; you are foreign devils!"

Something of the proportions assumed by this traffic may be inferred from the fact that over fifty craft in 1840, flying the British and American flags, were plying this trade on Canton River alone, while elsewhere it was carried on with an energy worthy of a better cause. The Chinese

officials, in their desperation, undertook more severe measures to suppress the trade. Some of the boats were seized, but they were all so heavily armed and defended with such stubbornness that the revenue officers soon refused to meddle with them.

Naturally such a sweeping progress must soon or late meet with some sort of a resistance. Opium traffic had become so widespread that even Chinese in high positions, as high as princes, became associated with it. Finally a resolute commissioner was sent from Peking to Canton to stop



THE POLO TEMPLE, TAI-HOU.

the business at all hazards. The foreigners were peremptorily ordered to give up all of the drug in their hands, and to sign a paper not to bring any more on penalty of death. In the fright which followed over twelve hundred chests of opium were given up to the commissioner. Armed with the full power of the Chinese government, and having information that far larger quantities were in their possession, this official took active measures to cut off the food supply of the foreign settlers, until every ounce in their hands should be turned over to the Chinese authorities. Realising that nothing could be gained by holding out against this, the superintendent of British commerce ordered that the demand should be met.

The result was that within ten hours over twenty thousand chests were given up.

When the faithful commissioner had sent word to Peking what he had done, the reply came back for him to destroy every ounce of the drug. This order was carried out by mixing lime and salt water with the opium and then running the whole mass into the river. The loss to the foreigners was claimed to be over ten millions of dollars, and it aroused fierce and bitter feelings. This was in 1839, and the following year the



MANDARIN PAYING A VISIT OF CEREMONY.

British government sent word to Captain Elliott, in command at Canton, to declare war if China did not indemnify for the loss of property. With her usual indifference to outside demands, China did not offer to settle, and in 1841 the port of Canton was blockaded by the British, followed by a bombardment of the fort. Finding this did not have the desired effect, other places were blockaded. The town of Ting-hai was taken, and the armed fleet moved up the river, capturing fort after fort, until the now alarmed Chinese ransomed their city for six million dollars.

Still the emperor, without realising the actual strength of the power he was silently defying, remained inactive, while the fleet again moved,

this time northward, capturing Amoy, Chin-hai, Ning-po, and then Cha-pu, where the British met the fiercest fighters of the campaign, the Tartars of Manchuria. Finding themselves worsted at last, these valiant defenders killed their wives and children, and ended their own careers by suicide. The forts at the mouth of the Yangtse Kiang were seized, Shanghai captured, and Nankin, the ancient capital, threatened. Here a most desperate resistance was made by the Manchu soldiers, of whom, out of a force of nearly five thousand, less than five hundred escaped with their lives.

At last the eyes of the emperor were opened to the peril of his situation, and he hastened to agree to a treaty of peace, among the stipulations being an agreement to pay the British government twenty-one million dollars, and to open to British trade the five important ports of Canton, Amoy, Foo-chow, Ning-po, and Shanghai, while the island upon which Hong-kong is situated was ceded to them.

One of the results of this war, which was waged solely for the purpose of forcing upon China a drug that in its evils was not to be measured, was to bring other foreign nations forward in a demand to receive equal advantages with their British neighbour. In 1844 the United States obtained a treaty of commerce, and from that time has maintained a friendly intercourse. It has been remarked that some of the vessels engaged in the opium traffic carried American flags, but this country did not become involved in the war, and at a later day forbade her traders to sell opium in China. There was one firm whose name deserves to be placed on record as refusing to allow a chest of opium to be carried on their ships from first to last, — Messrs. Oliphant & Company.

Before dismissing this subject of the opium war, it is only just to admit that the Chinese had long been addicted to the use of the drug. Sir Robert Hart, the inspector-general of the Chinese customs, has said: "Native opium was known, produced, and used long before any Europeans began the sale of the foreign drug along the coast." Opium trade with India was begun by the Portuguese, though this is no excuse for another race to take it up.

The origin of the use of the drug is explained by Chinese writers, who do not deny that in ancient days the people were greatly addicted to drinking stimulating liquor. As far back as 116 B.C. the downfall of

the empire was predicted by an imperial announcement unless the people cured themselves of the vice of drink. Strong threats and penalties were uttered against those who were prone to the evil, and the emperor went on to say to his officials, "If you learn of any who drink in company, seize them all and send them to me, and I will put them to death." The "Shoo-king," or book of ancient history, and the "Shee-king," or book of early poetry, both frequently refer to the evil results of drinking wine and stimulating liquors. Even farther back than this it must have



A CHINESE JUNK, CANTON RIVER.

existed to an alarming extent, for the writings of Confucius and Mencius, 478 and 388 B. C., respectively, contain frequent warnings against the habit. In fact, the love of play and drink, to the neglect of filial duties, seems to have been one of the greatest sins from which they tried to save their followers.

A great check came to this national evil upon the introduction of the Buddhist religion into China. But if this religion could stop in a great measure this form of weakness, it could not allay the human thirst for stimulant of some kind. Buddhism did not forbid the use of opium, and the Chinaman who laid aside his drinking glass simply substituted the

pipe. Whether the change were a benefit to him it is not for us to judge. Certainly there is not a race on earth, as far as our knowledge goes, who can reasonably fling the first stone. Opium was cheaper and more convenient than the wines and liquors he had been drinking, and he represents a race poor and avaricious by nature. The results obtained by the drug seem in such wonderful harmony with the Buddhist scheme of Nirvana that it is not altogether improbable that one suggested the other. The influence of the drug is of that nature which causes the poor man



VILLAGE ON THE CANAL NEAR CANTON.

to lose sight of his poverty, and become insensible to the pangs of disease. Even in dreams he is for the time being lord of a beautiful palace, and though temporarily, he has found that Nirvana, the desire and end of all good Buddhists. If the awakening shows him the passing of an illusion, he has only to repeat his experiment.

Of course government made from the first strenuous efforts to stop the use of opium, though without avail. It began to be raised in China as soon as there was a demand for it, and at the present time it is extensively cultivated in the provinces of Yunnan, Szechuan, Manchuria, and Mongolia. The amount grown in the Chinese empire equals that

raised in the whole of Hindustan. The trouble is that the Indian poppy is superior to that produced in China, and the Chinaman who can afford it will have the former if possible.

In regard to the effect of the use of the drug, there is no doubt that this has been overstated. The examples taken for warning were those of the very worst type. The Indian opium in its unadulterated form does not seem to have done any alarming harm, notwithstanding all that has been said. The sensational writer who has pictured so vividly the opium "den," would do well to look nearer home before he condemns a whole race, which has shown itself to be one of the hardiest and most industrious on earth. It has been said that the poppy creates paupers, but there is no real proof of this statement. In reality, as incongruous as it may seem, a Chinaman's remarkable industry is the worst enemy to his progress. He is too willing to do sixteen hours of work for six hours' pay. In short, the use of opium can be stopped at any time the person using it wishes, as truly as the habit of tobacco smoking can be ended. It does not demoralise more than the use of intoxicating drinks; neither is it a worse enemy to long life and happiness than intemperance. On the other hand, the benefits arising from its use are equal to, if not greater, than those coming from alcohol. The Chinese prescribe opium for various ailments, such as neuralgia, rheumatism, cold in the head, colic, cancer, asthma, pulmonary consumption,—a remedy which has quick effect without leaving any of the bad after results following the American use of opiates. Lord Lansdowne, Viceroy of India, probably stated a truth when he said: "If a stroke of a pen were to deprive us of opium revenue to-morrow, the consumption of the drug would continue in spite of us, and it is as much beyond our power to put an end to the use of opium in India and China as it would be beyond the power of the friends of temperance in England to put absolute stop to the consumption of intoxicating liquors in that country." Both are great evils which are likely to exist until man shall be able to command his appetites.

The old saying, "that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good," was proved true in the case of China, for in spite of the bitter humiliation she suffered, the empire was benefited in the matter of foreign intercourse. But the reign of peace was of short duration, as it was broken in 1856 through the seizure of a native vessel bearing the flag of Great Britain.



PAGODA AT NINGPO.

For this indignity against their national standard the British demanded an apology. This was refused. Again Canton was bombarded and her forts destroyed. The French this time joined with the English, and, finding her fleet of war-ships disabled and Canton in the hands of her enemies, China, who had not forgotten the opium war, consented to allow the foreigners greater privileges. But the victors were not satisfied with the request to treat at Canton, and asked that it be done at the imperial capital. Their fleets sailed to Tien-tsin, the port of Peking, situated at



THE SPECTACLE OF "THE SUN AND MOON."

the mouth of the Pei-Ho. Russia and the United States agreed to enter into the proposed treaty, but started to go to the capital overland, while the British and French resolved to take their ships up the river. In consequence, they became entangled in an encounter with the Chinese, and suffered a humiliating defeat. The incensed powers now decided to carry war to the very capital of the Middle Kingdom, and the proceedings for the treaty of peace were abruptly ended.

The following year fighting was begun in earnest by the allied powers, when again the brave soldiers of the north showed their valour in a hotly contested battle. For the first time the bold Tartars matched their

bows, arrows, and spears against modern implements of warfare, to find at last a foeman more than worthy of their prowess. The explosion of a shell in their midst sent the dashing cavalry flying in every direction. The way was soon cleared to the imperial capital, upon which the officers of the allies gazed for the first time by climbing upon the tops of some brick kilns overgrown with grass.

An attack was made on the 5th of October, 1860, by the allied armies simultaneously from two points, and, though the Chinese made a desperate resistance, the result was swift and inevitable. The emperor, upon hearing of the swift and destructive advance of the allied forces toward his capital, instead of remaining to meet them at the head of his army, sought safety by flying to the imperial pleasure-ground.

Upon finding that the feeble representative of Chinese power had fled, the British and French hastened with all speed possible to the summer palace, a walled enclosure standing a few miles north of Peking, hoping to catch the imperial fugitive there. But he had gone from here to that grand enclosure on the edge of the wide-spreading plains of Tartary and outside of the Great Wall, which has been described as it was in the days of Kublai.

The summer palace had been left in charge of some three hundred eunuchs, who had been instructed by their cowardly emperor "to make a gallant defence." The eunuchs did make a short and sharp resistance at the gate, but the French speedily put them to rout, and the sacred entrance to the imperial grounds, where only the "sublime ruler" and a few faithful followers had ever been allowed to pass, was now trodden by the sacrilegious feet of the foreign invaders. What the feelings of these victorious "barbarians" were, as their spurred heels clanked on the marble floor before the emperor's "divine throne," can only be imagined. How strangely their foreign tongues must have echoed through the great palace hall where silence had reigned so long, and where only silent attendants had crept with bowed form and cringing spirit to do homage to the austere "Brother of the Sun and Moon," is left for the imagination to picture.

In describing the imperial scene Swinhoe has said: "The emperor is seated on his ebony throne, attired in a yellow robe wrought over with dragons in gold thread, his head surmounted with a spherical crown of

gold and precious stones, with pearl drops suspended around on light gold chains. His eunuchs and ministers, in court costume, are ranged on either side on their knees, and his guard of honour and musicians drawn up in two lines in the courtyard without. The name of the distinguished person to be introduced is called out, and as he approaches the band strikes up. He draws near the awful throne, and, looking on the ground, drops on his knees before the central steps. He removes his hat from his head, and places it on the throne floor with its peacock feather

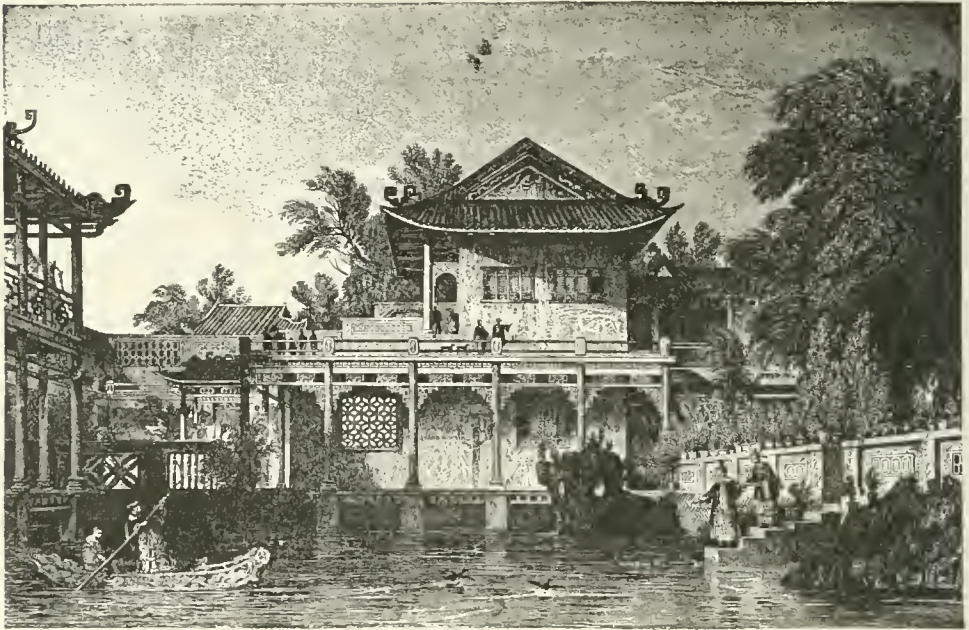


CITY OF NING-PO, FROM THE RIVER.

toward the imperial donor. The emperor moves his hand, and down goes the humble head, and the forehead strikes on the step three times three. The head is then raised, but the eyes are still meekly lowered, as the imperial voice in thrilling accents pronounces the behest of the great master. The voice hushed, down goes the head again, and acknowledges the sovereign right, and the privileged individual is allowed to withdraw." The scene described is not imaginary, but warranted by the accounts of the natives.

In the place of this imperial vanity was now a scene of wild disorder and ruin. The rare treasures of the absent emperor were divided between

the leaders of the invading soldiery, that they might be sent as gifts to their royal rulers. General Montauban ordered that no looting should follow their capture until the British had reached the scene. But the temptation surrounding them proved too much for the cupidity of officers as well as soldiers, so that before their allies reached the palace the miserable work of despoliation and plunder had begun. Upon the arrival of the British on the 7th all restrictions were removed, and what the



A FOUNTAIN COURT IN CANTON.

invaders could not carry off was destroyed, and finally the magnificent building itself was given over to the torch.

From the descriptions given of the place by those who were present, we learn that the sacred enclosure covered a broad extent of territory, and contained, scattered over hills and valleys, many of the former made by man, palaces, temples, and pagodas, set amid gardens of great beauty and luxury. Some of the artificial hills with terraced slopes were from three to four hundred feet in altitude and covered with forests, from amid the foliage of which gleamed the palace roofs, made conspicuous by their bright yellow tiles. An artificial lake having several islands was not least among the attractions, the shores of this set with grottoes and

gardens of flowers, with flowering creepers running to the water's edge, making one of the emperor's favourite walks. In places the promenade was laid across beautiful stone arches and terraces built over the water. This scene of mimic grandeur was made doubly glorious by the background of high mountains.

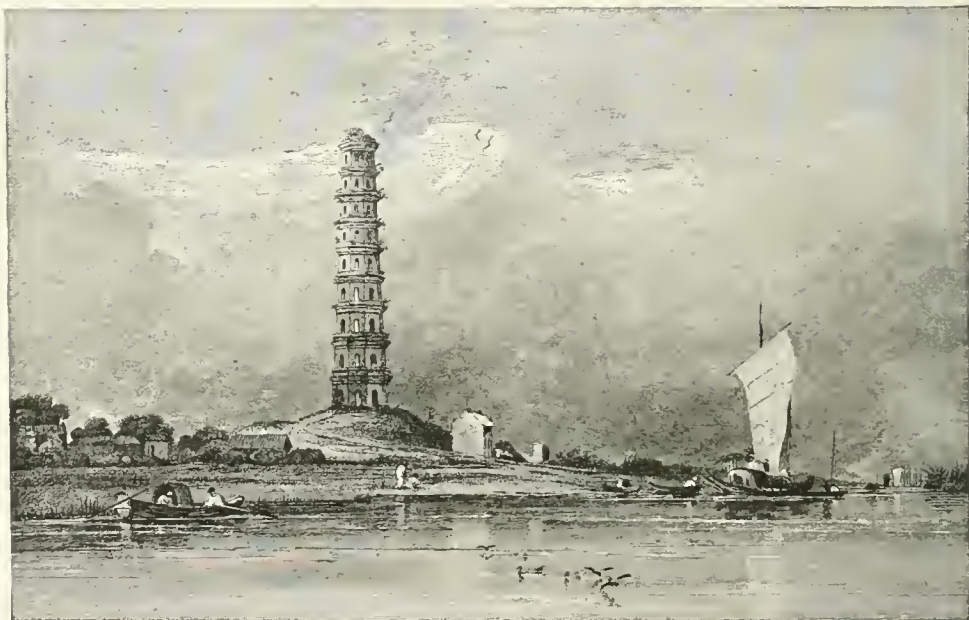
From the work of desolation done here the allied armies headed again for the imperial capital, and on the 12th, as the besiegers stood at the Anting gate waiting to know if the Chinese would surrender peacefully or force them to an attack, word came that the officials of the doomed capital had chosen to yield without resistance. Immediately the British and French marched through the gate with drums beating and flags flying, while the Chinese retreated in dismay.

In answer to the demand for a release of all foreign prisoners, the Chinese surrendered several persons whom they had been holding in captivity, and the bodies of a few others. The pitiable condition of the living and the evidence of suffering which had caused the untimely fate of the dead so aroused the British spectators that only the solemn pledge that the safety of the city should be maintained upon the condition of capitulation saved Peking from being ravaged by the frenzied soldiers. As it was, in spite of the advice and example of the French, their wrath was hurled upon the suburbs, which they claimed were not included in the terms of surrender made at the gate. A vandalism was begun too shocking to be described. "Soon flames appeared above the devoted structures, and long columns of smoke rose to the sky, increasing in width and density as the day waned, until the canopy of smoke hung like a vast storm-cloud over Peking, and the sorrowful eyes of those on the walls saw the flashing fire, that told of the swift destruction of what it had taken centuries to build." The work of destruction and pillage went on for two shameful days, which it would be better for Great Britain to efface, were it possible, from the pages of her history. It was estimated that property to the enormous value of over ten million dollars was destroyed.

It was useless for the Chinese to murmur, and the humiliated power was forced to accept the inevitable with as good grace as possible. Lord Elgin gave the distracted emperor a fixed time in which to sign the treaty for which they had come hither, or else to suffer the consequence

of seeing the palace of Pekin seized, and the Forbidden City razed to the ground.

There was no alternative for the Chinese, and they sued humbly for the cessation of hostilities. To show his triumph, the arrogant Lord Elgin was conveyed in a magnificent sedan-chair to the treaty hall at the head of eighty thousand British soldiers, and then borne by a party of coolies through all of the principal streets of Pekin, watched by the Chinese with amazement and terror. This was on the 24th of October,



CHINESE PAGODA, BETWEEN CANTON AND WHAMPOA.

1860, and, at the completion of the treaty, the Chinese tendered a banquet to the victors, which was declined by the British, who dared not trust them, fearing the food might be poisoned. The French, however, accepted a similar offer, and fared none the worse for it, while winning thereby the confidence of their hosts.

It will thus be seen that from the beginning to this important treaty the introduction of Europe to China had not been such as to gain either the confidence or the friendship of the Celestials. But if a rude awakening, from that eventful day in October China began to be known to the rest of the world. Thirteen years later, in 1873, when the emperor

Tung-chi attained his majority, he revoked the decree demanding the kotow, so that foreign ambassadors were at last allowed the freedom accorded by other rulers when coming into the imperial presence, thus acknowledging them his equal. The representative of Japan was first favoured in this respect, while the United States came next, and then Russia, Great Britain, France, and the Netherlands.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE TAIPING REBELLION.

ALTHOUGH an agricultural people and not a fighting race, never seeking the glamour of battle and the music of arms as the Japanese have done, the Chinese have a history written in crimson characters, each page filled with the killing of people by the wholesale, until it would seem to the modern reader as if the slaughter of helpless men, women, and children was carried on as a pastime. According to the custom of those warlike days few victories failed to be followed by the death of so many of the conquered people that the depopulation of the country seemed inevitable. Add to these startling numbers the appalling loss of life from epidemics, disease, and disasters, and only one result appears in view, and that the ultimate disappearance of the race. Not only in scattered regions of the great country have villages, towns, and cities been swept out of existence, leaving no trace to speak of their unhappy fate, but, says Colonel W. W. Rockhill, an American who has lived many years in China, "so bitter and relentless has been the spirit of the conquerors, that whole provinces of the Chinese Empire once densely populated now are little more than deserts." As an illustration of this terrible work of desolation, it is said that in the early part of the fifteenth century the nephew of Hung Wu, the founder of the Ming dynasty, made such a raid through what was then known as the Yen province, that he is credited with putting to death every person in his pathway. The extent of this horrible slaughter of human lives, whose only crime was the fact that they belonged to the following of one prince at war with another, may be better understood when it is taken into consideration that this depopulated district stretched from the Yangtse Kiang to Pekin, a distance of more than five hundred miles through the richest plains of the Far East. This fearful act of retribution went into history as "Yen Wang's sweeping the north," and to restore this large tract of country emigration from other parts of the empire was made



THE FRENCH CONCESSION, SHANGHAI.

imperative, and hence a great number of people from the southern provinces were settled over the depopulated country. In spite of this remorseless warfare upon human life, the million of people with whom history begins has multiplied and compounded, until to-day the population of the empire has increased four hundred fold.

Chinese justice is founded upon Chinese ideals of what is right and wrong. This must always be borne in mind when judging the race, in order to reach anything like a just comparison. We have seen that the history of the empire is made up largely of insurrections and rebellions, one faction against another, and all against the emperor in the end. So long as the head of the government ruled with what his subjects considered wisdom and humanity he was sure of ardent supporters, but as soon as he incurred their displeasure or doubt his couch was a bed of thorns. In this



BUDDHIST WOMEN AT THEIR DEVOTIONS.

respect the Chinese were different from the Japanese, who never admitted that their emperor was in error. The machinery of the government might not be working right, but, however heavy fell its burdens, it was the fault of its lower officials, and not that of its sacred head.

It was under this spirit of dissatisfaction with the old régime that the Chinese submitted to be governed by the Manchu dynasty. This line began by meriting their favour, and for several generations displayed great wisdom and strength. Then, like those that had preceded it, the

line weakened, going rapidly from bad to worse. It was at its worst in the middle of the nineteenth century. In the midst of wide-spread murmurings of dissensions and rebellions the emperor died, leaving his son ill-prepared and little disposed to check the general uprisings, and



CHINESE LADIES IN FOREIGN DRESS.

the result was that a youth professing to belong to the Ming dynasty was proclaimed ruler.

He had barely ascended the throne before rebellion broke out that was to prove in many ways the strongest, most vital in its aims, and certainly the most remarkable in the long list of attempted revolutions. It was the strongest because led by one of the ablest men that China ever knew; it was the most powerful because it was a religious revolt, which means more in China than

in any other land; it was the strangest because it was a Christian insurrection headed by a disciple of Confucius, who claimed to have found through dreams special inspiration from Christ.

This powerful religious leader was the son of a simple peasant living in a suburb of Canton. His name was Hung Su-tseuen, who declared that for forty days in succession he had dreamed that he was called upon

to tear down the idols of his people and teach them the true God. He did not act at once, however, but the idea seemed to sleep until he accidentally ran across a pamphlet containing several chapters from the New Testament. Upon reading this, he exclaimed that he was the chosen one of God to spread the light of his religion over benighted China.

Among the first to be converted to his belief was one named Fung Yun-san, who soon proved to be just the man he needed to help carry on his work, the new convert proving himself to be a great soldier. The two, working together, immediately began a religious tour of the country, making believers wherever they went. The officials became alarmed at the great number of their people renouncing the time-honoured doctrines of their ancestors, and resolved to strike a prompt blow at this new creed which aimed at a destruction of the idols, in which resolve they were quickly seconded by the priests, who foresaw their own loss of support if these evangelists of doctrines so foreign to their own were not checked. Accordingly, many of the disciples of Hung Su-tseuen were arrested and thrown into prison, among the others Fung Yun-san. But this course of action failed to gain the object intended, as it aroused the people to renewed interest in the coming creed. Fung Yun-san even converted his captors, and made proselytes of the very soldiers sent to guard him!

Then the religious uprising took a strange twist. Many of Hung's converts were bitterly opposed to the Manchu dynasty, and this fact, coupled with the powerful religious excitement, caused a more rapid increase of the movement than before. Taking advantage of this situation, Hung now declared himself an agent sent from heaven to overpower the Tartar rulers, to establish a Chinese emperor on the throne, and to install the Christian religion in the temples of the land.

The wildest invasion in the history of the empire was then begun by the army of Hung, commanded by Fung Yun-san, who swept down the Yangtse Kiang, carrying everything before him. It was the custom of the insurgents to kneel before going into battle and to pray to God for success, after which they would spring to arms with a fury and fanaticism that even the Tartars could not cope with successfully. Everywhere the imperial troops were routed, until the whole empire became filled with dismay or frenzied rejoicing. Nothing like it had ever been seen in China. The victors observed the Sabbath with religious zeal, and the

doom of the ancient faith seemed certain. Europeans, who met these followers of Christianity, were treated with the highest friendship, and looked upon as "brothers," fellow worshippers of "Yesu," or Jesus.

Hung marched his victorious army over a thousand miles, conquering every city and town in his pathway, to pause finally at Wu-chang. From



DICE-PLAYERS, NEAR AMOY.

this place he marched upon the ancient capital of the empire, Nankin, which fell into his hands. Here he established his capital, proclaiming himself emperor under the title of Teen Wang, or "Heavenly King." The dynasty thus attempted he named the "Taiping," which meant "Brotherhood of the People."

From this standpoint the insurgents pushed out north and south,—south as far as Indo-China, the four great cities of Central China falling

into their power; north as far as Peking, Tien-tsin being occupied by them at the time of the march of the British and French upon Peking. It will thus be seen that the Manchu dynasty had this mighty uprising on hand at the time of the second war with Great Britain. In reality it was largely due to this fact that the imperial city fell such an easy prey to the allied powers.

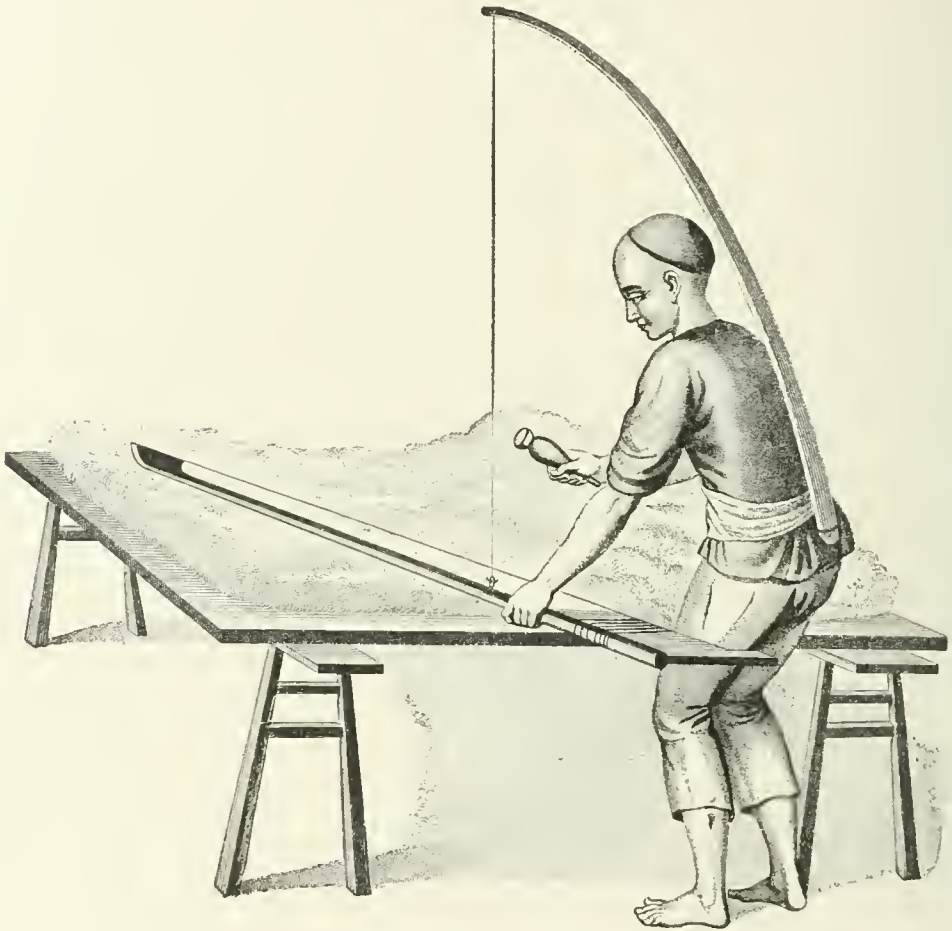
As strange as it may seem, the capture of the Manchu capital by the allied armies proved a worse blow to the Taiping revolutionists than it



KITE - FLYING.

did to the enfeebled Tartars. This was due to the fact that these foreign conquerors ignored the professions of Hung and his followers that they believed in the Christian faith, and that of all the mobs of China this was the only one likely to allow the incoming strangers a friendly reception, and to be willing to build up a trade with them. The little matter of trade in the illicit drug, opium, seemed to bear more weight with the allies than all else, as shameful as this seems in the light of later developments. The Taiping government at Nankin had shown the moral courage to try and put down this miserable traffic, and its emperor issued an order

to seize all Chinese vessels laden with the drug. Then the British ships treated the Taiping junks as pirates, and in the bloody scenes that followed, British sailors and soldiers mingled freely with the combined forces of the Chinese and the French, who favoured the import of the drug. The British participated in over forty battles and massacres, in which,



CLEANING COTTON.

as nearly as can be estimated, over four hundred thousand Chinese Christians were killed! In all that terrible riot of fighting and famine caused by the war two million of Taipings died of starvation.

In reality, the overthrow of the Taipings was due mainly to the untiring efforts and military genius of two men, one of whom was an American and the other an Englishman, the second winning undying fame from his countrymen through that campaign as "Chinese Gordon," the first,

long since forgotten by his countrymen, and now sleeping beneath a magnificent mausoleum at Ning-po, where the grateful Chinese have erected a shrine to his memory, which is kept fresh by ever-burning incense.

The American's name was Frederick Townsend Ward, and he was a



THE STOCKING - MAKER.

native of Salem, Massachusetts. He happened to be in Shanghai at the height of the Taiping outbreaks, and he saw at once that the Chinese army needed greater discipline in order to effect the overthrow of the rebels. He offered his services to the British, who did not look favourably upon him, and laughed at his offer to capture the Chinese cities from

the insurrectionists at so much each. But Ward had early opportunity to prove the worth of his promises.

Shanghai was in danger of an attack, and the merchants resolved to form a foreign regiment to be in readiness to meet the rebels. Mr. Ward and another American adventurer named Burgevine were selected to do the recruiting. The latter was a native of the State of North Carolina, whose father had been an officer under Napoleon; he himself was well educated and a man of great ability, though he had thrown away the bright prospects of his life to become a wanderer over the world. It seemed natural that he should be in China at this time.

Ward and he quickly mustered the foreigners to meet the enemy, and the impatient couple, soon tiring of waiting for the foe to come to them, marched upon Ning-po and captured the city from the undisciplined troops of the "Heavenly King." Fired with the enthusiasm of this victory, Ward began to increase his little army with Chinese recruits, and possessing a natural military tact, began to drill his soldiers. Of course he was still laughed at, but he persevered so well that from his ridiculous file of raw recruits he evolved the army which was to become famous the world over. Then he set to work retaking the cities in the hands of the rebels, and so successful was he that in a short time he was offered more followers than he needed. The people looked on with amazement when they found him victorious against ten times his numbers, and his troops became known as the "Ever-victorious Army," though it must be understood that he was coping with one of the bravest and most skilful generals China ever had. In the midst of the following stirring scenes General Fung Yun-san made his memorable march of five hundred miles over the mountains of Kwangsi in order to save an imperilled town. But though a brave soldier, he lacked the ability to train his men that Ward had.

General Ward had now about six thousand men under him, and he was following up victory after victory, when at the moment of triumph, as the imperial standard was being planted on the works of a small town in the vicinity of Hangchow named Tseki, he was killed by a random shot.

The death of General Ward was a serious loss to the imperial army, which under his command was likely to end the Taiping rebellion in a

Chinese Artillerists Working a Krupp Gun



short time. His body was borne to Ning-po with all the reverence due a great warrior, and to this day his shrine is daily visited by pious Chinese, who look upon him as next to Confucius, the noblest of men.



POLICEMAN AND PRISONER.

Having once served in the French army, and having at another time, during the affair of the *Trent*, prevented the British from seizing some American ships in Chinese waters, he incurred the dislike of the English and thus received but scant praise. There is no doubt that he deserved far more credit than he has ever been accorded.

With the death of General Ward the command of the "Ever-victorious Army" fell to Burgevine, who failed to lead with the success of the former. He soon got into disputes with Li Hung Chang, the governor of Kwang-su, and was ingloriously dismissed in January, 1863. Two others as unsuccessful succeeded him, when Charles Gordon, a young man of thirty, who had just been breveted major, was given command of the army built up by Ward. Again victory perched upon its banner, city after city fell before its invincible attacks, until at last "Chinese" Gordon stormed the walls of the Taiping capital with his "Ever-victorious Army." Here the brave defenders of Chinese Christianity made their last stand; here for three days the streets were rivers of blood. The emperor, finding himself and his cause hopelessly lost, committed suicide, and the few of his followers who escaped fled to the mountains. Thus ended the most remarkable uprising that China ever knew in her long list of rebellions, but it fell only before foreign arms and foreign military prowess.

While there may have been many features in this rebellion objectionable to the foreigner, in it lay China's great and only hope of redemption from Manchu rule. Under the new régime what the future might have been no one could have safely forecast, but all the evidence tends to show that the empire was upon the tidal wave of a popular moral and political reform, which would have been of vast benefit to China and the world. But foreign intervention set the clock of Chinese progress back one hundred years. The truism uttered by its hero, Chinese Gordon, in the Sudan twenty years later applied as aptly here: "What a farce, if it did not deal with human lives!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

FOREIGN INFLUENCE.

THE foreign population had been growing faster than ever before, with a prospect that it was likely to increase at a still higher rate in the years to come, when the Boxer uprising gave it a positive check for an indefinite time.

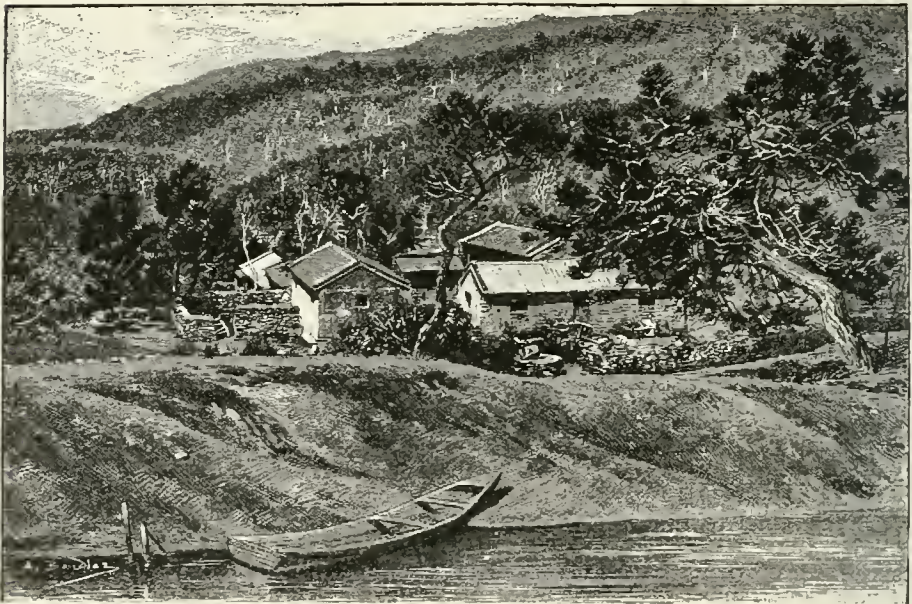
The most trustworthy figures give the number of foreigners in China as follows: British, 5,562; Japanese, 2,440; Americans, 2,335; Russians, 1,621; Portuguese, 1,423; French, 1,183; Germans, 1,134, with seven other nationalities represented at a smaller percentage, the entire number swelling the foreign population to a little over 17,000 people. It will be seen that America ranks third in the list as regards numbers, although in the matter of trade it stands at the head, with a promising outlook for the future.

The percentage of the native population of China in the country as compared to the numbers in the cities is not far from seventy-five per cent. of the whole. But the Chinese never know, or if knowing will never acknowledge, the number of inhabitants in any given section. Their answer is invariably, "It may be many," "Who can tell?" or some such indefinite reply.

In reality, the estimate of the population of the Chinese Empire is a guess, pure and simple. It is true desultory attempts have been made to verify these estimates in certain districts, but not with any degree of thoroughness. A single case will do for an example. Immediately after public relief in one of the famine-stricken districts, in 1878, an imaginary circle was drawn around a centre for the distance of twenty li, a li being equal to about one-third of an English mile. Within this radius were 150 villages or hamlets, and the total population contained within the area was estimated to be sixty thousand, counting eighty families to a village, and five persons to a family. This made the average for the district 531 persons to the square mile, which is a fraction higher

than the average per mile for Belgium, the most thickly populated country in Europe. But as quite a portion of this territory is uninhabited, this estimate is not accepted as very accurate. In fact, this manner of computing a population is always open to grave suspicions of error. Another estimate made in this way for a circular area produced the startling figures of 2,129 persons to the square mile, and it was made, too, by a conservative statistician.

Granting the approximate correctness of these footings, there are thou-



CHINESE FARM ON THE AMUR RIVER.

sands of square miles on the plains of northern China, and many more in the mountainous districts of Yunnan, where the population would drop to a low figure. Again, there is that large tract of country called Obi Desert, where comparatively few people live. To offset these there are the densely populated cities, where the second rating is not too high. Striking a rough average, we can safely calculate the population of China to be approximately four hundred millions.

From the beginning of missionary work in China, Christian schools have gone hand in hand with religious teachings. It has always been found difficult to win a Chinaman from the belief of his fathers, and thus the

child and wife have been appealed to first, in the order named. The children were taught the new language, and along with it the doctrines of Christ. The child was clothed in the dress of the Occident, so that the vanity of the pupil was touched as well as his intellectual faculties. The transformation was something wonderful in both cases. The mother was quick to see and understand the improvement in the matter of personal adornment, and she the more readily became a convert to this new creed, which afforded such a flattering renovation in outward appearance.

The religious convictions of the man, however, are more deeply rooted, and the scheme of religious redemption, which has worked so well thus far, suddenly meets with serious opposition when the husband is to be won over to the cause the wife has espoused. When the couple come to compare notes, grief and bitterness follow. He sees only wrong in this meddling with the spiritual examples of his fathers. She becomes firm in her devotion to the doctrine instilled into the minds of her children, and the couple, from living together in harmony, become estranged, and a bitterness comes into the heart which neither time nor association can eradicate.

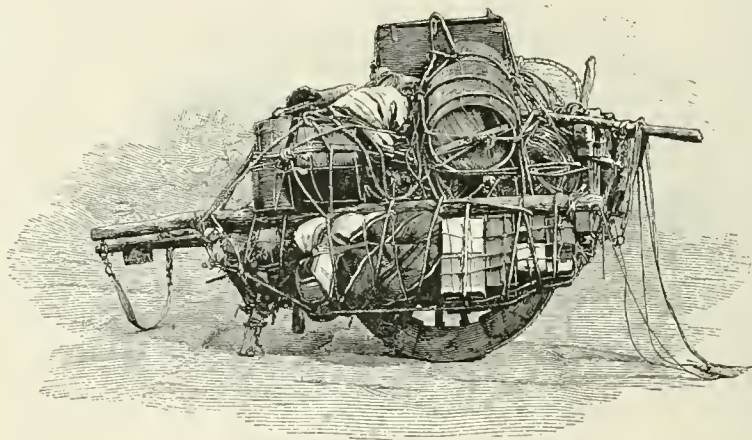
In this half-Christianised home the newcomer meets with his most bitter enemy. The man looks upon him as a wolf entered into his fold, who has not only stolen his lambs, but who has poisoned the mind of the companion of years. Truly there are two sides to this question, and the doubt will arise as to whether this was God's great plan.

From the mission schools many young men have gone, however, into positions of commercial and official trust, everywhere showing that they have been vastly benefited. Even the Chinese leaders, as loth as they are to acknowledge any good coming from a foreign source, have reluctantly admitted this truth. An imperial college, with the avowed purpose of educating young men in Western ideas of diplomacy, was established and continued with what might be considered flattering success. From this experimental beginning the Chinese government began to establish schools devoted entirely to the dissemination of Occidental education. The graduates of these schools began to translate and print foreign books, such as works on geography, astronomy, chemistry, physics, etc., to say nothing of religious works, and those treating of government. The desire to read and study these books quickly became a ruling passion,

and the presses of the empire were overtaxed in order to meet the demand.

Viceroy Chang Chih Tung, one of the noblest examples of progressive China, sought to have all the best books of the leading languages translated into Chinese, which called forth a storm of abuse from many of his people. He retorted by calling them "mossbacks" and "ancients," and the matter of printing large editions of books on good government, political economy, international law, and similar subjects, went bravely on.

With the multiplication of books came the telegraph, carrying messages



LOADED BARROW.

of news and business from one part of the empire to another. So gradually, and almost without realising it themselves, the Chinese adopted the customs, manners, education, and improvements of those whom they still delighted to style and to hate as "foreign devils."

Along with foreign books came a desire for foreign toys, goods, and Yankee inventions, so that the inland merchants, who penetrate with their heavy loads into the most remote districts of the interior, go laden largely with these wares, and they are found far from the seacoast as well as in the large cities. The emperor, as a boy, set the example by making of his palace a museum of inventions, intricate contrivances and miniature machinery of Occidental making. This amusement of his childhood turned his mind to mastering the English language and its literature.

Foreign influence entered China like a new key in a long unused lock, and turned at the sacrifice of whatever of governmental machinery and the rust of custom came in its way. No respect was shown to the empire's ancient institutions, already moss-covered when Alexander the Great halted his victorious army on the plains beyond its outer posts and dared not attempt an entrance, and when the prophet Isaiah wrote of the mysterious Middle Kingdom as the Land of Sinim.

There is a sublimity in the awakening of this giant Rip Van Winkle of



ENTRANCE GATE TO CONFUCIAN TEMPLE, CHING-HAI.

the Far East quite beyond the power of pen to describe. Even the Great Wall, built when Hannibal was fighting the Romans, could not longer protect him, any more than the cloak of philosophic superstition wrapped about his mighty form could conceal him from the gaze of the intruder. The massive wall must crumble, though the dust thrown up may envelop the people; the cloak must be torn aside, even if the skeleton underneath is exposed.

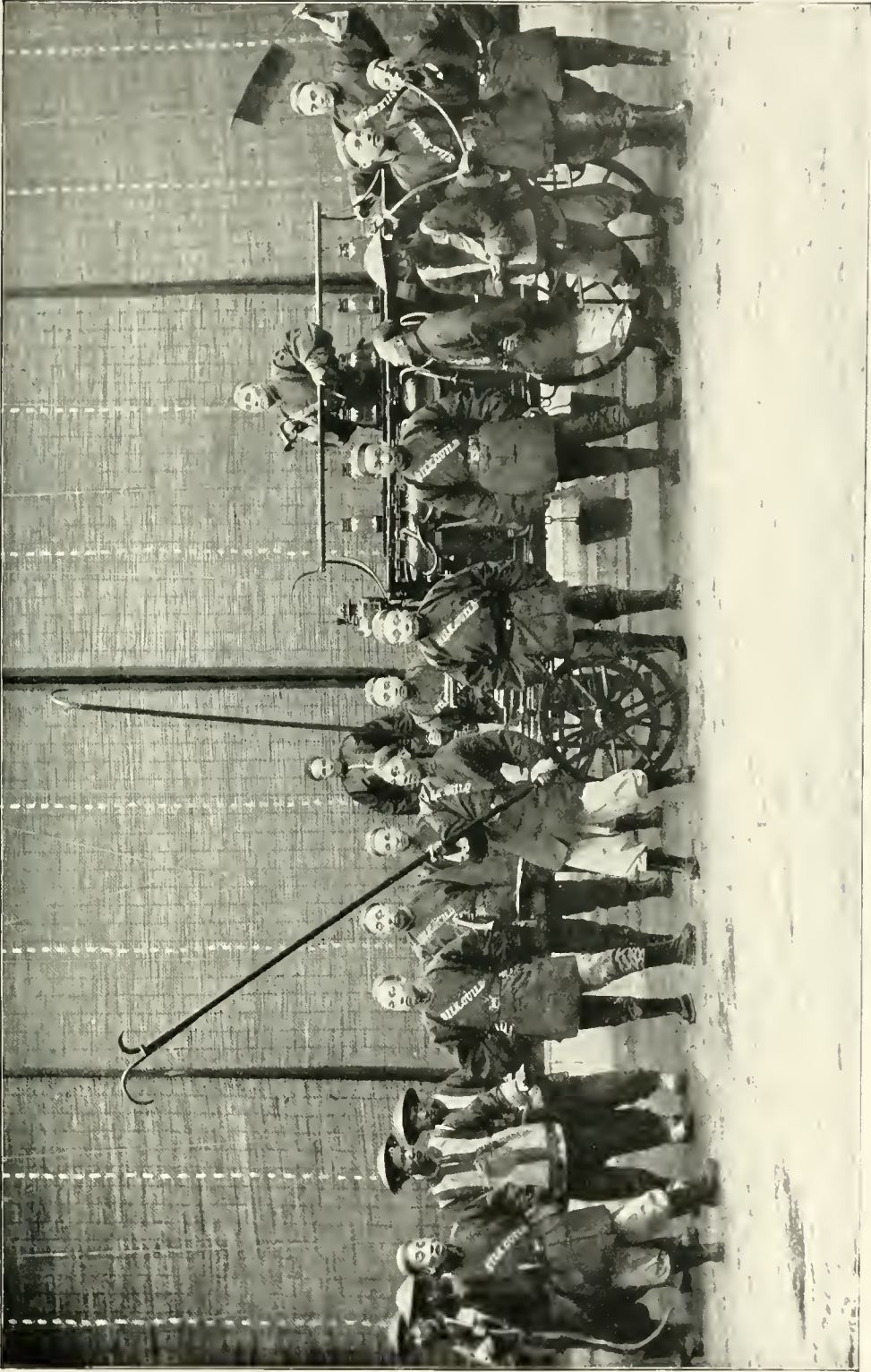
With his love for isolation the Chinaman nurtures a love for his native land which amounts to a passion. If the duties of life call him away from home and family ties, his supreme desire is that he may return to die amid

the scenes of his early days. The highest favour that he can do to one of his race is to see that his ashes are carefully taken back for burial in the ancestral cemetery, where they may lie beside those of his fathers. No other race can show an equal veneration for the sacred scenes of homeland.

But this veneration for native land must not be construed to mean a national spirit of patriotism. The very foundation upon which stand the Chinese ideas of power and unification of principle is antagonistic to this outcome. The code of ethics which regulates matters divine as well as human decides why an outgrowth of this kind is impossible. Not only is the high official expected to control matters of ordinary moment, but he is expected also to exercise dominion over those which are extraordinary. Thus the snow melting on the distant mountains may swell the rivers so that the latter carry death and desolation on their turbulent floods, as the rivers of China often do. That the changing season may have had anything to do with this is not taken into account by the aggrieved people. The governor should have seen that such a thing had not been allowed to come to pass. Immediately he is summoned before the viceroy to answer to the charge of having neglected his duties by allowing the swollen stream to run such a career! Does the offender attempt to prove his innocence in so grave a charge? No. Rather than to meet his accusers he resorts to suicide. In this way the honour of the chief official is maintained, and the people feel that justice has been obtained.

Of course it requires the mind of a Chinaman to comprehend the fineness of distinction existing here; his peculiar estimate placed upon the value of human life is necessary in order in the least to appreciate the inner workings of this form of official responsibility.

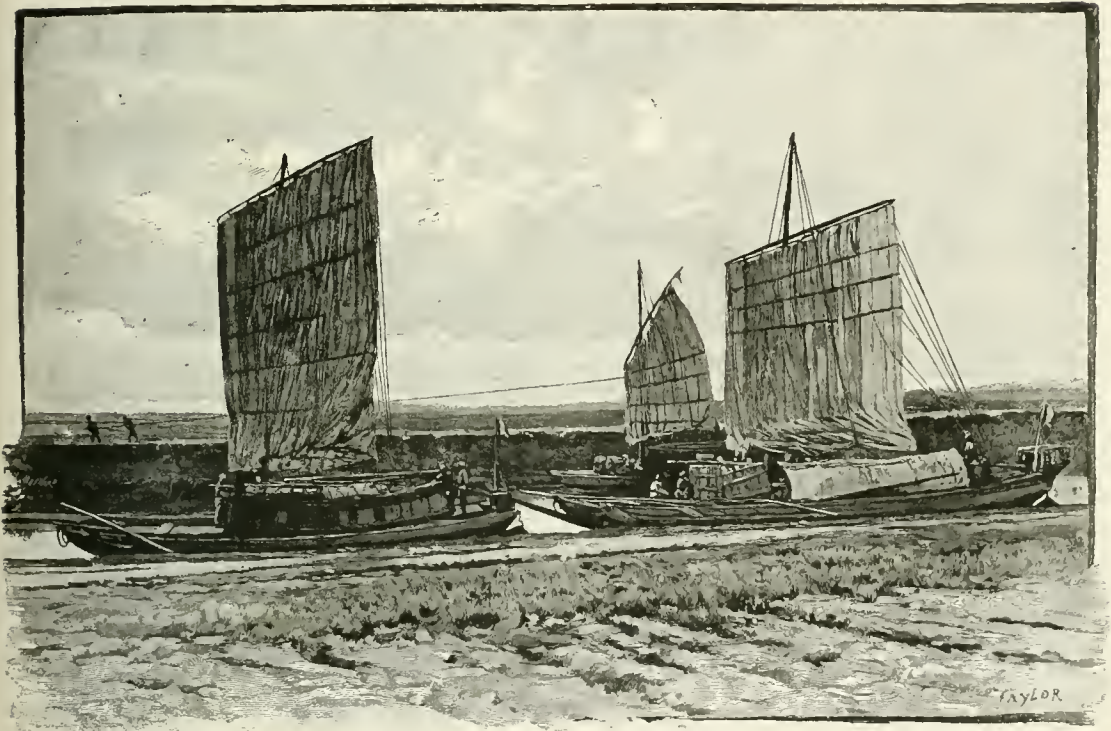
The most wonderful feature of this character is the fact that it is not the sudden outgrowth of recent influence, but is rather the changeless condition of more than forty centuries. This is the more remarkable when it is considered that time and again the race has met outside elements and foreign influences. It encountered opposition and contradicting characteristics from the aboriginal inhabitants of the soil that it made its homeland, but it moulded them to its own liking. Tartary since the very beginning has been constantly pouring into the great reservoir of the immutable race a stream of new blood filled with the bright globules of revolution,



CHINESE FIREMEN.

but which has never failed to assimilate with the sluggish current of the Celestial body. The best blood of India has mingled with its tide and become a part of it without leaving a trace of its passage. The races of the west and the south became absorbed by this yellow dragon.

That inspiration which is stronger than blood, because it springs from the soul, religion, has been sent like an evangel to lighten the hearts of the people, without reaping the harvest which usually follows its sowing.



CANAL-BOATS ON THE RIVER PEI-HO.

Wherever else Buddhism swept over Asia it created new idealism, raised new standards of thought, and revolutionised the conditions of men. In China it was spread only in name. The Chinaman seized upon it, as he does upon everything else, only to mould it to his own peculiar and ancient ideals. Confucius had established his code of thought, and Buddha found no part in shaping the life and morality of this race stronger than its own great possibilities in the veneration for the powers of the past. "Indeed, nothing has changed the Chinaman. From the beginning he has

been hemmed in with huge mountain ranges and deserts to the west, and by an unfriendly seacoast to his east and south; and when these natural barriers would no longer keep him secluded, he built a wonderful wall to his north, that he might perfect his isolation and remain wedded to that which possessed the sanction of the unchanging past. Influences that seeped in from the outer world, the Chinaman slowly, steadily, remorselessly absorbed and changed until they bore the mark of the Celestial. Influences which altered the face of Europe touched no responding chord in China. Political revolutions came, went, and left no reforms; dynasties succeeded each other through forty centuries, and produced no changes, nor effected any variations in the system of government. The foreign Mongolian of the thirteenth century, the Manchurian almost in our own time, conquered China, but not the Chinaman; instead of bending the Chinaman to new beliefs, the conquerors themselves bent, became absorbed, and grew to be Chinamen. In this vast empire dwell upward of four hundred million people, with habits and beliefs which have been crystallising for at least three or four thousand years. Europe discusses the Chinaman lightly, as a latter-day problem, but who shall say that if the people of Europe, with all their civilisation, all their means of conquest and their highly developed government, should be set down in China, that the vast jelly-fish might not suck them in, absorb them, obliterate them from the face of the earth? We have heard much of our influence on the Chinese: we have heard little of the possible influence of the Chinese upon us, the dominant people of the present, and it is a vital question whether the swallows of Europe shall swallow or be swallowed.”¹

This brings us to a question, which may seem irrelevant and not worth the asking by him who has not looked under the surface: “Have we (the allied powers) anything to fear from China?” “Oh,” you may say, “most certainly not, from your own standpoint. Her soldiers are not patriots fighting for a flag, or even defenders of a principle. Let the Japs whip them into submission, and we will reap our share of the benefit to come.”

Now almost anything can be said of China with an air of truth, but underneath the surface is a mine the foreigner has not worked. He witnesses with feelings akin to awe the immutability of the race, and con-

¹ Leroy-Beaulieu's “The Awakening in the East.”

stantly discovers something new to him in the character. This being the case, does he never stop to ask himself if there be not some element in reserve which he has not seen, and of which he may not have dreamed?

We all know that the Japanese have never professed any love for the Chinese, and that the two races have ever been at war with each other. But after all there is a tie binding them together as no other race is bound to either. If not closely connected by blood relationship, yet the fact is evident that they are more closely allied by the affinity of race character-



THE BEA HILLS, CHAO-KING-FOO.

istics than any other two people on earth. They have lived in the same atmosphere, with similar environment, and, placed together as conqueror and captive, the alliance would prove stronger than in the past. Would it not be natural that the united race should rally together against the rest of the world?

Then, knowing the remarkable assimilative powers of China, is it unreasonable to expect that the Japanese would become Chinese, rather than the opposite? We have seen races stronger in the native elements yield to this peculiar people.

Now then, suppose that this vast aggregate of races, comprising over

one-third of the world's population, should decide to bring over the two-thirds to their ideas of religion and government, who dares anticipate the result? There may be nothing frightful in contemplating this, but do not forget that twice already in the history of European civilisation armies have risen from this hotbed of Celestial power to trample under feet the valour of the West. You say this will be the battle of barbarism against civilisation. So it was in the era of the Hun invasion, when Imperial Rome saw her robes dragged in the dust; it was so in the conquest of the Genghis Khan; who can say the wave may not rise again to flow higher and farther than ever yet? The Chinese of the present time are sufficient to muster an army of forty million soldiers, who would subsist on the scantiest of fare, work fourteen hours a day, and ever stand ready to sacrifice their lives for the merest caprice of their leaders. They may not be an intelligent body of fighters, armed with a good cause or following a flag, but they are made of the same material which has already overrun Europe like a wave from the drainless sea. What has been done once it is not unlikely may be done again.

More perhaps than in any other respect does the Chinaman differ from the American in his relations to his family. In the latter case the regard of the parent for the child is often greater than that of the latter for the former. In China it is always the reverse. Filial duty is looked upon as the highest virtue a person can possess, and it is of such ancient origin that Confucius seems to have builded his noble precepts about this very principle. The Chinaman's faults may be numerous in other directions, but he cannot be accused of disregard for his parents. He will work hard and pinch himself that he may support his aged father and mother comfortably, and when death finally removes his burden he will even sell himself into bondage that he may accord them a burial becoming his station in life.

In illustration of this Oriental point of view, it is related, among twenty-four similar examples of filial piety, all of which have become famous, that a man, finding he could not support both his aged father and his young child, decided to bury the latter alive in order that he might perform his higher duty. This sacrifice on his part so pleased the genii that they caused to be placed in the grave sufficient treasure to enable the poor man to save his child without robbing his parent.

As this filial duty belongs largely to the male line, it is looked upon as a sin not to have any male children. In this case the family becomes extinct, and there will be no one to care for the ancestors. It thus behooves the man to marry early, and if his wife bears him no son, he has sufficient ground for a divorce, and he marries again in the hope to retrieve what he has lost by his first contract. This doctrine of filial devotion, as beautiful as it seems at first sight, has proved the decline of the race, since its conduct is antagonistic to progress. Where the ideals of ancestors



MOUTH OF THE CHIN-KIANG RIVER.

become the standard of wisdom, the people of necessity are barred from making any advance which would reflect upon the credit of those who set the pace for the irrevocable past.

This blind faith in ancestry has the ameliorating influence of making more sacred the tie of family. But the fate of the Chinese woman is not a pleasant one. Entering into the married state at an early age, she becomes a servant rather than a companion to the man she has wedded, and a mother-in-law assumes a dictatorship over her which imposes hardships bitter to bear. Though not allowed the freedom of her American sisters, she is accorded certain privileges, all of which she seems to improve in the

interest of her pleasures rather than of her moral character; as a result, the Chinese women are not so far removed from reproach as are the women of Japan.

The darkest blot on Chinese history is the lack of love for children by their parents. A strong antipathy is felt for female infants, and the mother is blamed for what is looked upon as a misfortune. Had the offspring been a boy, she might have been praised for the pains she suffered, but the female is foredoomed. Often the expectant mother plans



MELON ISLANDS, AND IRRIGATING WHEEL.

with the father as to the manner of treatment should the child be of that unfortunate sex.

In the large cities there are public places where these foundlings are placed and cared for, if they are fortunate or unfortunate enough to live, until some one is found to buy them at the nominal price of three shillings each, or about fifty cents. Sometimes these outcasts are purchased by the wealthy, who rear them to become servants or concubines to a rich man. Sometimes a harsher fate may be given them by some designing old woman, who procures them to be sold, as soon as their personal attractions may secure for them buyers, into the worst form of slavery. In the country,

where even such doubtful charities are not to be found, the fate of the helpless little one is more summary, whether it be for its good or ill. As we passed up or down the inland rivers on our way through the interior of the empire, it was no unusual sight to see the body of one of these hapless infants drifting with the current toward the broad sea, where there is at least escape from toil and infamy for the life-bud plucked at its very beginning. Why this overpopulated land has not yet learned to send abroad a portion of its female surplus of inhabitants to countries where they might be welcomed, remains to be told.

No one can deny that the Chinese are a practical people, and no race understands better the necessity of the equilibrium of the sexes in order to maintain its perpetuity. Neither has any race striven more diligently to keep itself propagated, or met with better success. It has persisted, however, from time immemorial, in placing a wide gulf between the two sexes. By this it must not be understood that the female child is always an unwelcome visitor into the home. The shrewd fortune-teller invariably says there should be two daughters for three sons in every well-ordered household. But the parents look for the son first, and, aware of the helplessness of the daughter in the matter of maintaining the ancestral rights, do not hesitate, when they choose, to sacrifice the life of the female infant.

Foreign influence has done considerable in mitigating this evil, and, along with better education, it is to be hoped yet greater good will follow. The native mother or father does not deny that it is wrong to follow up this practice, but pleads poverty or conditions over which there is no control as an excuse. The custom is older than history, and, from early times, public edicts have been issued against it, while books have been published exposing the evil. But until the mothers have been educated out of the deep-rooted superstitions of the past the evil will not be entirely eradicated.

The estimate placed upon children is shown in the ancient classic called the "Book of Odes," in which the author draws the following vivid picture, according to the translation of Doctor Legge:

"Sons shall be born to him; they will be put to sleep on couches;
They will be clothed in robes; they will have sceptres to play with;
Their cry will be loud.

They will be (hereafter) resplendent with red knee-covers,
 The future king, the princes of the land.
 Daughters will be born to him. They will be put to sleep on the ground ;
 They will be clothed with wrappers; they will have tiles to play with.
 It will be theirs neither to do wrong nor to do good.
 Only about the spirits and the food will they have to think,
 And to cause no sorrow to their parents."

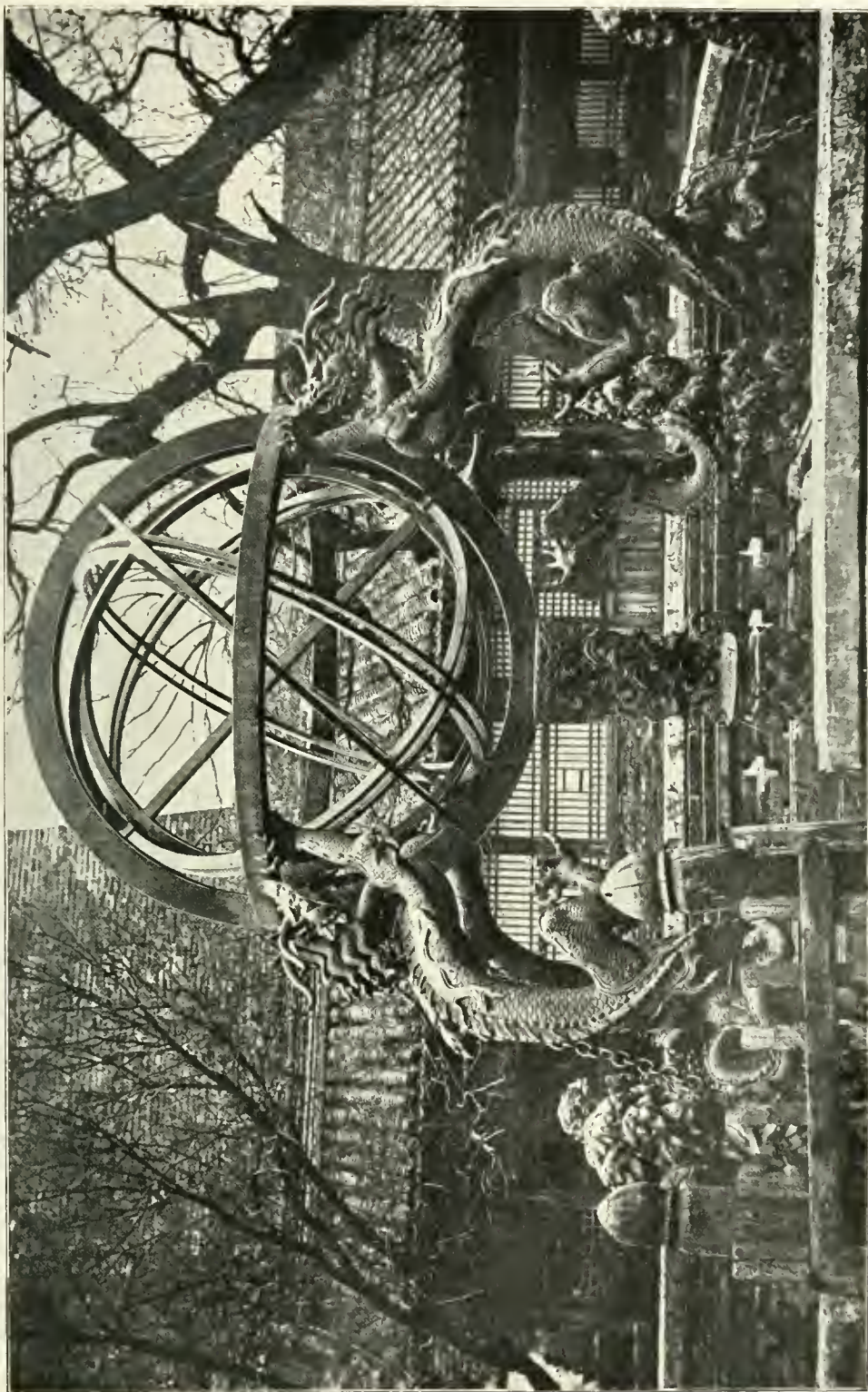
The advent of a boy into a Chinese family is greeted with every demonstration of joy, and he is permitted to rule like a little autocrat



JUGGLERS IN THE COURT OF A MANDARIN'S PALACE.

until he has fairly outgrown his surroundings. The mother, a child in the want of experience herself, becomes an absolute slave to her children. They must be humoured in every caprice, and never allowed to cry for any length of time. The mother does not cease to carry her boy about in her arms as long as she can lift him, and it is no unusual sight to see a little woman struggling along with a boy in her arms as heavy as she is.

The early life of a Chinese boy is not unpleasant, and this is also true, though for a shorter period, of a girl. But by the time the little fellow is ten, his days of happiness are replaced by a dreary, lonesome existence.



ASTRONOMICAL INSTRUMENTS, PEKIN.

With all his love for children, the Chinese father has absolutely no conception of the mind and desires of a child. He cannot enter into childish sport, having, it seems, entirely forgotten his own youth.

The games of a child are simple and monotonous, consisting of such tame amusements as hitting a small stick with sharpened ends in a way that shall send it spinning through the air, tossing pebbles or bits of earth at a mark, playing shuttlecock with the toes and heels, a simple sort of "jackstones," or "cat's-cradle." The Chinese youth do not strengthen



LADIES OF A MANDARIN'S FAMILY AT CARDS.

and toughen their muscles by running and jumping, or any of the athletic sports, while their climbing is of the easiest sort. There is comparatively no hunting, and this element has been so far eliminated from their characters that no bird has reason to fear them. It is no uncommon sight to see a tree in the midst of a town loaded with a dozen nests, many generations of birds having lived and reared their young within sight and sound of the village youngsters without disturbance. Even if the boys had no desire to meddle with the feathered inhabitants of the woods, the very scarcity of fuel would seem to act as an incentive to make them obtain the huge nests of such birds as the crows to help build the fires.

The real reason for the safety of the crow and his companions is the fact that the Chinese youth is not nimble enough to ascend to their perches, to say nothing of the fear of falling, which is universal.

Chinese youths have seldom any access to water, and thus only a small number become swimmers. In those regions where the water freezes in the winter months so as to make skating, the boy is denied sport in that direction, for the reason that no Chinese parent thinks of indulging his child with anything in the nature of a toy or plaything. If he needs the exercise, there is quite enough for him to find it in, in gathering the débris of last season's field for fuel, or in collecting scattered bits of manure with which to enrich the soil for the coming crop. Thus the child-life of the Chinese is one of much work and little recreation, of sober seriousness and small enjoyment. But, like the Japanese, the Chinese are able to make much of a little. From a life that is essentially dull and toilsome, they manage to extract morsels of comfort and pleasure where the child of the Occident would suffer with a hungry heart.

If the life of the male is thus to be described, that of the female is doubly bitter, without a gleam of sunshine toward the end. She marries young, and to say nothing of the work that she must do in the field, the burdens of rearing a large family of her own are not laid aside before she is obliged to assist in the care of her grandchildren. If there is any place on earth where woman's work is never done that place is in China. The maid who is handsome at sixteen becomes faded and haggard at twenty-five, and old and positively ugly at forty.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

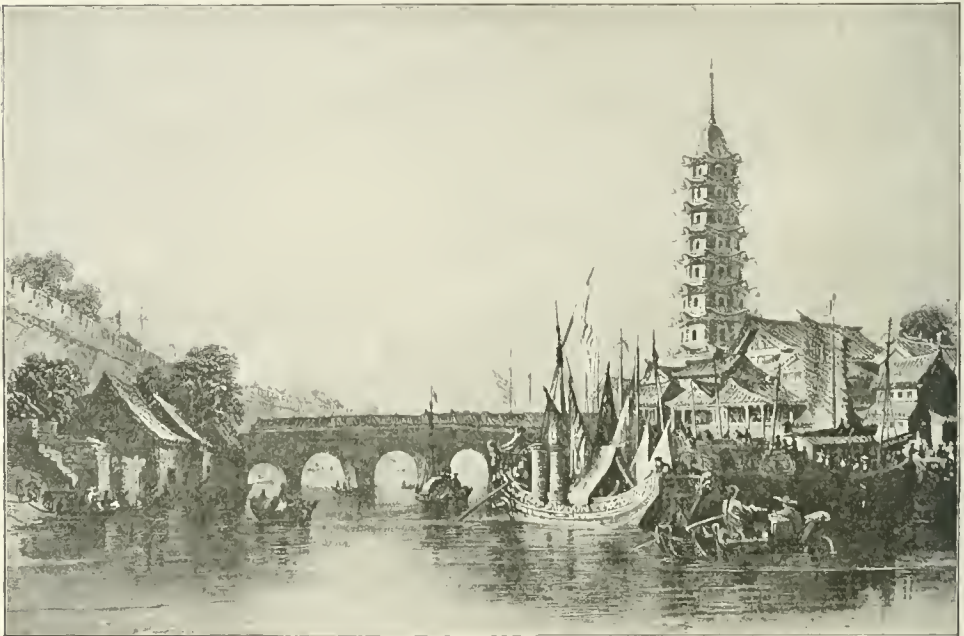
THE ORDER OF THE SWORD.

THE contrast between the thoughts and works of the races of the world is nowhere more forcibly illustrated than in the case of the people of the Occidental and the Oriental countries. There are marked examples of this opposition of nature and human nature in America and Australia, the "Land of the Southern Cross," and again in Japan, "The Land of the Sunrise," and still again in China we find equally as strong evidence of this contrast. Here we find that the language of the people which is written is not the spoken tongue, while the spoken language is not written; a book is read backward instead of forward, and a foot-note is really a head-note, being placed at the top of the page; here the surname is the first name, and the owner upon meeting a friend shakes his own hand instead of that of him he meets; the hair of the women is worn coiled in a knot, while that of the men is long; the women wear trousers and the men skirts; women carry the burdens of travel, but the men are dressmakers; girls become old women without passing through that happy transition period of maidenhood; dinner begins with dessert and ends with soup; the compass points to the south instead of the north; vessels are launched sidewise, and horses are mounted from the off-side.

China is a land of guilds and secret societies, the majority of which seem to have originated for some sinister purpose rather than for the good of any class or portion of the people, as the aim of such societies is elsewhere.

An illustration of the workings of one of these secret societies is shown by the much dreaded society of socialists known as the *Ko-lao-Hui*, and which originated among the Hunan soldiers during the Taiping rebellion. It started with the laudable purpose of affording aid to the families of the soldiers killed, but eventually the sentiment of making the possession of worldly goods equal with all became the paramount idea. As the

Hunan men served over most of the empire, this society became widespread, and not being able to gain its visionary ends by peaceful efforts, more vigorous means were tried, until men without scruples becoming leaders, deeds of plunder and darker colouring marked their course of action. Naturally the discontented and unfortunate joined the ranks, until it became a powerful and dangerous organisation, constantly recruited by disbanded soldiers roving over the country, and others belonging to the great army of the unemployed. Not long since a plot was



THE BRIDGE OF NANKIN.

discovered at Nankin, which, if it had been carried out, would have involved the wholesale plunder and destruction of several cities, with the accompanying horrors of massacre of innocent lives.

The Chinese are a deeply superstitious people. Everywhere we are impressed with this fact. The many-storied pagodas and tall towers seen so frequently, and always in threes, so situated as to form equilateral triangles, that they may ensure *fung shue*, or "good luck," proclaim this national trait. The literal meaning of the term is "wind and water," but in the minds of the Chinese it has a higher definition, though they are never able to explain just what it is derived from. Of one thing, however,

they are certain: its effectiveness depends on the height of the structure raised for the purpose of bringing good fortune. Hence tall towers are everywhere erected.

Some few years since, the French Jesuit missionaries built an imposing cathedral near Canton, and topped it with a lofty spire. Immediately a murmur of dissent went up from the common people, which increased in volume, and a mob collected to tear down the offending object. This was not done because of any particular opposition to the new church, but its



THE SHIH-MUN, OR ROCK-GATES, PROVINCE OF KIANG-NAN.

spire rose to a height which threatened to overshadow the virtue of the fung shue.

All spots are not believed to be favoured alike in regard to giving power to the fung shue, so the matter of the burial-grounds of their ancestors, over which they keep the most zealous watchfulness, becomes a matter of careful consideration. It often happens that the bodies are moved several times before a satisfactory plot is found, and there the "god of good luck" is propitiated with liberal gifts and offerings.

An important person in China is the diviner, and his associates are legion. No act of consequence, and from the festival of his birth to the

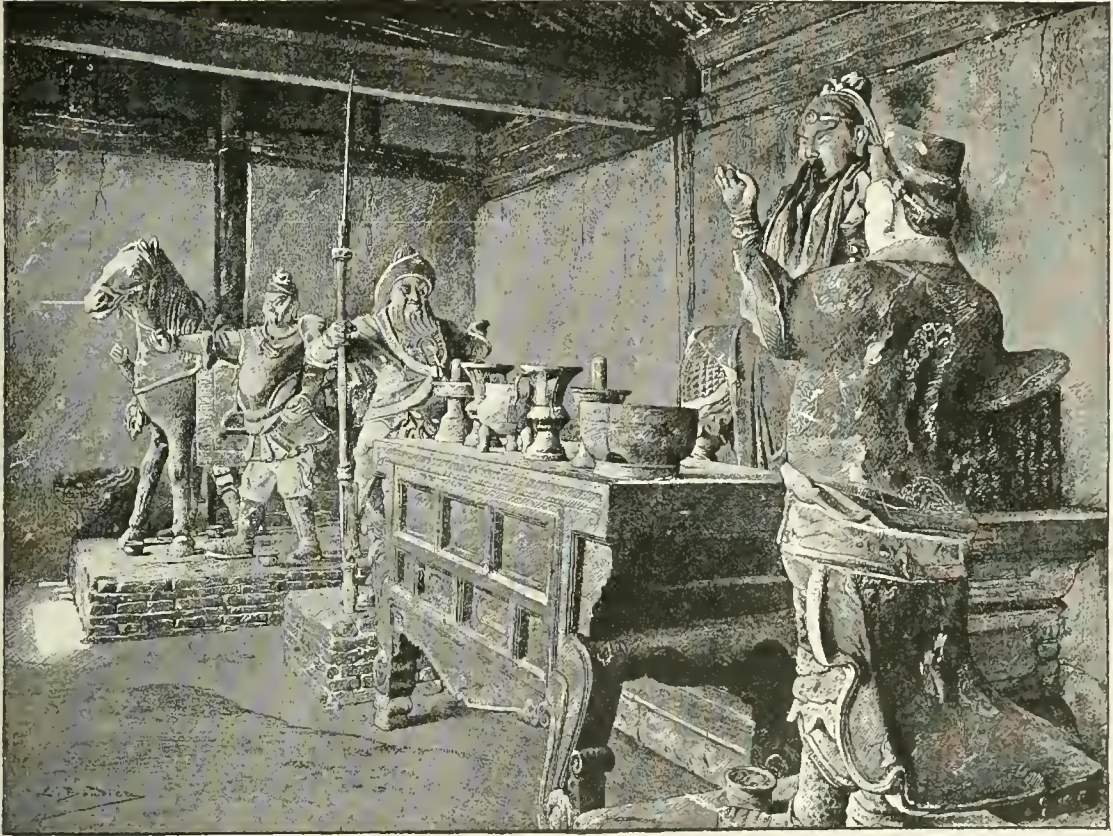
rites of his burial, undue importance is attached to every incident of his life, can be carried on with his consent unless the day has been pronounced favourable. The desired influence is ascertained only through the diviner, whose deductions are drawn from some whim or caprice of his own. The applicant seems in blissful ignorance of this fact, and the custom is not confined to the peasant, but prevails with a powerful and overruling influence with the mandarin and the monarch.

The foreigners, in their dealings with the Chinese, have met this underhand agent constantly, and many a promising transaction at the very moment of consummation has been suddenly ended by the intervention of some shameless charlatan, without any satisfactory excuse being given for the change. Thus these necromancers have always been the arch-enemies of foreign intercourse, and the willing tools of the literati have stood ever in the path of progress.

In no respect is the prevalence of superstition more plainly exemplified than in the case of a drought. Upon these occasions the priests and officials of the distracted country will turn out, dressed in their robes of state, while the common people will follow in a procession to the temple, where a general prayer for rain is offered up. During these periods the killing of meat is forbidden, and the inhabitants have to subsist on vegetables, even eggs being denied them.

One of these excessive droughts, which seem to be so common to China, has recently afflicted the country in the north of the empire, so that for the latter half of the year 1899 no rain fell. The crops over this region suffered terribly; the ground was baked, the grains dried up, and even the roots that remained in the ground through the winter were killed. In this dilemma, prayers were frequently resorted to by the high and low, while incense sticks beyond estimate were burned at the shrines of the gods. The empress detailed nobles and princes to add their appeals to the prayers offered in the Temple of Agriculture in Peking, and when a week's continual prayer-offering failed to break the drought, a final expedient was resorted to, when the sacred tablet preserved in a southern temple for this purpose was sent for and brought into the imperial city amid a solemn conclave of the people. This tablet, believed to possess great occult powers, was found at the bottom of a well in one of the southern provinces several hundred years ago. It is a plain sheet of iron,

but what of that? The worship was as sincere as any ever given an inanimate object, but the magic of the charm had flown. No rain followed the pious ceremony. Thereupon a solemn council was held, and the tablet was voted false and useless. Its banishment succeeded under conditions that could not be looked upon as other than ridiculous by outsiders. Peking boasts of being a city of modern accomplishments, such as the railroad,



COREAN TEMPLE.

the telephone, and electric lights, and having a university where the foreign languages are taught, and where literature, science, and political economy are under the instruction of European and American professors.

This drought had a signification deeper than the surface appearance. The emperor was in forced retirement, and it was believed by a large number of people that the gods were angry because of the dowager empress's usurpation. Had the emperor been on the throne, and headed

the procession going to the temple to offer prayers for rain, as he had usually done, the drought would have been broken long ere this solemn crisis.

In no instance do we find a more disastrous result from the tendency of the Chinese to form guilds and secret societies than with the so-called "Boxers," who are now having an unenviable notoriety that is world-wide. If only recently sprung into notice, it is really an old organisation, and has existed since the beginning of the Manchu dynasty under different names, and with different objects. Originally, its purpose was the overthrow of the incoming Manchu power, but during the two hundred and fifty years of its existence it has so far changed its aims, that we now find it enjoying the favour of the very line it sought at the outset to destroy.

It was known then as the "Society of the White Lotus." This name was kept for many years, to be finally changed to one nearer its dangerous purpose, "The Order of the Great Knife," meaning, literally, "The Order of the Sword." But this name, as all proper names in China do, gave way to others in different localities, and in some places its deadly aim was veiled under the misleading term of "League of Righteous Harmony," while elsewhere it was more correctly called *I Ho Ch'uan*, which is translated to mean "Righteous Fist Society," from which has readily and appropriately come the designation of "Boxer." Its stronghold may be said to be in the north, in the district of Peking, the capital of the province of Chili.

Just what provoked the uprising which has passed into history as the "Boxer Rebellion," will never be fully and satisfactorily explained to all. No doubt several causes led to it, and, in different sections, antagonistic objects have been the bone of contention. The *Shen Pao*, a Chinese newspaper, gave the following account of beginnings of certain branches of the society, which came to be considered as belonging to the same body of insurrectionists: In May, 1899, a robber chief by the name of Tschu Lung Teng founded, in the province of Anhwei, a sect which, from time to time, was known as Hung Tung Ch'uan, or "Red Lamp Shade," Tschin Tschung Schang, or "Society of the Golden Veil," Li Pu Schan, "Shirt of Iron," and Tatami, or "Sect of the Great Water." This order grew rapidly in numbers, and, spreading over adjoining provinces, became generally called Lin Hu Schuen, or order of the "Willow Forest Fist."

The misdeeds of its members became so numerous and daring that the government sent troops to put down the outlaws, who were driven back to their native grounds, and again changed their name to I Ho Tschuen, or "Fist of Patriotism and Peace."

The revivification of the ancient order is believed to have been given new impetus by certain results of the presence in China of the Roman Catholic Church, which has had its missionaries there longer than the Protestants. Catholicism is not only the oldest form of imported religion in



LOADING TEA-JUNKS AT TSEEN-TANG.

China outside of Buddhism, which, it must be remembered, is not a native, but it has obtained the greatest number of converts. This has been done at a sacrifice of its own credit, however, as the Church has not been careful whom it admitted into its folds, and if these have not all proved faithful, they have been retained that the number might not be diminished. In this way the Church has come to be blamed for much of which it has not been directly guilty.

Growing in numbers and power, it acquired many privileges, and the government was finally induced by the French legation to accord to the priests the power of magistrates. Thus a follower of the Church by

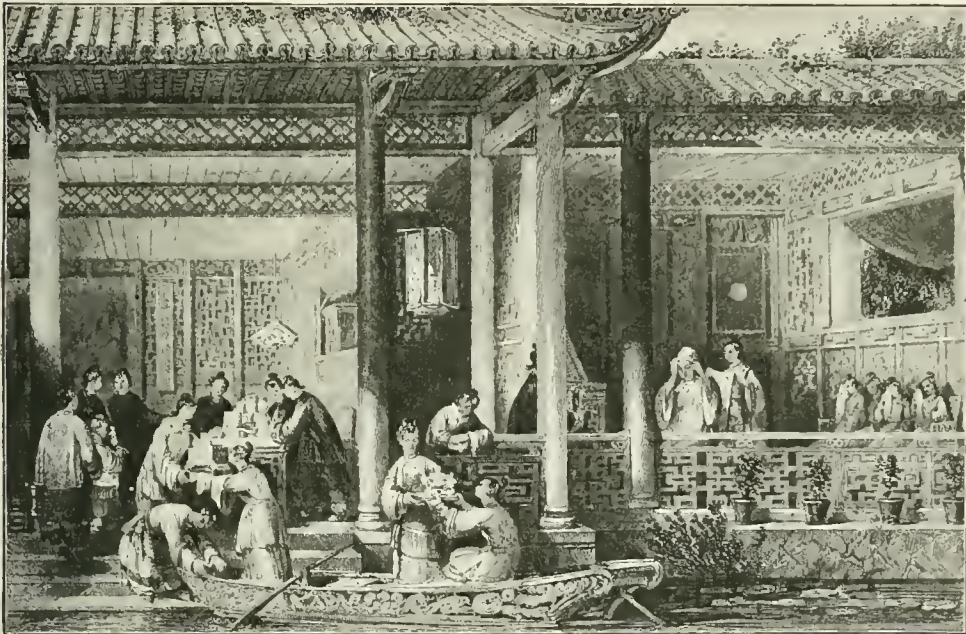
appealing to its head was practically safe from the law, let his crime be what it might. In this manner many of the Chinese came to understand that all they had to do to carry out any scheme of private vengeance was to join the Catholic Church, when they were safe and free to carry out their purpose. It is not strange that the Romanists received many converts, so-called, and that many personal grievances were settled unknown, it may have been, to the pious head of the power, whose sin was not so much a desire to do wrong as an overzeal to swell the ranks of his followers.

It was against the favoured individuals of this Church, who could not be reached in other ways, that the "Brotherhood of the Fist" first directed their peculiar warfare. From blaming one sect or church it became easy for the fanatical association to reason less and to discriminate not at all. So all Christians soon fell under their ban. The attacks of these secret slayers became more common and widespread. General alarm swept over the empire, and refugees came pouring into the cities from the country districts. The innkeepers along their routes dared not succour them for fear of calling upon themselves the wrath of the secret league, some of whose members might be in their midst ready to strike the fatal blow at a moment's notice.

Government officials were helpless or afraid to meddle with the uprisers. At Tung Chau, a missionary was holding services at his little chapel, when a party of Boxers came along, and, tearing down the symbol over the door, threatened to raze the church to the ground. An official was present, but lifted neither hand nor voice in behalf of the endangered preacher, who had not made a move to add to the anger of his enemies. A Chinaman of good standing began to plead for the poor man, and he was seized and beaten with clubs until left for dead. The missionary escaped to the roof of the chapel, and remained there until the mob had dispersed.

This is not an isolated instance, but one being repeated all over that part of the empire. The missionaries, like the brave men they were, went about their self-imposed duties calm and hopeful. No doubt the insurrection could have been crushed out at this period had the head of the government desired to do so. But the Boxers were organised with the avowed purpose of clearing the empire of all foreigners. If the missionaries

have been given the lion's share of the blame for the ill-fated uprising against them and their countrymen, it is because the deeper and inner motives have not been understood. The missionaries were not hated so much for the religious reconstruction that they represented as for the general introduction of foreign methods and government, of which they were looked upon as the advance agents. Then, too, one unscrupulous person coming among a race that cannot discriminate between the true and the false, will spread an alarm that a hundred honest men cannot quiet. The



ARRIVAL OF MARRIAGE PRESENTS AT THE BRIDAL RESIDENCE.

wonder of the appearance of the Boxer element is not that it came when it did but that it had not come earlier and with more horrible, because wider, results.

In no class of the Chinese does superstition have a stronger hold than among the Boxers, whose numbers swelled rapidly to over ten million followers. A prominent and efficient argument used to recruit the ranks has been an alleged power possessed by the order to compound a magical beverage which shall make the person drinking it not only proof against sword and bullet but cannon-ball. No matter if time and again it has been shown that this life preserver has failed to save its devotees from

death, some trivial excuse has been offered and the faith of the surviving followers has remained unshaken.

Prince Uchtomsky, a Russian scientist who spent many years in studying their religious symbols, emblems, and works of art, has thrown considerable new light on the inner life of the Chinese. Foremost among the tenets of the Celestial religion, and allied to the Confucian doctrine of reverence for ancestors, is rebirth or regeneration. Through this it is believed that one can be saved from the punishment of the god of Hades, who is both feared and favoured by the Chinese. This supreme head of the underworld was once a mortal noted for his excessive wickedness, and who has had to pay for his sins on earth by swallowing daily a certain quantity of molten metal. This god is highly honoured in China for the purpose of conciliating him against that inevitable judgment hour, when each poor mortal must stand before his tribunal to receive his desert for his career on earth.

The Chinese have a tradition which matches that of the story of the deluge portrayed in the Bible. The Chinese Noah was named Nuh, and the account of the warning given him by the "Over One," how he built his huge junk, and set afloat upon the bosom of the flood, is told in the ancient Book of History. This Chinese Noah took with him his wife, his three sons, some rice, millet, and a tortoise. The voyage of the junk is described, until at last a stork was discovered approaching, bringing in its bill a sprig of willow, showing that the water had begun to subside. The landing-place of the Chinese ark is believed to have been a mountain peak in Eastern Tibet, which bears to this day the name spelled in Chinese as "Ay-ahr-at." Nuh erected a temple here, the ruins of which are claimed to be in existence at the present time, though no one is known to have ascended the inaccessible heights since the days of Nuh.

The deep impression made upon the Chinese by this story of the flood is shown everywhere one goes in China, and there is not a temple whose gates are not surmounted by ornaments shaped like arks and called "Ships of Heaven." Chinese text-books have had for thousands of years a picture of Nuh and his family afloat upon the flood, the water already rising toward the mountain tops, which have become the refuge place of the few surviving wild beasts and reptiles. This is doubtless the oldest picture in the world, and the records show that this deluge took place many hun-

dreds of years before the flood of Noah. This has led some to believe that the author of Genesis obtained his evidence of the deluge from the account of the Chinese. In proof of this knowledge of the Chinese version, they cite the seventh verse of the tenth chapter of Genesis, where the names of the children of Noah are given as "the Hivite, the Arkite, and the Sinite," China at that time being given in the Sanskrit records as Sinim or Sinas. This argument is made more plausible by the fact that the



AMUR RIVER, SIBERIA.

Armenian mountain, where it is claimed that Noah's ark landed, is known as Mount Ararat only to students of the Bible. To the Armenians it is Masis, and to the Turks Ak-Dagh.

Although composed of a wild, fanatical rabble, the Boxers go through each day an eight-hour drill, more severe and taxing than any of the training given the armies of the Occident. Short swords or big knives are the weapons used in these drills, and these are swung and flourished in the air something after the manner of the North American Indians swinging their war-clubs during some scalp dance. At the same time of brandishing

their short swords the owners whirl and sweep around in a way that makes the beholder dizzy. A part of the time the mob will stand on one foot, with the other lifted high in the air, in order to gain the power of balancing oneself properly when it may become necessary. Another important part of the drill is the cultivation of as fierce an expression of the countenance as can be effected, and the Chinese possess an art in this direction which might seem to be in high favour with the evil one. This exemplifies the old Chinese saying: "A woman is not to be won with frowns; a battle with smiles."

A Boxer, asked why he made war upon the foreigners, replied:

"Because we hate you. You are the worst devils we know. You have laid iron rails across the very graves of our ancestors, who have become angry that their sons have allowed this to be done. Floods now fall upon one part of the empire and droughts upon another, so that famine and deluge are always with us now. It was not so when we were faithful to our fathers, and revered and protected their memory."

"But you will be beaten by these foreigners, who know better how to fight than you."

A grim smile overshadowed the other's sallow countenance, as he replied: "You have not whipped us yet; nor will you ever do it. Those who have fallen so far are as a grain of rice in a granary. We can keep on losing, if it is necessary, for hundreds of years, without ceasing our defence. But we are not going to lose always. As we fight bravely on, our ancestors and our gods will forget their anger, and seeing that we are in earnest will lend their power to our arms. We shall win in the end, when every foreigner will be killed or driven from the land. When the iron dragon (railroad) has been removed, and the shriek of the steam demon no more carries death and hard times into our midst, then will Fung-shu once more become potent, and good luck will smile on all that the Chinaman does."

The impressiveness of this thought can only be realised when we understand that the Chinese have in their language over five hundred words denoting good luck, and this attribute is really their idol and dream in life. All his days the Chinaman strives and hopes for it with an intenseness a foreigner cannot appreciate, and if at last it seems to have deserted him he has no wish but to die.

Unable to look farther into the future than the day that is passing, he cannot anticipate other than ruin and loss to follow the construction of railways and the building of manufactories. The common carriers constitute a large body of men who perform their task with remarkable rapidity, and at a price which is equally as remarkable, when the distance and danger of the transit has been taken into consideration. As the iron rails of the foreign engine of transportation form their networks over the country, the services of the vast army of men employed in the work of carrying commodities will no longer be needed in that capacity. Then those who have learned no other calling will be obliged to enter strange fields of employment. So it will be with the innumerable home industries scattered all over the land. The introduction of foreign machinery cannot fail to produce at first intense suffering, and a complete revolution in the affairs of the people. Naturally the blame will be attributed to the "foreign devils," and the prejudiced multitudes will blindly take the readjustment in hand, with inevitable loss to industrial property.



MANCHU SOLDIER

Under such a spirit of unrest and foreboding of coming evil, the Boxers were prompted to rise in their ferocious might and put to death these advance agents of modern progress.

The government was too much in sympathy with them to interfere, until it found the rebellious faction grown to a size and

strength that defied its intervention. Had the Chinese government possessed a Ward to organise and a Gordon to lead the imperial army, the Boxer rebellion would have been crushed before foreign aid could have reached the empire, or reaching it would have been needed.



GRANDFATHER, FATHER, AND SON.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE IMPERIAL CAPITAL.

BEFORE describing the results of the Boxer uprising it may be well to glance at the country which has become the central scene of action, noting especially Peking, the Imperial City of Northern China, and its port, Tien-tsin, standing behind its mud and millet walls on the bank of the river by the same name, also called the Pei-Ho or North River. The latter city is at the head of the Grand Canal, twenty-five miles from the sea as the bird flies, but sixty as the river twists and winds through the muddy country.

Sometimes before the incoming steamer sweeps in from the Yellow Sea and moves across the Gulf of Pechili the muddy water takes on a deeper tinge of yellow. A sand-bar finally stops the ocean craft, and those of smaller size have to be taken in exchange.

Tien-tsin has never found much favour with the newcomer, who stops here long enough to get his passport and a guide to accompany him on a visit to the Imperial Capital, the Great Wall, the Valley of the Ming Tombs, or the plains of the Hoang-ho, China's "River of Sorrow." It is an old, walled city, containing with its suburbs over a million inhabitants, its buildings of gray brick supporting roofs of dingy tile, and its streets so narrow, dark, and dirty as to be almost impassable. Fill these narrow pass-ways with a constant stream of strange-looking human beings jostling against each other, shouting, yelling, and fighting to obtain a passage, but thwarted for hours at a time until pandemonium reigns, and you have pictured a common scene in this ancient seaport.

Due to its situation, this city has at least three times played an important, but disastrous, part in meeting foreign powers. The first of these, when the allied powers of France and Great Britain advanced up the country in 1860-61 to carry defeat and humiliation to the Chinese government at Peking, has been described. The second occurred in 1870, when the French Sisters of Charity, with twenty other foreigners, in-

cluding the French consul and two Russians, were put to death, and the convent and cathedral burned. A heavy rain setting in at the beginning of this outbreak fortunately prevented other outrages which had been planned to take place. Of course reparation had to be made, and from



CHINESE REGULAR.

that season Tien-tsin has always been under the surveillance of foreign gunboats. Li Hung Chang, being made viceroy of Chili, took up his residence here, and became the virtual ruler of foreign intercourse until the war with Japan caused his downfall.

In the midst of that period, which was the opening to outside con-

cessions, the representatives of Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, and the United States strove to see who could get ahead in the favour of the well-disposed viceroy. Railways, telephones, and banks were discussed on every hand. The adroit French actually laid a miniature track and placed on its rails a tiny engine as a plaything for the boy emperor at Peking, even then under the close watch of that astute guardian, the empress dowager. Others sent small steam-launches, and put up short lines of telephone to amuse the youthful ruler at the palace.



IMPERIAL TRAVELLING PALACE, HOO-KEW-SHAN.

Popular dinners were served, and society was fairly ablaze with the shower of honours bestowed upon the mandarins and the viceroy.

Then the prize was captured by an American syndicate in 1887, to be followed by a perfect storm of abuse from the disappointed rivals who had striven so earnestly for the golden plum. Li Hung Chang was roundly censured by these same disgruntled foreigners, who began to prophesy ruin and dissolution for China if she admitted what they had been working for so assiduously. To their shame it must be said that the American press at home, instead of rejoicing over a victory well won, voiced the silly alarm of the defeated diplomats, until the Chinese

were frightened into retreating from the step they had taken, and modern progress was stopped for ten years.

In that decade China suffered her humiliation at the hands of the Japanese, which no doubt under different circumstances would have been averted, and Li Hung Chang was shorn of his high honours to become an exile, wandering over Europe, while Russia's shadow fell darkly over the benighted empire.

The third tragical event is that which has so recently been enacted, when the allied forces of the foreign nations rallied here to attempt the rescue of the beleaguered missionaries and their friends, the horrors of which are still fresh in the minds of the participants.

At Tien-tsin we are at the entrance to that vast region of country known as North China, which includes the Manchu capital. The climate of this part of China, from the Yangtse River to the Yellow Sea, is one of radical extremes, being much colder and much hotter than that of Boston. Tien-tsin is in about the same latitude as Philadelphia, but the ice on the river freezes to a depth of twelve to fifteen inches in winter, while the heat in summer is equal to that of Charleston, S. C. This coast-region is subject to the extremes of the wet and dry seasons. During the latter period of six months, which includes the winter, the rainfall is scarcely an inch. The river is closed at Tien-tsin during the winter season of four months, and revelry reigns in Chinese and diplomatic circles. But there is no sleighing on the wind-swept plains, whose atmosphere is dry and rarefied.

The severity of the climate is shown in the heavy weights of stone put into the construction of the gray sombre houses, which have been compared in appearance at a distance to a Scotch town. Outside the city, flat farmhouses, with small enclosures surrounded by white walls, are scattered about in more homelike suggestion than those seen in Southern China. Farther north the descendants of the wandering tribes of the remote ages build their houses with heavy roofs and gables that possess peculiar twists and daring outlines. The posts that support these coverings, which are built before the walls are filled in, are often the trunks of trees, crooked and unsmoothed, just as they grew. This style of architecture is believed to be a relic of the days when the races lived in tents. The rough doors close against sides that are merely small trees

left as they were felled, no choice seeming to have been made in getting those that were smooth or straight. The ventilation is pretty sure to be good in one of these dwellings.

If the summer is uncomfortably hot, and the earth is parched so as to crack open, and the winter so intensely cold that the ground freezes to a depth of several feet, while ice-storms sweep across the open country with relentless fury, Nature in the single month of October tries to



FAÇADE OF THE GREAT TEMPLE AT MACAO.

make amends for her excesses at other periods. Just cool enough to afford a bracing atmosphere, the climate is delightful then.

The Mongolians are a pastoral people, but the Chinese agriculturists have been slowly driving them back wherever they could plant a corn-field. As one goes farther into the interior one finds the methods of farming the most primitive that can be imagined. After the harvest, threshing of the grain is done by driving a donkey blindfolded around in a circle over a flooring of millet, the grain being shattered from the husk by a stone roller, drawn by the animal. The flail is unknown in this land. The winnowing is done in an equally simple manner by throwing the threshings into the air, so that the wind can blow away

the lighter portion, while the grain falls on a mat spread to catch it. Enormous quantities of millet are raised, and the traveller is constantly meeting long trains of camels, and sometimes donkeys, loaded with sacks of the grain on the way south, or, if returning, laden with huge packages of cotton, until the creatures themselves are quite lost to view, the moving mass presenting a singular sight as it goes slowly on its way. The pride of a Mongolian is his horse, which he shoes in a manner similar to our own, except that he does not turn down the shoe at the heel. The animal is first securely bound by three feet and thrown upon his back, when a shoe is nailed upon the free foot at the convenience of the shoer.

Tien-tsin stands at the very gateway to the country of the Boxers, the district of Peking, which is to China what Tokyo is to Japan, but a portion of the empire infrequently seen by the tourist. Though this is really the region the foreigner should most desire to see, no effort has been made by the inhabitants to receive and entertain him, while pitfalls have been laid in every direction to make his stay unpleasant, so he has been content to make a brief tarry at the English stronghold of Hong-kong, glance at Canton, take a peep at Shanghai, and pass along to the Land of the Sunrise on the east, or to the mysteries of India on the south. A few strangers find their way to the Tartar city each spring and autumn, but they are a few in comparison to the great number who annually seek the sights and scenes of the Far East from other vantage-grounds.

The country between Tien-tsin and Peking is a vast level plain from fifty to two hundred miles in width, east and west, and six hundred miles in length, north and south, a territory not unlike, in some respects, the rolling prairies of the Red River of the North. The soil is an alluvial deposit, unstable to a great depth, so that during the rainy season, which begins in July and lasts from six to eight weeks, the land is a big bed of mud, large tracts overflowed so that much damage is done the inhabitants. This plain is drained by five rivers of considerable size, flowing from the north, south, and west, diverging so as to look on the map like five huge fingers of a mighty hand spread out to its utmost. The soil is adapted to growing barley, millet, and crops of that nature, the portions tilled by the different farmers being separated by low banks of earth into small, irregular plots, after the manner of the Chinese.

If still in China, the newcomer cannot help noticing that the contrast

has somehow been lessened by the appearance of the men one meets upon the road. A little change in dress, a softening of the colours, and the farm-wagon and its occupants approaching might well be supposed to be representatives of Central Europe instead of Eastern Asia. But one feature common here is unknown in the other, namely, the large number of humpbacked camels, loaded with wool and skins from pasture-lands of Mongolia on their way to Peking. At the close of the day, when many miles of steady marching have been performed, it is a picturesque sight to



FOOCHUN HILL, PROVINCE OF CHE KEANG.

see a hundred or more of these ungainly animals herded together in a single compound. This camel seems to be of a different stock from those of the deserts of Africa, and has short legs and thick, shaggy hair, which gives him anything but a handsome appearance, though he is a profitable burden-bearer. On their way back, these trains will be laden with cases of tea for the Siberian market.

These Tartars travel in family groups, the women riding astride, while the children are placed in baskets mounted on the camel's back. The camels follow in single file so as to make a long train, the foremost of each party being led by a rein fastened to a piece of wood passed through the

camel's nostril. Muffled in thick, wadded clothes, sheepskin boots worn over felt overshoes, the lower limbs protected by the "Mongol socks," or high legs of the boots, sheepskins covering their underclothes, and heads encased in long-eared fur caps, these Tartars not only look as though they might be warm on their long, exposed journey, but they are also picturesque in the extreme.

There are three ways of travelling from Tien-tsin to the Manchu capital, and whichever one the stranger selects, he will be pretty sure to wish he had gone by one of the others. Until quite recently there have been but two methods of getting there, one by the tortuous river, and the other overland. Now the Imperial Chinese Railway sounds exceedingly impressive. But we have come to understand by this time that the oft-used word "imperial" in China really means very little that is grand or noble. Certainly the plain coaches, without ornaments, springs, carpets, curtains, or cushions to the hard, wooden seats that go thumping, bumping, knocking along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, are anything but a happy consummation. Under Chinese management the road does not pay — could not be expected to do so.

Tung Chau, the river port for Peking, is situated eighty miles above Tien-tsin, as the stream flows. It is a route of melancholy interest, made doubly so since the allied armies have made their march upon the Tartar city, leaving all along their way terrible reminders of the folly of the Chinese in bringing upon themselves this awful retribution. It can be said that the American troops behaved as became a civilised body of soldiers, but the Russians left behind traces of those inhuman acts of butchery and mutilation where neither sex, age, nor station were spared.

The hills rise like a crescent on the north of Peking, while the plain slopes away on the other side from the city toward the sea. This plain extends for seven hundred miles, presenting a vast panorama of country which confuses and bewilders the beholder.

The climate of this treeless expanse of rolling prairie is unequalled for its rarefied and exhilarating atmosphere, unless it is rivalled by the clear air of our own Dakotas and Minnesota, or by that found in the cool, salubrious mountain regions of Hawaii and Samoa. But in the last instances the crispness of the Asiatic atmosphere is lacking. Were it not for this matchless climate, the health of the foreign inhabitants of Peking

must have broken down from the miserable drainage which prevails in this mock imperial city. Something of the primitiveness of this capital may be realised from the fact that its five hundred thousand inhabitants depend on wells for their supply of water when the stock of rain-water has been exhausted in the reservoirs. The water from these wells, impregnated with the salts and alkalis of the plains, is brackish, and absolutely offensive to the newcomer. During the dynasties of the Mongols and the Mings



PAVILION OF THE STAR OF HOPE, TONG CHOW.

a fine system of water-works was maintained, but, under Manchu decline, these were allowed to fall into decay and disuse.

With a summer climate of tropical heat, affording floods of water and acres upon acres of deep mud, and a winter season of frigid temperature, the dried, parched atmosphere without snow, and the dust lying on the streets ankle deep, the charms and interest of Peking are counterbalanced by many disagreeable features. None of the other of the world's capitals offers such a medley of discomforts and attractions, of positive ugliness and picturesque fascinations,—not even Holy Moscow, the dethroned queen of Russia, with its mingling Oriental, Siberian, and European grandeur and glory. No one who has seen Peking would care to see its

reproduction elsewhere, while no one who has seen it in its filth and humiliation, its memories of a bygone greatness and unpromising future, would wish to have missed it.

Imperial Pekin, in whose Tartar body beats the heart of China, the poetically styled "Purple Forbidden City," is considered by the Chinese to be the highest representative of the arts that form an ideal city. Perhaps there is sufficient warrant for this praise in the fact that the sublime Son of Heaven resides here in a magnificent seclusion unequalled by any other



THE GROTTTO OF CAMÖENS, MACAO.

ruler in the world. Here have been seen the noblest examples of the wealth of the ancient empire and the grandest display of imperial power.

As may be imagined, Pekin is a difficult city to describe. It is made up largely of what it has been and what it might be — of visions that have vanished and dreams that have not been realised. The long, straight, wide streets described by Marco Polo are still here, the big four-square houses are still standing, the large gardens and moss-grown trees remain as mementos of the days of the wondering Venetian, but over all hang the indescribable imprints of ruin without the impressive sublimity that usually accompanies the handiwork of old Father Time.

The first and foremost feature of Pekin is its walls and gates, though neither is plainly distinguished until upon near approach. Then they tower so high above the traveller, and reach away so far, that he looks upon them as a natural product of the scene and not the work of man. These ancient walls are to-day sad relics of the misapplied industry of their builders. The mighty barriers, sixty feet wide at the base, and two-thirds that breadth at the top, rise forty feet into the air. Still they are mighty only in size. The great towers above the gateways bristle with guns, which prove upon close inspection to be painted arms upon a painted ground, the playthings of a childish mind. Ominous muzzles peer out of the countless embrasures which are the products of the artist and not the artisan. It is true a few cannon lie here and there, but they are merely dismantled wrecks, rust-eaten and useless, as harmless as their pictured imitators on the walls. Outside the crumbling walls are wide moats, made wider by their broken banks, until the trenches have broadened and expanded into shallow lagoons, where fowls disport unmolested and beasts of burden wade through to reach the city.

Three cities had stood on the site of the future Tartar capital before Kublai Khan transformed it into the splendid centre of power and military prowess. Like Tokyo, the present capital of Japan, Pekin (derived from Pei-ching) began as an armed camp, occupied by an alien army destined to rule over the Celestial Empire. The general plan, the palaces, the high walls, the towering gates are all what the ingenious and warlike Mongolians made them. None of their successors have deemed it advisable to attempt a change. Not even the quaint military tactics of the Middle Ages have been altered or modified, and as the valorous banner-men were trained in the days of the Great Khan so are their successors drilled in the practice of archery and quoits; and as the sun sinks below the lower horn of crescent hills in the west the nine city gates are swung upon the inhabitants within the city amid din and confusion, imprisoning the Chinese in their section just as their ancestors were shut in more than six hundred years ago.

The capital is really made of two towns, the Celestial settlement and that of the Manchu, the two joined together by a wall over twenty miles in circumference, with a cross wall separating them. At the time of the Manchu conquest the true sons of the dynasty just coming into power, the

faithful Chinese, took possession of the southern portion, which their descendants occupy to-day, while the Tartar army took up its quarters in the northern section, which is nearly twice the size of the other. The Tartar city holds within its embrace the Imperial City, and within the latter is that mysterious heart of the Northern Capital, "The Purple Forbidden City," as it is called. This contains the palace and abode of the Sublime Emperor.

Pekin is a city where foreign power has not penetrated, save that alien



GARDENS OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE, PEKIN.

force made up of nomadic bannermen with their faithful clansmen on guard just beyond the Great Wall, who hate and scorn, while they secretly fear the Chinese. It has been this dread of those that they have ruled which has caused the Manchus to seek Russian assistance with a willingness which is destined to work their own ruin at no very distant day. But these bannermen on duty outside the Imperial City, although the sons of valorous forefathers, have never hurled a stone or bent a bow. Like the Mongolians led by the great Genghis who became enervated by enforced idleness, they have degenerated into weak specimens of warriors, such as their valiant ancestors would have spurned as unworthy of their mettle.

The Chinese portion of the city is entered through a massive archway in the solid wall, while two miles beyond are set in the heavy barrier the gate-towers of the Tartar city.

In a certain sense Pekin is a cosmopolitan city. On its streets all the people of Asia, with a few from more distant parts of the world, jostle together, the Celestial against the Manchu, the Mongol against the Tibetan, the Mohammedan against the Corean, and natives of the same empire who speak tongues unknown to each other, along with representatives of races from lands far away. These medleys of comers and goers are constantly finding the way blocked by trains of camels, mule litters, hand-carts, sedan-chairs, wheelbarrows, and other odd contrivances, until the din and confusion bewilder and disgust the stranger.

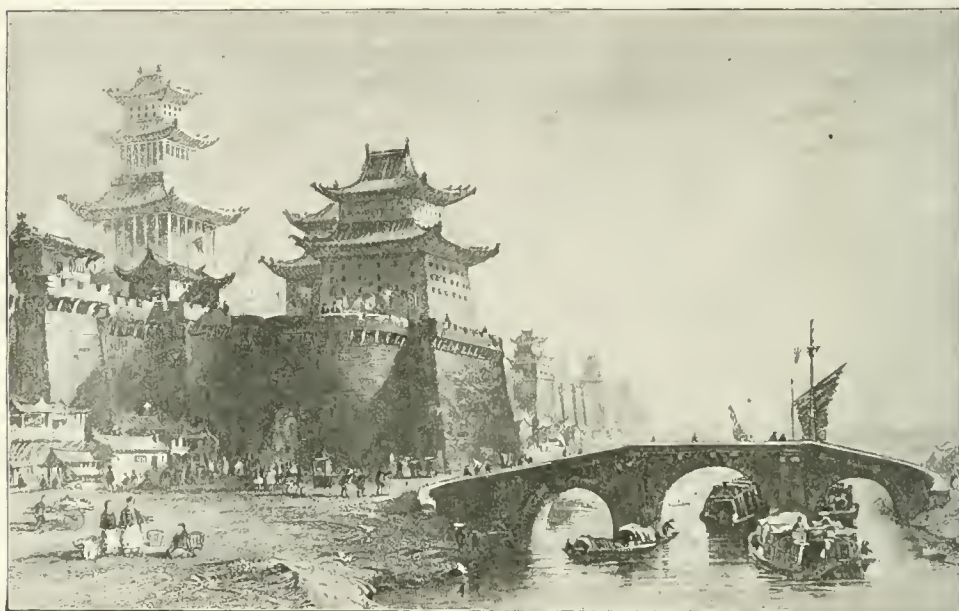
The sights of Pekin have been lessening each year, as the Chinese have grown more jealous of their ancient trusts and closed, one by one, the places of interest to the tourists. The Temple of Heaven, where the emperor was wont to worship, was destroyed by fire a few years since, but its ruins are interesting to the visitor, while the Confucian Temple, the Hall of Classics, and Examination Hall, where the native students meet each year in friendly contention for rank and honour, remain to be seen. Then there are the Mohammedan mosque, the Catholic cathedral, the foreign missions, the Lamasery, the old observatory on the wall, and many other places that the stranger does not fail to visit if he wishes to go away with the best knowledge obtainable of the Imperial City.

Passing through the deep-set arch of Hata-men, which means the "Gate of Sublime Learning," the visitor enters Legation Street, running parallel with the city wall for nearly a mile, when it opens upon the public square fronting the palace gate. Nearly all the compounds of the foreigners are on this street, which is anything but the noble route one would expect to find it, but only a miserable way winding over sloughs and ruts, guiltless of paving or of even decent care in repairs. A compound, it should be understood, is a group of houses surrounded by a wall, a common arrangement in Chinese cities.

The stranger in a new locality cannot obtain a better idea of his surroundings than by ascending some eminence so that he can look down upon the scene at his feet. In this way he can fix its different sections clearly in his mind, and when he comes to explore its routes he moves

along, if not a familiar course, at least one of which he knows the ending. This fact is in no way better illustrated than by climbing the tower of one of the nine gates of Peking.

From this vantage, forty feet above the din, excitement, and unsavoury odours, we can enjoy the prospect to its fullest extent. We now see that the wall is not as regular as we had thought, but that it varies in width from a little over twenty feet to nearly sixty at the top. The outer face is perpendicular, but that on the inside is sloping. Parapets are to be seen on both sides, those on the outside being made with loop-



WESTERN GATE, PEKIN.

holes and crenelated. At intervals of a little less than two hundred yards, buttresses are placed, each sixth being larger than the others. The space between the walls forming the sides is filled in with a solid foundation of concrete of about ten feet in depth. Over this is a layer of earth pounded into a solid mass; then comes a layer of concrete, topped by another of earth, which is paved with blocks of granite that form the terreplein. The earth to fill in the walls was taken from the ditch surrounding the city. A buttress is raised on either side of each gate, and, connected with a semicircular wall, forms an enceinte. The largest gate is the one near the centre of the southern wall, which has

three entrances, the one in the centre being for the exclusive use of the emperor and his train.

A flagged way, thirty feet in width for the most of the course, runs around the entire circuit. But the road in midair is overgrown with a rank vegetation, for no Chinese civilian or woman is allowed to take a promenade on this ancient lookout. That the foreign legations are permitted to do so is an especial privilege granted by Prince Kung when the allies had obtained certain concessions not before known.



AT THE PALACE OF YUEN MIN YUEN, PEKIN.

Better than before do we now realise the situation of the four cities, each walled in, that form the entire prospect of Peking. We see plainly the low, black-tiled houses of the Chinese section, the yamens, with their tiled roofs, the dense tree-tops, and temple crests of the Tartar city; beyond these the huge red gates of the Yellow or Imperial City, within which are easily discerned, for something like two miles, the impenetrable foliage of the trees rising on Meishan knolls, and the yellow-tiled walls of the mysterious Purple Forbidden City, the palace roofs of yellow tile looking as if they overhung each other. There are no tall towers, bright coloured pagodas, no streaming banners, no glimmer of flashing colours to

dazzle the eye in this sublime abode of the Son of Heaven. Even the yellow has faded, or it was never the vivid dream our imagination had pictured it to us. But it is quite in harmony, after all, with the grim dragon supposed to keep eternal watch and ward over the Imperial City. Mr. Thomson, in describing the capital, says, rather depreciatingly: "There are acres of hovels at Peking, in which the Imperial bannermen herd, and filth seems to be deposited like tribute before the very palace gates; indeed there is hardly a spot in the capital that does not make one long for a single glimpse of that Chinese paradise we had pictured to ourselves in our youth — for the bright sky, the tea-fields, orange groves, and hedges of jasmine, and for the lotus lakes filling the air with their perfumes." It is seldom the real rivals the ideal.

A mile's walk along the airy road brings us over the Chien-men, or central gate, opening upon the great square before the palace. The street underneath us now is really the main artery of travel and business in Peking, and here, as nowhere else in China, can one look upon an endless variety of city life and costume, incident and spectacular exhibitions of human nature.

One of the pleasantest features of this city, and forming a happy contrast to the women of southern and central China, are the Manchu ladies, tall, regal of carriage, who walk with the haughtiness and conscious pride of free women, upon feet that have not been mutilated. In keeping with their northern beauty and proud, dignified manner is their costume consisting of the long Manchu robe, the most becoming and picturesque of any attire worn in the empire. But their crowning glory is their blue-black hair, which they deftly fashion into outspread raven's wings, and, ornamenting it with great bouquets and coronals of bright flowers, fasten with broad pins of glistening gold. Nowhere in the Far East are these magnificent women or their dress equalled. It seems enough to offset Manchu tyranny and stagnation that such fine specimens of womanhood have come with them.

The Tartar section of Peking is laid out with a regularity quite remarkable in China. The sacred city of the emperor is situated in the centre, and the middle of the three streets running directly north and south through the Tartar section stops at the palace gates. The cross streets, alleys, and other thoroughfares threading the city always run in



CHINESE SOLDIERS AT WOOSUNG.

direct courses either parallel with the main streets or at right angles to them. But beyond this symmetry of arrangement the view of this walled town is not promising or interesting. Sought first by the gaze of the foreigner, is seen the imperial palace of the Son of Heaven. But, as if to protect it from the vulgar eyes of the common people, it is enclosed by walls on all sides; and the inner citadel is reached only by passing through a bewildering array of courts and "halls of sacred harmony." What is true of the isolation of the head of power applies to his subjects,



COREAN PEASANT'S HUT.

until we come to look upon the thousands of huts and hovels, whose occupants are too poor to enclose their abode with a wall of its own, or arrange halls and reception-rooms beyond which not even the most favoured guest may be allowed to enter. With all of this severe isolation, from the sacred citadel of the emperor to the mendicant upon the street, whose nakedness is covered only by a plaster-cast of Pekin mud, evidence of the pride and dignity of the people is everywhere apparent.

No sovereign keeps himself aloof from his subjects in such seclusion and mystery, and few indeed have been informed of the lives of the seven thousand people who have their abode within the charmed precinct formed

within a four-mile circle, and holding as its precious diadem the Tranquil Palace of the Heavenly Prince. Few indeed have been permitted to enter the hallowed place, except the envoys and their suites on occasions of ceremony.

The drum-tower and the bell-tower, both Mongol products, are situated in the northern quarter of the Imperial City, the first thundering forth the hours in a volume that should satisfy the wildest Mongol in his love for sound, while the other shelters the big bell of Yunglo, the former emfrew of Pekin. The great bell of Pekin is claimed to be the largest suspended bell in the world. It is made of bronze, and is thirty-four feet in circumference, fourteen feet and six inches in height, and four inches in thickness at its rim. It is estimated to weigh in the vicinity of 175,000 pounds. The surface, both inside and out, is covered with Chinese characters said to have been cast on the bell. This inscription is a lengthy appeal to the overruling power for rain, and at one time it is said the bell was tolled during droughts to bring rain. Here priests and princes came to pray for an end to the rainless period, often maintaining their kneeling postures until the rain began to fall, when a feast and general rejoicing followed.

Among the other attractions of Pekin are the stone drums. The word drum must be understood to mean what we should call a cylinder, the Chinese having no character for such a term. These water-worn boulders, rudely carved into their present shape, are very ancient, as can be seen by their appearance. They are supposed to have been erected in commemoration of one of the famous hunting expeditions of an emperor of the Chou dynasty in the vicinity of Mount Chi, in the present district of Chi-Shan. This was ancestral territory of the Chou dynasty. The stones must have been inscribed 800 B. C. They were then in their natural shape and condition, but were afterward chiselled into the "drums" as they are now, and removed to the Confucian Temple of Feng-Hsiang-fu, where they found resting-place until the end of the Tang dynasty in 937 A. D. During the long and sanguinary wars of the five dynasties these relics disappeared, and remained out of sight and unknown until Ssu-Ma-Chih, the prefect of Feng-Hsiang-fu, upon the restoration of the Sung rule and literature, searched out the missing monuments, and finding nine of the collection placed them by the gateway of the Imperial College. The tenth and last was found in

1052 A. D., so the entire group was reunited. Upon the flight of the Sung dynasty before the invasion of the Khitan Tartars these stone drums were taken to the new capital in Pien-Ching, now Kai-Fung-fu in Honan, and set up anew in 1108 A. D. It was then ordered that the tracings of the characters should be filled with gold, and that special effort be made to preserve the ancient relics. But within twenty years the capital fell into the hands of the Kin Tartars, who removed the drums to Peking and dug out the gold filling the markings of the inscriptions. After this the ten



SCENE ON HONAN CANAL, NEAR CANTON.

stones remained in neglect until 1307, when they were placed in their present positions in the gateway of the Confucian Temple.

Every autumn witnesses a picturesque sight when the Mongolian herdsmen bring their flocks of ponies over the plains to sell to the highest bidders. These ponies are very popular in Peking and vicinity for riding purposes. As movers of heavy commodities, the big, homely, two-humped camels, capable of bringing great loads of merchandise across the wide, blinding, snowy steppes of Siberia, have a unique value, and can be replaced by no other beasts of burden. One of the huge caravans forms a frequent and peculiar picture on the great plains of the North, while before

the gates of the imperial capital an incessant stream seems to be for ever passing, swinging silently along like huge, ungainly machines.

An hour's ride out of the capital brings one to a place of melancholy interest to the Chinese, where even foreigners have ample scope for reflection

over the rise and fall of man — the summer palace of the ancient emperor. We have described the despoliation made of this famous retreat by the allied forces in 1860. The surroundings at the present time give little indication of the scene of ruin and desolation to be found within its midst. The view obtained from a neighbouring elevation comprises a country of hills and valleys, beautiful lakelets and sparkling streams spanned by gracefully curved bridges and overhung by luxuriant foliage. The rich alluvial plain stretches away in front, dotted



PAINTING FROM COREAN TEMPLE.

here and there with villages and groves of trees, until we catch a hazy glimpse of the Imperial City; on the other hand the eye runs over the historic plain of Mongolia, until the gaze is stopped by the great natural barrier of mountains.

Of the original buildings belonging to this place only two, and these among the smallest, remain, although attempts have been made twice to

rebuild the whole affair. These are a temple at the summit of the Wang-Tua-Shan hill, painted in a vivid green, red, and yellow, with tiles of blue. Porcelain figures of Buddha once ornamented the structure, but the vandal hands of sightseers have mutilated these beyond repair. The second of these remnants of a great work is a small pagoda in the same colours and ornate display as the other. Standing amid the impressive ruins of this spot Captain Gill very fittingly described them in his account written over twenty years ago, but as applicable now as then: "One seems to be brought here face to face with the wreck of an empire. The builders of this palace seem to have been imbued with something of the spirit of those who, in the Middle Ages of Europe, raised such noble monuments of devotion and piety. The whole soul of man must have been in the work; no part was neglected; no money, time or labour spared; infinite care was bestowed on every detail; notwithstanding the desolation and ruin, there still seems to breathe over all the spirit of a master mind." Wandering over the saddened scene, looking upon the ruins of man's work, or admiring the mirror-like lakelet that has, in the natural sequence of affairs, reflected so many strange and thrilling sights in the days of yore, the most careless stranger cannot help feeling that the master mind who conceived all this and put it into execution must have faith in gaining human happiness if not in the consolation of divine reward.

About a mile from the north wall of Pekin is the marble cenotaph raised over the relics of the Tibetan lama who was believed to have been an incarnation of Buddha. This is considered by many to be the noblest specimen of monument to be found in the Chinese empire, and it has made famous the grounds of Hwang-She Monastery where it stands. There is reason for this assertion, and as the beholder stands with uncovered head under the thick foliage of cypress and pine intermingling their fragrant shade, he must indeed be devoid of human sympathy who can gaze on the majestic monument, decorated with its grotesque sculptures and gilded crown, without feeling compassion for the life that was secretly plotted away. The empty throne whereon sat this human deity in state, with his face turned toward the rising sun, and the couch upon which he expired in the throes of poison administered by a jealous emperor, are still shown the visitor. This took place a little over a hundred years ago, and the story is told, with a peculiar mingling of pity and admiration, of

the emperor's open worship and praise of the pious and exalted man, while he secretly planned to remove him from his path by poison.

Three days takes one from Pekin to the Great Wall, but if the traveller goes for no other purpose than to see this piece of gigantic folly, he had better spare himself the pains and time of the journey. As a colossal reminder of misapplied intelligence and industry, a huge stone and mud fence winding over hills and into valleys for over a thousand miles, of no earthly good or pretence to attraction, it serves well its ignoble purpose.



IMPERIAL PALACE AT TSEAOU-SHAN.

Lying at the foot of a semicircle of hills, thirty miles north of Pekin, is the valley of the Ming tombs, a secluded retreat where repose thirteen of the emperors of the dynasty last preceding the present line of rule. It will be remembered that the founder of the Ming dynasty established his court at the ancient capital of Nankin, and the first mausoleum of these rulers was made there. But the site did not seem to please the ambitious monarchs, and the tomb of Yung-lo, the third in succession, was made in this northland, patterned after the style of those near Nankin, and, in fact, after the manner of architecture to be seen all over China, but far the noblest of imperial resting-places. An avenue bordered by rows of

majestic animals and warriors sculptured from stone leads to the sacred abode of the illustrious dead. Many of these figures are in positions of repose, aptly illustrating their office as guardians of the sleeping rulers, and are considered among the finest evidences of Chinese sculpture, though falling, according to our ideas, below the standard of modern art. The animals and warriors are supposed to be the representatives of his train when upon earth, and offerings to his spirit, which is supposed to have its abode in the palace, are annually made in the great sacrificial



MERCHANT'S HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS OF CANTON.

hall. The emperors of the present dynasty still offer their sacrifices at this imperial shrine, either through policy of state or from the belief that the spirits of these dethroned monarchs exert an influence over their dominion.

There are twelve other sepulchres patterned after this of Yung-lo, though scarcely equalling it in splendour, making in all that ominous number of thirteen. It proved ominous, anyway, in this case, for when the last of this ill-fated number had been buried here, with imposing ceremony, the dynasty was flung down by the Manchus, and the last of the Mings ended his humiliation by hanging himself to a tree, without

leaving any one to make him a tomb in this beautiful valley of his ancestors. Some of the Ming tombs are said to have been robbed of a portion of their treasures to help enrich the tombs of the Manchus seventy miles from Pekin in another direction. If this be true or not no outsider can say, since the Manchu sepulchres are watched over by guardians who have proved so far above bribes that the glories held therein have never been revealed to the curious foreigners.



CHINESE SACRIFICE TO THE HARVEST MOON.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE SIEGE IN PEKIN.

WE now come to the third attack by foreign forces upon the Taku forts. It was a momentous event when the navies of the eight national powers of the world, whose warships had come from the utmost parts of the earth to meet at the outlet of the Pei-Ho, made the rivalry of race prejudice and contest of government, for the time, subservient to the united desire of standing together in a supreme battle of modern civilisation against ancient superstition.

Tien-tsin capitulated after four weeks of suspense to the world at large, and of conflict to those engaged in the brave struggle for humanity. Blind indeed must have been the eyes of the Old Man of the Far East, else he must have read, written on the scroll of his destiny, the signs of his doom. If he remembered the two warnings he had received in the years past, or realised his present case, he remained indifferent to the existing situation.

With the capture of Tien-tsin, which was but the prelude to their main act in the drama of rescue and retribution, the allied powers, marching under the banners of eight governments, began their advance upon the

capital of the empire. This united force consisted of the arms of America, Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Russia, Italy, and Japan. History has never had opportunity to portray another such an array of soldiers marching shoulder to shoulder under a single impulse, though of many races of men.

If the siege of Tien-tsin seemed overlong to the expectant outsiders, how much longer and more terrible the uncertainty, and awfully slow that advance upon Peking seemed to the beleaguered ones caged at the Imperial City, suffering a suspense aroused by the horrors of indiscriminate massacre that every moment threatened them. Besides the ministers of the eight nations named, there were those from Holland, Belgium, and Spain, with a thousand men, women, and children belonging to their families, or missionaries and their friends and loved ones. In addition to these, there were under their protection nearly two thousand natives who had accepted the Christian religion, and thus were under the ban of their own race.

In many respects this siege in Peking is one of the most notable on record. One of the singular features of the sanguine occasion is the fact that the rebellious factors who began the serious revolt soon disappeared from the scene of action almost entirely, and in their place appeared the sullen defenders of the tottering empire.

The first warning of real danger came to the inmates of the Legation quarter of the city on the 28th of May, 1900, when an old man and his son, the sole survivors of a large family that had been murdered by the Boxers, entered the city seeking safety. On that day the train from Tien-tsin came as far as Feng Tai, and finding that place in flames returned without trying to get through to the capital.

The following day many other fugitives flocked to the city in terror, and word came of the killing of a Mr. Robinson and his friend Mr. Norman, at Yung Ching. The news of the burning of the railway station at Huang Tsun, fifteen miles from Peking, was also brought to the Legation.

On the 30th of May, five hundred of the allied troops, who had been sent out to repair the railroad, and who were under the command of Admiral Seymour and Captain McCalla, reached Peking, the American regiment, under command of the last-named officer, by a forced march reaching the Chien gate in advance. Presenting their bayonets, they were not resisted by the Chinese at first, but when the critical period came, and they were

anxiously looked for by the unfortunate ones within, they were driven back to their original base, and proved powerless to accomplish the relief so much desired.

The guards ordered out for the protection of the legations barely numbered 450, including officers, but these acted with sufficient promptness and effectiveness to avert a general slaughter of the foreigners, as had been planned by the Boxers to be carried out at the midsummer festival, which takes place the first of June. The fine Chinese hand of the empress



QUEEN'S PALACE, COREA.

dowager was displayed at this time. She lent her consent and influence to this movement by allowing a common destruction of the street we have described as "Legation Street," but to give the idea that her officials were powerless to ward this off stipulated that some Chinese blocks near by should share the same fate.

Upon receiving word of this premeditated attack, the people became alarmed and began to strengthen their respective positions as much as possible. Probably maddened by their defeat in another direction, the Boxers, assisted more or less by the Chinese supposed to be loyal to the government, set on fire, June 9th, the buildings and property owned

by the foreigners, but situated in the Chinese section of the city. By this conflagration not only were the chapels and houses destroyed, but the storehouses, containing foreign goods estimated to be worth between twenty-five and fifty millions of dollars, were burned up by the wild rabble, that fancied it was striking a blow at foreign industry and competition. During the fire, the great central gate of the Tartar City caught from the flames and was burned. Only a change of the wind saved the city and the Foreign Legation. The Boxers during the following week applied the torch to churches, schoolhouses, chapels, and cathedrals in the northern city, whose fires were to be seen on every night sending high into the sky the fiery messages of the terrible work begun here.

The foreigners no longer hesitated about joining their people under their respective flags, while the missionaries brought with them their converts. The work of fortifying went on with more earnestness than ever. Fences with barbed wires were put up, lines of sharpened stakes were set, ditches dug, high walls built across street and alleys, platforms for outlooks erected, while bricks were torn up wherever they could be found to fasten gates and close windows. On the 11th of June, soldiers and relief were anticipated, but when troops went to the station to meet them, taking along carts to bring in the baggage of the soldiers, no soldiers were there—no train! The gallant McCalla and his marines had been driven back toward Tien-tsin.

The purpose of the reigning power became apparent on the 19th of June, when a proclamation was sent out declaring that as the allied powers had demanded the surrender of the forts at Tien-tsin the action must be taken to mean war against China, and that every foreigner must leave Peking within twenty-four hours. The Boxer vanished from the scene at this act in the drama, except as a tool of the government.

A meeting was immediately held among the ministers, and it was decided that the demand of the Chinese government could not be met. In this critical situation it was decided to gain as much time as possible by parleying with the enemy. Major Conger replied that so far as his government, that of the United States, was concerned, the claim of declaring war had no bearing. Even if that were the case, it would be impossible to secure means of transportation from Peking within twenty-four hours. There were two other obstacles in the way of such a flight which he did

not deem it good policy to mention. One of these was the necessity of abandoning the Chinese Christians to the mercies, or rather cruelties, of the rulers of the city; the second was the fact that a departure under the conditions existing was considered more hazardous than to remain where they were, shut up in the very heart of the Imperial City.

With the evident intention of arousing the foreigners to some rash act, the Chinese sent two Boxers, mounted in a cart, through the streets in sight of the legations. No one pretended to notice them until they came



FESTIVAL OF THE DRAGON - BOAT.

to pass the German quarter, when one was arrested, and the other escaped by flight. The one captured was held as a prisoner. Baron von Ketteler, in command, giving him a drubbing with his cane as he was led away.

The following morning, the 20th of June, Baron von Ketteler, being the only minister who could speak Chinese, thought that he might gain something by talking over the situation with the officials. At the entrance to the Tsungli Yamen, Chinese Foreign Board, he was requested to exchange his guard of marines for a Chinese escort, which he consented to do without dreaming of the treachery planned. His men were barely out of sight before he was shot through the head as he sat in his chair, and

his secretary was wounded while trying to escape. It was believed that a mandarin belonging to some secret society, as indicated by the button he wore, fired the fatal shot.

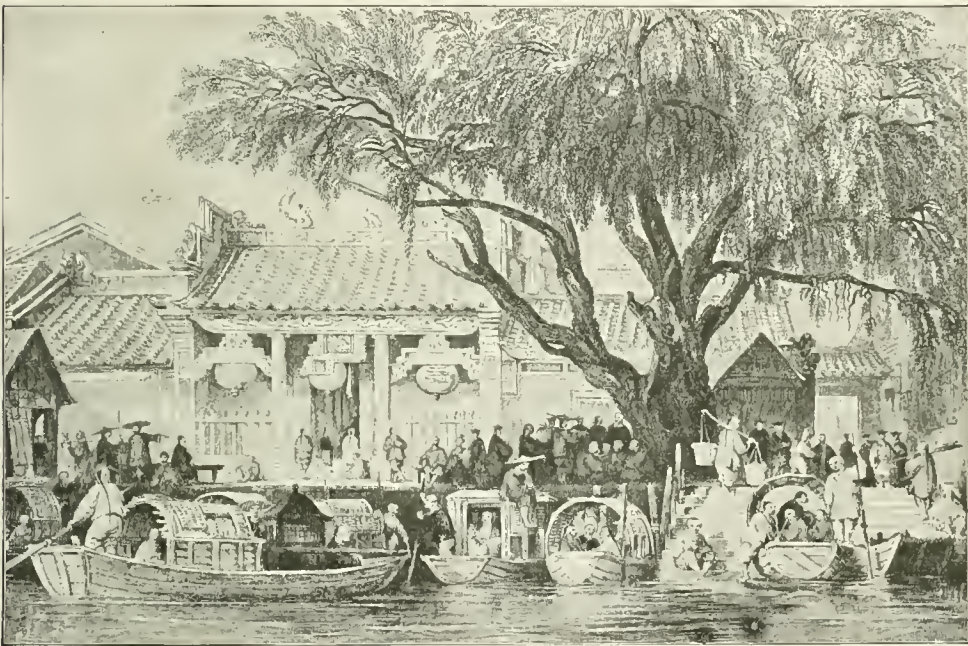
Later in the same day, Professor James, of the Imperial University, was shot while crossing the bridge over the canal. The others, expecting the enemy would begin a general attack, became greatly alarmed. Those at the Methodist Episcopal Mission abandoned everything they could not carry in their hands and fled to the British Legation. The



COREAN LANDSCAPE.

curious mixture of people and their number is told by the following list: The different nationalities included British, American, French, German, Italian, Austrian, Belgian, Finn, Dane, Dutch, Norwegian, Irish, Scotch, Portuguese, Spanish, Canadian, Australian, Russian, and Japanese. There were 245 men, 149 women, and 79 children; total, 473. Besides these there were 409 marines, divided among the nationalities as follows: Japanese, 29; Italian, 30; Austrian, 35; French, 45; German, 50; American, 53; Russian, 84. There were about eight hundred Protestant Chinese here, and nearly two thousand who belonged to the Catholic Church.

Notwithstanding their promise of maintaining an armistice, the Chinese began firing that evening, keeping up a vigorous fusillade almost continuously. But the greatest danger lay in the torch, which was frequently applied. On one of these occasions the magnificent palace of Han Lin Academy was set on fire by the ruthless horde, who used for their fire-brands the books and ancient manuscripts of great value belonging to the most expensive library in the Chinese empire. Some of the rare books were rescued, to be stored at the house of Sir Claude MacDonald; some



ENTRANCE TO TEMPLE OF HONAN, CANTON.

were thrown into the pond, but more of them were consumed in the flames. Among the most rare and valuable of the works that perished in this ignoble manner were "Yung Lo Ta Tien," an unprinted collection of twenty-two thousand volumes of China's choicest literature, which cannot be duplicated. This wholesale destruction of literature displayed the Chinese spirit of old, and is equalled only among other races by the burning of the Alexandrian library. Many of the wooden printing-blocks were kept by the besieged to kindle their fires.

It required the most energetic efforts of the members of the legations to conquer this fire and beat back the enemy. From that time this

ruined building became one of the most hotly contested points in the field, the conflict often becoming hand-to-hand.

Another of the fiercely contested spots was a portion of the wall which the Chinese held, and from whose vantage-ground they poured a galling fire. Had these Chinese possessed heavy artillery, they might have routed completely the little band of brave defenders. As it was, by sheer force of numbers, they finally drove the allied troops back, until it seemed as if all were lost. Then it was decided that the place must be recovered and held, or the direst result must follow. In this desperate crisis about sixty men, consisting of Americans, British, and Russians, under the command of Captain Myers, of the United States Marines, prepared to renew the attack. The appeal of Captain Myers to his followers is worthy of reproduction, as an indication of his own valour, and the undaunted purpose of his gallant little band. Lifting his sword so it pointed toward the British Legation, he said :

“My men, yonder are four hundred women and children whose lives depend upon our success. If we fail, they must perish, and we also. You know your duty ; go when I say ‘Go!’”

This stirring speech had instant effect. Though the Russians had not understood a word that was uttered, the air of the speaker and his gestures impressed them with the stern determination of their leader. The onset was made, and the little band of heroes did not fight in vain. Surprised by the swiftness of the attack, the Chinese fell back, the wall was carried and held by the allies. But it cost the lives of several of the brave fellows, and among others the indomitable leader was severely wounded.

One of the brightest instances of heroism in all that trying siege was the defence of three thousand native converts, who had taken refuge in the northern cathedral, which stood in open ground. The leader of the gallant defenders was Monsieur Favier, assisted by forty marines, made up of French, Italians, and Austrians, who volunteered to protect the fugitives, while a band of Chinese Christians performed a valiant part. This scene was cut off from communication with the legations besieged less than two miles away, and the real situation was not known until after the struggle was over.

An apt illustration of the singular make-up of the body of the imperilled



CHINESE SHOEMAKERS, PERIN.

foreigners was shown at one of the fires set by the Chinese, when they formed a bucket line to the nearest well, — the representative of nearly every race under the sun, — from Madame Piclou, the wife of the French minister, and Miss Armstrong, the sister of Lady MacDonald, to the last coolie, each helping in a common cause.

The days and weeks dragged slowly away, one after another of the besieged parties falling before the fire of the enemy, until eight weeks had passed without bringing any sign of relief. There was no murmuring,



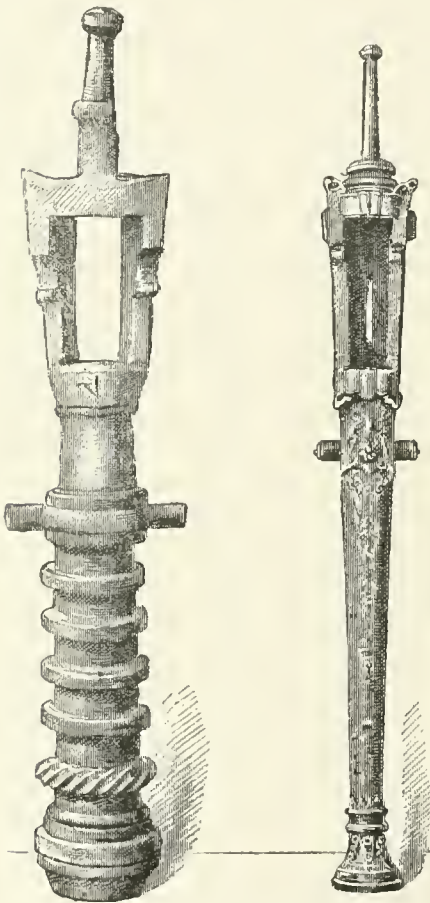
THE GRAND TEMPLE AT POO-TOO, CHUSAN ISLANDS.

but all looked hopefully forward, while prepared to meet the result, should the Chinese eventually prove victors, in a manner both heroic and tragical. Doctor Martin relates how he overheard a young and beautiful woman say to Captain Myers: "Remember, if the Chinese are successful, that it is your duty to shoot me." It is believed that every woman there looked forward to this end, should the worst happen. Many of them carried revolvers with which to shoot their children and then themselves, in case their husbands could not reach them. And these were Christian people, preparing themselves for this fate, rather than to fall into the hands of captors who

would make their captivity so horrible that in comparison to it death held no terror.

In most cases this was the reward for years of patient sacrifice and labour. There were those in that band who had given the best years of their lives to the cause of education, science, or government, and such was the ingratitude of those whom they had endeavoured to raise to a higher standard of enlightenment and morality, that the latter were now thirsting for their lives.

If evidence had been wanting to show that it would be the height of folly for the foreigners to surrender, expecting to save their lives, this was furnished when, under cover of a painted board intended for a flag of truce, the Chinese asked for a conference. Then they stated that they had killed all of the Boxers, and were anxious to settle the matter amicably, promising not to fire upon the besieged any more. At this very time, while they believed they were holding the attention of these people, Chinese soldiers were creeping up to build an intrenchment nearer to them on the west. Fortunately these were discovered by the British and routed in season.



ANCIENT BRONZE BREECH-LOADING
CANNON, COREAN.

On July 7th the Chinese made two loopholes in the Imperial City wall, which looked down upon the foreigners like the big eyes of some terrible monster, and mounted on the top of the wall a big gun. As this commanded a sweep of the moat, it made it dangerous to pass over to the Fu. The largest weapon that the besieged had was a one-pound Italian piece, and the ammunition for this was nearly gone.

At this time one of the Christian Chinese announced that there was an

old, muzzle-loading cannon among some litter in a storehouse. This proved to be capable of use, and as the Russians had some shells, and the Italians a gun-carriage, the ancient weapon was mounted upon the last, and loaded with bomb-shells. It was tested, to be found equal to sending a ball through four walls. An American named Mitchell, who had been gunner of the smaller Italian piece, now assumed charge of this, which was most appropriately named "The International," for it was a Chinese gun on an Italian carriage, carrying Russian shells, and fired by an American. It made a tremendous noise at each explosion, which carried perhaps as great terror to the enemy as did its ill-adapted ammunition.



CAMEL CARAVANS ON PLAINS OF MONGOLIA.

As difficult as it was to handle, it was looked upon as a prize by those who had charge of it.

Ten days after the finding of the above gun, or on the evening of July 17th, a messenger brought a letter to Major Conger and a telegram in cipher, which caused considerable wonder and trouble. The despatch, which was in the code of the State Department, seemed to be incomplete, and read: "Washington, Conger, send tidings, bearer." The letter was for Sir Claude MacDonald, and stated that in reply to his of the 15th more Chinese troops were on the way to help protect the legations. This was signed by Prince Ching and others. But its friendly tone was discounted by the firing of seven shells almost simultaneously with the

arrival of the messenger, who was at once looked upon as a spy sent to observe where the shells fell.

The following day Major Conger sent to "Prince Ching and others" for a completion to the telegram, and to know where it had come from. The explanation clears up the mystery, as it proved to have been included in a cablegram from the Chinese Minister Wu to his government, and the date belonging to that had not been taken in sending to Major Conger. The cablegram in full read: "United States gladly assist China, but they are thinking of Major Conger. Enclosed is message inquiring for his health. Please deliver and forward reply." Major Conger's reply was as follows: "Surrounded and fired upon by Chinese for a month. If not relieved soon, massacre will follow." This message was entrusted to the Tsungli Yamen upon the promise that it should be forwarded at once.

The last mail went out of Pekin June 14th, and only the most meagre information as to what was taking place outside reached the legations. Naturally the desire for news of any kind was very great, and the sight of a paper on July 20th created intense interest. It was a copy of the *Court Gazette*, the government official organ, and the oldest newspaper in the world. The copy was obtained and brought in secretly by an agent sent out by Rev. Elwood G. Tewksbury, who had been principal of the college at Tung Chau, fifteen miles east of Pekin. This man reported many Boxers hanging about the Ha-ta gate in friendly conversation with the Chinese soldiers.

Among other bits of news, the *Gazette* contained an account of the death, by order of the empress dowager, of four ministers in the Tsungli Yamen, who had been influential friends in their behalf. They felt keenly this loss, knowing it was so much against them as regarded their own fate. In this connection it should be said that without doubt Prince Ching, who, it will be remembered, was associated with the telegram received by Major Conger on the evening of the 17th, was a secret but powerful friend to them. It is true he was not able boldly to defy the empress, but as commander of the City Guard, numbering fifty thousand Manchu soldiers, with his tact and determination he managed to keep in check this furious mob, which if it had been allowed to obey the will of the female tyrant at enmity with all foreigners, the most terrible consequence must have speedily followed.

Finally the ominous day came when the supply of provisions ran low, and starvation stared the ill-fated garrison in the face. All of the horses had been eaten, and mules to the number of eighty, leaving only four to share the fate. Relief must come soon or it would come too late. In this matter of food supply unstinted praise should be bestowed upon a Swiss innkeeper by the name of Chanot. This noble man and his wife, both young, had recently opened a hotel, and out of pity for the beleaguered legations began to furnish them with bread. It was no small task to feed



PAVILION AND GARDENS OF A MANDARIN.

so many months, and his bakery was run night and day with all the help available. He delivered the food himself, and scarcely ever was he allowed to cross the bridge with his bread-cart without being the target for many rifles. His cart was marked with numerous bullet-holes, and at one time his little flag, so dear to the gaze of those he was endeavouring to succour, was shot away. His visits were made twice a day, every morning and again at evening, and even though his bread was poor, as it must have been under the circumstances, he was hailed as a delivering benefactor. It is pleasant to know that the French minister will endeavour to have his name placed on that roll of fame, the Legion of Honour. In the hearts of

the survivors of that awful siege in Peking his name is enrolled among the heroes of that ill-fated summer.

It was estimated that during the two weeks following the 10th of July nearly three thousand cannon balls or shells were sent into the legation



COREAN LANDSCAPE, COUNTRY HOUSE.

quarters, as many as four hundred dropping among the besieged in a single day. Fortunately, for a time the Chinese fired so high that many of their shots flew harmless, but a Norwegian, crazed by the ordeal, escaped among the enemies, to warn them of this failing of their marksmen. After this untoward affair the fire of the Chinese was more disastrous than before. The dangerous madman was later recaptured by the legations, and

kept under close surveillance, though it took seven men to look after him.

On the 23d of July the hearts of all were cheered by the report that the Japanese minister had received word that a relief might be expected soon. During a so-called truce that followed, Chinese bullets continued to fall like hail among the hopeless men and women, who were to learn that this intelligence was not reliable.

The first actual announcement which reached the besieged was brought by



CHAPEL IN THE GREAT TEMPLE, MACAO.

a heroic Chinese boy, who had been sent with a message to Tien-tsin some time before. He started with this precious letter wrapped in oiled paper, and placed at the bottom of a bowl of porridge. Upon breaking the bowl before getting out of the city, the brave boy wound the letter around one of his fingers, and then covered it with a rag. He failed to escape the Boxers, and he was put to work by them. After eight days of this captivity he succeeded in escaping, to eventually reach Tien-tsin. How gladly his message and appeal for help was received may be imagined. But he stopped here less than two hours, barely long enough to get a reply from the British consul to Sir Claude MacDonald, when he set forth on his

perilous return. His adventures would fill a whole chapter, but it is sufficient for us to know that he made the journey successfully, his appearance being hailed with joy at the legation. The letter he brought told without any chance for suspicion that troops were at last getting in readiness to start to their relief. Then the question uppermost in every mind was :

“ When will they get here ? ”

The principal disguise assumed by this intrepid Chinese youth of sixteen was that of a blind beggar. That the letters he carried might not be taken from him, he sewed them in between the soles of his shoes, and thus saved them from being found by the enemy, though he was searched three times. Without professing to be a Christian, he proved his fidelity to the cause of those whom he had chosen as his protectors by highest faith and efficiency.

The number of killed and wounded, as shown by the rolls on the 1st of August, was as follows, with the legation to which each belonged specified :

LEGATION.	KILLED.	WOUNDED.
Austria . . .	4	10 (one civilian)
France . . .	11 (two civilians)	24 (four civilians)
Great Britain . . .	5 (two civilians)	22 (seven civilians)
Germany . . .	11 (one civilian)	13
Italy . . .	7	12
Japan . . .	10 (five civilians)	16 (five civilians)
Russia . . .	4 (one civilian)	13 (one civilian)
United States . . .	7	10 (one civilian)
Total	59	120

This account would do scanty justice to the leaders of the different divisions if special mention were not made of the serious wound of the intrepid Captain Halliday of a British regiment, and the death of his successor, Captain Stronts, at the hands of the Chinese sharpshooters. Mention has been made of the shooting of Captain Myers while he was leading his gallant charge on the wall, and another brave officer, Captain Wray, was shot in the head while urging on his men to capture a Chinese gun, but his wound did not prove fatal. The captain of the French marines was shot dead, while Captain Riley, of the United States Navy,

fell to rise no more while directing an artillery attack on the palace gate. The manner in which Baron von Ketteler, the German minister, was treacherously slain, and the shooting of Professor James on the bridge, have both been described. Toward the close, Mr. Knobel, the Netherlands minister, was shot in the knee, while the redoubtable Mitchell, the American gunner of the gun International, was wounded at his post of duty.

The number killed among the Chinese is not known, though they acknowledged a large number slain, among them several officers, one a



COREAN TYPES.

brigadier-general. The small number who died of illness among the legations was surprising, considering that the siege lasted through the summer months, when the heat of Pekin is usually intense. Fortunately for them, the time of their siege was marked with uncommonly cool weather for the season of the year.

The suspense continuing to grow more and more unendurable as day after day passed without bringing the expected relief, it seemed on the night following the 13th of August, when the Chinese kept up one of the worst cannonades they had made since the beginning of the siege, that the end was near. Nobody could sleep, and the horror of the morrow

was too dreadful to contemplate. But rescue was nearer at hand now than the sufferers dared to think.

A little past midnight a sentry gave the joyous cry :

“They come ! The troops are here !”

Men rushed out into the open air before the words were fairly uttered. There was no delay in dressing, for no one thought of laying aside his clothes during such a time as that. The good news spread rapidly, and soon the women appeared on the exciting scene. The playing of the guns on the outside of the city made glad music to the overwrought men and



HOUSE OF A CHINESE MERCHANT NEAR CANTON.

women and children. Those who were present will never forget that hour.

One of the participants, Doctor Martin, in writing of the event says : “Overwhelmed with joy, some impulsive ladies threw themselves on each other’s necks and wept aloud. As the women of Lucknow listened to the bagpipes of Havelock’s Highlanders, so the ladies of the long-besieged legations listened to the playing of the guns on the outer walls. The next morning, at ten o’clock, the great gates of the legation were thrown open, and in came a company of mounted Sikhs, perhaps the finest cavalry that I ever beheld, and with their long spears and high turbans

they appeared the handsomest men on whom my eyes had ever rested. So, perhaps, by the magnifying effect of time and circumstances, they appeared to all of us as the vanguard of the army of relief. They had come in through the water-gate, by which the passage would have been impossible but for the occupation of the wall by our marines."

The other troops of the allied forces entered a little later by the front gate, the Chinese giving way on every hand. Thus at last the release was effected, though not without many hardships and the cost of many lives, on the part of the rescuers, who had been obliged to conquer a large city before starting upon their memorable march to Peking.

The various divisions of the allies took possession of respective sections of the subjugated capital, and above the public buildings floated the flag of the power holding the place, until everywhere the eight flags of the Manchus gave way to the eight¹ flags of their allied conquerors. Thus, her gate-towers dismantled and burned, her public buildings in ashes, her treasures looted by unscrupulous foreigners, and everywhere greater havoc wrought by the infuriated Boxers, the pride of the haughty Babylon of the Far East was humbled in the dust. It will take a cycle of Cathay to restore anything like its former splendour.

If charged with plundering and looting to an extent which is disgraceful, — the American troops held aloof from this, — yet the allies in a large measure returned good for evil. Forgetting the outrages of Tai Yuen, where ninety-three Protestant missionaries and Catholics were murdered in cold blood at the instigation of its infamous governor, and of Pao Ting fu, the scene of another brutal atrocity, they spared the imperial palaces, and left the empress dowager to her seclusion. It was enough for them that they entered the Forbidden City in armed array to convey to the cowering Chinese the fact that they came as conquerors.

¹ It is a singular fact that the ruling race of China was made up of the same number of clans.



GATE OF SEOUL, COREA.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CHINA AT THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW CENTURY.

THE siege in Peking raised by the allied powers, and her capital the armed camp of foreign troops, the Chinese Empire enters upon the new century under influences and conditions likely at last to awaken the ancient sleeper to a new order of things of which he has never dreamed. China is in fact a country of gigantic possibilities confronted with dwarfed realities. The situation is looked upon by many as “the break-up of China.” Colonel Yule disposed of this idea in a few words as a foot-note to his book, by saying:

“It has broken up before!”

So it has. In fact, the glory of its long career has consisted chiefly of breaking up. The mending, such as it was, has always been done by outside power. Its present plight is a bad one, viewed in whatever light it may be; but it was in worse shape when Confucius went from district to district rousing the leaders and the masses to a new life. It needs now only a modern sage, with modern ideas of development, to bestow upon the long-lived empire a splendour before which all past glory will be

dimmed, a splendour in keeping with the progressive spirit of the twentieth century.

Having described diverse portions of the great empire and commented upon the condition of the people, it is proper that our parting glance should be focused upon this singular standpoint of the unhappy race at the present time. It is expected to find a people at their best in their native land, under such environments as they have builded about them. This rule does not apply to the Celestial race. In Hawaii the Chinese, who have become a large percentage of the population, are prosperous, progressive, industrious, and peaceful. Here they build them comfortable homes, and rear around them the attractions of a civilised life. They do this easily, quickly, and as if "to the manner born." In the Philippines they move along a plane not altogether against their future happiness. They show an apt tact in business and accumulate wealth. We see them thus, in varying stages, according to the civilisation and advantages surrounding them, wherever they have found their way. They do this, too, everywhere they appear, whether in the North or South, East or West, as business men in Hawaii or coolies in Australia, as ambassadors to foreign governments, or as sightseers in strange lands, without losing those peculiar characteristics which mark them as a distinct race of human beings, wearing always the same clothes, eating the same food, imbued with the same inner qualities of industry, as have distinguished them for thousands of years.

At home we should expect to find the Chinaman at his best. Alas! he there appears at his worst. Whether in the gilded mansion of the mandarin, or in the filthy den of the narrow alley of the crowded city, or in the bamboo hut in the wilderness, we find the highest and the lowest of the race fettered by tradition and handicapped by customs instituted thousands of years before their day. The best are steeped in corruption and superstition. The poorest, circumscribed in their energies, are confined to the narrow orbit of their own sphere. Their superiors allow them no liberty; their ceaseless toil brings them but slight reward; they are chained to the soil.

In the ignorance and bitterness of heart of the masses, hating the more fortunate, they unite in guilds and unions, which eventually work them harm rather than good. The paramount object of the *congsee*, or guild, is

identical with that of the rich man, namely, to rule or monopolise whatever comes in its way. They try it in trade; they try it in society; they try it in government. One class combines to oppose those higher in power; another, a scale lower, unites to baffle them; the peasants of the outlying districts associate in iron-clad unions to limit the power of the local officials. In their efforts these clans cause dissensions and disturbances, to quell which the government, with reins that hang loosely over them, attempts to keep them under subjection by its police. To meet these, local



TERMINATION OF THE GREAT WALL. GULF OF PE CHI LI

bands of men called *Sam-sings*, whose avowed purpose it is to fight the officials, are organised to effect this purpose. These troublesome factors have been described by one who has seen evidence of their work as follows:

“The Sam-sings live by looting, and are on the watch for any excuse for exercising their talents. Each *hogy*, or society, must have so many of them, but I do not know any means to ascertain their numbers. They are a regular fighting people, and are paid so much a month.” Painful evidence of their work is everywhere apparent in the province of Yunnan.

Living a monotonous life, a family in moderate circumstances has for

food an almost unvarying diet, consisting of a bowl of rice washed down with a bowl of soup. In some localities salt fish, and cabbage, well seasoned, are also eaten. Those in better condition display rich soups, oysters, or shell-fish, fish boiled or roasted, pork, cooked in various ways, roast duck, and vegetables. On the whole, the diet of a Chinaman is far better than the accounts commonly given would have us believe. Some of the very poorest in the great cities do at times eat such viands as cats, rats, and dogs, but these are exceptional cases, and denote exceedingly straitened circumstances in the family.

The Chinese drink warm, with their meals, *shin-chiu*, or heated rice wine, which is very healthful, and not disagreeable when a person has become used to it. Rice wine is the national drink, boatmen being especially heavy drinkers. Still, it is left for the literary class to excel in drinking capacity, it being considered a part of their "gifts" to be able to partake of a liberal quantity without letting the liquor interfere with their locomotion. A literary celebrity esteems it a high compliment to be told that his "drinking powers show great genius." The Chinese consider cold water fit only for barbarians to drink, and thus hot beverages are everywhere in vogue. If water is drunk it is first warmed. No doubt this custom originated from the impure condition of the water supply in the cities.

A Chinaman never allows his profile to be taken, as he believes it is not good taste to have one eye hidden; his portrait therefore must possess two eyes and as many ears. Neither will he willingly allow any shadow to fall on his features or figure, claiming that it is contrary to nature, as the sunlight falls fully on an object. Though only a few of the Chinese have beards, and they profess to despise the growth characteristic of foreigners, their pictures of heroes and great men of the past always have this adornment, while the chances are that the individuals in question had smooth faces.

A ludicrous story is told of the jinrikisha man and the American sailor, which illustrates the superstition attached to the wearing of the pigtail. A Chinese gentleman, riding in his favourite carriage, unwittingly allowed the end of his long queue to get caught in one of the wheels. He was soon apprised of his mishap, as the rope of hair wound round and round the axle, growing tighter at each revolution of the wheel. The victim shouted for his human horse to stop, but mistaking his cries for an order to go

faster, the jinrikisha man broke into a smart trot, thus adding to the terror and pain of his master, who fairly shrieked in despair. What the outcome would have been is hard to conjecture had not a third person



COREAN MANDARIN.

appeared upon the scene. A sailor passing at that moment discovered the plight of the Chinese noble, and whipping out his knife cut off at a single stroke the insignia both of a slavish custom and the dignity of his high rank. If the almond-eyed gentleman was freed from his peculiar and painful situation, it was at a sacrifice which made his howls of rage outdo



CHINESE JUGGLERS.

his previous yells of suffering. His friends saw what had been done, and understanding only the insult which had been done their countryman, made a furious dash for the surprised seaman. Seeing his predicament, he fled for his life, with a mob of shrieking Chinese at his heels. This rabble, not disposed to abandon the pursuit at the shore, began to swarm out toward the vessel, which was compelled to put out to sea as soon as the sailor got aboard, in order to escape the warlike uprising.

Having described the origin and purpose of the Boxers in fomenting



SQUARE IN SEOUL, COREA.

the recent struggle of the Chinese against the combined forces of the foreigners, and having seen them replaced by another power, it is necessary that we review this power before we leave the subject. To understand fully the real situation, it is necessary to take into consideration the three parties forming the political powers at work in the empire previous to the outbreak of 1899. The first of these, because the most worthy, was the party of progress, headed by the emperor and most ably encouraged by Viceroy Li Hung Chang; second, and older than the other, the party of non-progress and Chinese seclusion, with the empress dowager as its

astute leader; last, the foreign haters, represented by the Boxers and their associates.

Three elements entered into the struggle of these parties. The second became politically jealous of the first, and through the skilful manipulations of the empress dowager managed to seize the reins of government from the hands of the emperor. Religious fanaticism called into existence the third party, which gained strength upon the mistaken idea of foreign industry ruining the prospects of the labouring class, whose sole privilege it seemed to be was to toil for the bare sustenance of life. The party of the empress soon fell in with this foreign antagonism.

The emperor, who is neither physically nor intellectually strong, has a slender figure, and a countenance with little expression of firmness. It is an oval face, the features being regular, and the dark eyes expressive of greater personality than the rest of his countenance. He may be, as he looks, a weak person; his course of action in some respects has shown it; in others he has given ample proof of both a high intellectuality and a determination of purpose worthy of emulation. As a child, Kwang Su showed marked desires for foreign toys and inventions, until his apartments at the palace became a veritable museum of the most ingenious and wonderful productions of the Occidental world. Eventually foreign toys and playthings were exchanged for foreign books and a knowledge of foreign affairs. The effect was remarkable and widespread. Not only at Peking, but throughout the empire, every one seemed to be seeking the mastery of other languages, especially the English. The result of this could not be other than of vast benefit to China. Among the other notable acts that the emperor did was to issue a series of edicts which favoured the establishment of seats of learning, the encouragement of art, science, and agriculture, the building of railroads, the adoption of Western drill for the Tartar troops, the introduction of patent and copyright laws, Boards of War and Foreign Offices, the encouragement of trade, the establishment of school boards, the abolishment of useless offices, a Bureau of Mines and Railroads, the encouragement of political writings, the making of commercial bureaus, the instruction of tea and silk raisers, the abolition of slow courier posts and the establishment of the Imperial Customs Post, the publication of newspapers. This does not complete the list, many items of which may have been impracticable at the

time, but well to be discussed, while many of them were actually carried into effect.

The magnitude of this reform movement cannot be estimated, or the result foreseen, except that it must redound to the everlasting good of his empire and the benefit of the rest of the world. One of the noblest results has been to develop among the young reformers of this imperial leader a patriotism and regard for native land which until then never existed in China in the sense that it has in the West.

Naturally such a radical revolution, coming with a breadth and rapidity unknown in the empire, would arouse intense opposition. Quite as naturally, she who

had been the wife of an emperor half a century ago became the leader. Of high birth, she came from one of the southern provinces to become the wife of Hien Fung, who became ruler in 1850, and ten years later, his capital wrested from him by the British and French, died an exile in Mongolia. This remarkable woman accompanied him, and



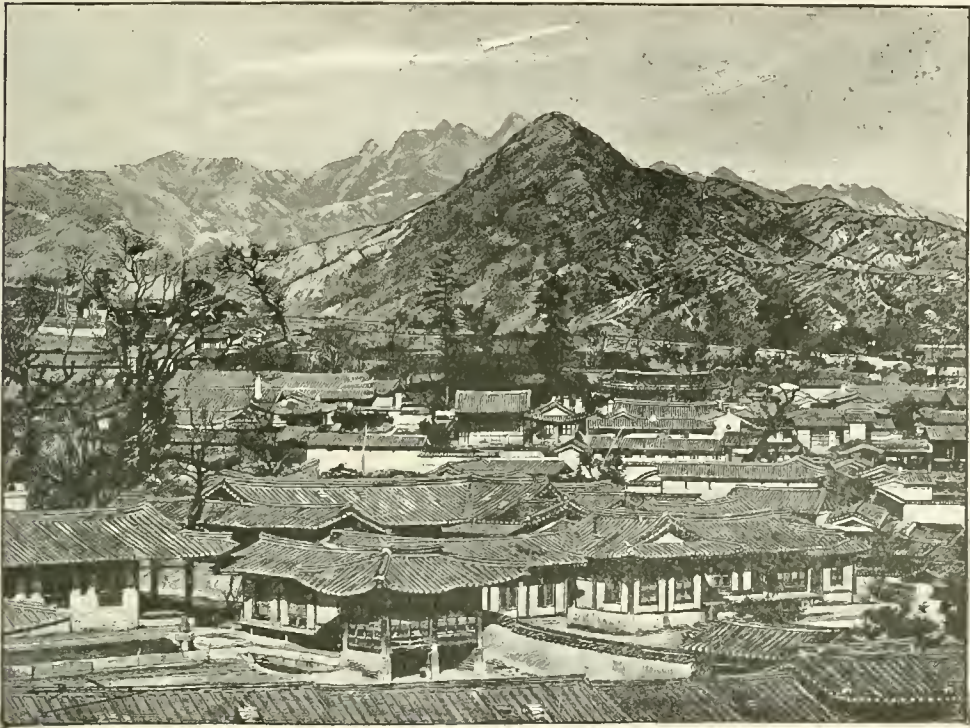
PAINTING FROM COREAN TEMPLE.

when he died, soon after, she returned to begin her extraordinary career at the Chinese court. Her son Tung Chi, only five years of age, became the successor of her husband, and he reigned thirteen years, during which period she virtually ruled. At his death she selected a young brother of her late husband as the titular sovereign, under the title of Kwang Su, or Illustrious Successor. As he was only three years old at the time of his accession to the throne, she reassumed her regency, on the ground of his immaturity. When he became of sufficient age to assume the government, she still retained her power, on the claim that he was incapable of ruling. If a weak monarch, his weakness was of a kind that is not altogether undesirable. It is certain that he was too weak to cope with the strong mind of her who sat behind his throne, concealed by a curtain, but able to see those who sought audience with the emperor, — literally the power behind the throne.

In justice to her it should be acknowledged that in the early days of her regency she was not the bitter enemy to foreigners that she has since become. It was she who encouraged the young emperor to study the English language, and actually started him on his way of enlightenment and reform. Perhaps this fact gave a bitterness to her heart and caused her to become the implacable opponent to those outside her dominion. Few women in the history of the world have swayed a greater power or held it longer. She is now a little over sixty, and one of her proud, imperious nature must feel with an intense disappointment her final overthrow. She knows she is hated by the more progressive of her people, and that they exult in her downfall, but she gives no indication of failing strength in mind and body, while she is capable of reasserting her independence where few if any could succeed. Like her imperial kinsfolk, she is a Manchu, and has at heart the interest of her race, and not that of those who still pride themselves upon being descendants of the learned and powerful Mings, who left some of the noblest monuments of their greatness that China possesses. Her nephew, the Emperor Kwang Su, is now in his thirtieth year, and it has been twenty-seven years since the empress dowager, with the consent of the leading princes, made him the nominal ruler of the Chinese Empire.

In the late uprising in which this famous, or infamous, woman has taken such an active part, she and her supporters have much to answer

for. But theirs is not all the blame. There is not a nation on earth which must not in a certain degree share it with them. We have shown the record of Great Britain and France in the disgraceful Opium War. The wrong did not stop here. When France wanted to dispose of her goods at a high profit in China, she stole Tonquin, causing the loss of many lives and much property in the struggle. Again, in 1884, in the words of Rev. C. M. Cohen, "a French vessel steamed into a Chinese port,



ARISTOCRATIC QUARTER IN SEOUL, COREA.

and, without even a declaration of war, blew up the entire Chinese fleet, killing three thousand Chinese soldiers and marines." This is not all of which France is guilty.

Not long since, two German Jesuit priests—never peace factors—were killed in the interior of China. As Li Hung Chang justly remarked, "In any other country such a case would have had a fair trial, the guilty would have been arrested and punished." All of this would have been done by the Chinese, and far more quickly than we settle such cases in our courts, but China was not allowed to do so. Germany saw her oppor-

tunity, and sent her gunboats and soldiers, and *stole* Kiaochau, and miles and miles of territory! Doctor Cohen, whom we have already quoted in regard to the French injuries, says of the Germans: "Only three years ago a private party of Germans sailed up a Chinese river with the German flag floating at the masthead of the vessel, landed, and began digging up the tombs of the Chinese kings, hunting for treasures!" Imagine a party of foreigners sailing up the Potomac or the Hudson, and despoiling the tomb of our Washington or Grant. No people think more of their



KING'S PALACE, SEOUL, COREA.

dead than the Chinese, and with feelings of horror they rallied against the destroyers, and killed every man of them. As soon as the news of this "outrage" reached the ears of the German consul, a war-ship was despatched up the river, and the inhabitants of the ill-fated village were put to death and their homes burned.

Our own record is not a clean one. If we have not blackened it in their land with useless deeds of violence, we have at home denied the Chinese what we have accorded to the most disreputable immigrant of Europe. Nor have we stopped there, but our newspapers have, from time to time contained accounts of lynching, shooting, or burning alive some

hapless immigrant from the Far East, whose greatest crime was his stubborn determination to remain a quiet and peaceful citizen. As many as fifty Chinamen have been made to suffer death in our Western cities, within an hour, where no hand has been lifted to bring the perpetrators of the fiendish massacre to justice. All these horrible proceedings eventually reach the friends and relatives in the home land. Is it a wonder the foreigner is looked upon as a "devil?"

In atonement for her conduct toward the Chinese at home, America has acted a magnanimous part with the Chinese in their own land. In the recent Christian crusade to rescue the legations and missionaries, she has performed a noble work. She will no doubt stand firm and honourable in the settlement of the present difficulties. Russia has been getting slice after slice of territory on the northern frontier, until the Russian bear has become hungry for the whole. The British lion has stalked along the Great River, until he felt to him belonged the lordship of its broad and fertile valleys. The French tiger has crept stealthily forth upon the southern provinces with the same greedy, insatiable appetite. But American intercourse with China has been of a higher nature. Only a fair return for the investment made has been expected. She has helped to raise the standard of agriculture and manufacture and make it redound with greater profit and benefit to them unto whom it belongs. At this time there is contemplated a railroad by an American syndicate which shall connect the provinces of Kwang-si, Kwang-tung, and Human with Canton, thus making available the great resources of this rich region. All the higher institutions of learning and enlightenment of the Chinese are maintained with an American at the head. Is not this glory enough for one nation? It shows conclusively that the interests of the two countries are fast becoming mutual. Perhaps the greatest good to come out of the sudden appearance of the United States in the Far East is the fact that she is there, if not an outspoken, the silent monitor of affairs in which not only the peace of China is concerned but that of Asia and of Europe. Who is bold enough to predict what the result would have been but for the presence of this young Queen of the West, Columbia? Under the existing condition a satisfactory adjustment is looked forward to with confidence.

In making a comparison of the Chinese with other governments, it

should be borne in mind that the former is still in its clannish condition, having never passed beyond that secondary form of feudalism from which Japan has so recently emerged. Professing to hold a great central power, the so-called empire has never been able to control its many inland provinces. This has been shown over and again in its inability to suppress the numerous rebellions of the tribal population, or to stay the ravages of the pirates upon the seas and the brigands amid its mountains.



COREAN TEMPLE.

Ay, further than this, it has been proved by the fact that these outlaws of the interior have often banded themselves together, formed so-called military bodies, met in pitched battle the regular soldiers, and in the flush of triumph dared to set up a government of their own.

In Manchuria, Russia has had to keep a standing force of men to protect her railroads. The Germans, in the province of Shan-tung, have had even more difficulty in maintaining commercial interests. On the West River and the Yangtse Kiang the British have had to patrol their pathways with armed men to protect their interests, government being help-

less to do so, had it shown any desire to that end. Along the latter river the people are more peaceful than anywhere else in China. France, gaining the power of magistrates for her bishops, has posed as the protector of priests and the Catholic Church. The advent of the Americans into the Philippines has placed them in the midst of this great beehive of clannish races.

Chinese rule has been based on the aphorism that "whatever is, is best," and that it is better to let matters alone so long as they offer no serious disturbance at the head. Again, the government, or rather its officials, are corrupt from the highest to the lowest. There is no office without its price, or its "perquisites," which mean riches for him who has laid his plans and invested his means so as to secure it.

We have shown that the country is rich in its natural treasures, one of the richest in the world, — a virgin wealth actually beyond estimation in value. The individual riches of the empire are great, — how great no statistician can tell, — though the masses of the inhabitants are extremely poor. In this connection there is a sort of satisfaction in believing that the population of China, as it has been given, is far too high. Divide the number, claimed for those who are grovelling in want and hopeless misery, by two, and the safer side of truth will have been found in estimating the population of the Chinese Empire.

If an object of scorn and ridicule, the ancient empire in the weakness of its extreme old age deserves the respect due to the aged, and it becomes the allied powers to act cautiously and with mutual agreement for the good of China. That they can ultimately overpower the crumbling dynasty is a foregone conclusion, but the rivers will flow crimson to the sea, and the rain of lead will fall like pebbles on the shores of the ocean of people. Then, the victory of conquest secured, another question will confront the triumphant nations that will be of deeper and broader significance, and more hazardous to settle than war itself.

The open door seems at present to be the policy of the allies, and it is the true policy for all concerned. Let the Flowery Kingdom remain intact, but do not let foreign influence and progress be checked. It is their duty as the representatives of modern thought and teachings to meet half-way these followers of the Confucian light of olden times in this matter of the adjustment of the rival systems of acquired and inherited govern-

ment. Let the missionary continue his good work ; the scholar his labours of education ; let the business agent extend his trade ; the manufacturer



GATE OF COREAN WALLED TOWN.

build his mills ; let foreign ships of commerce fill the harbours ; let the empress dowager be removed from all possible meddling with the political code of government ; and, above all, let the Emperor Kwang Su return to

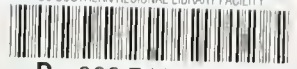
his throne ; and then, when China shall no longer be governed by haters of foreign races or the ally of ungovernable rebels, we shall see the rejuvenated empire rise from the ashes of her nineteenth century dissolution, to enter upon the twentieth century a progressive and prosperous kingdom among the great powers of the world.

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